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NO · 21

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN



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The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME VI

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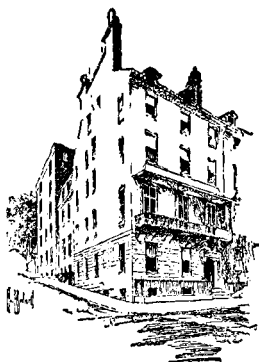
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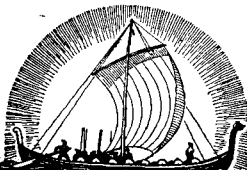
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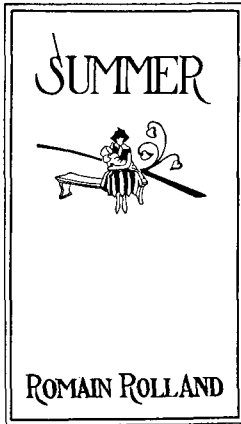
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The BORZOI Broadside

Published almost every month by ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

SEPTEMBER, 1925



VOL. VI. No. 4.

The Professor's House

THE editor of one of America's leading magazines writes to Mr. Knopf:

"Of all Miss Cather's books, THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE is the one I should like to see command the largest public, both for its own distinguished quality and its direct interest to American readers everywhere.

"The half-dozen members of Professor St. Peter's family are presented with an intensity which makes recognition leap fairly forth. Tom Outland, who so profoundly influences these lives, spiritually and materially, is all the youth of the world, wistful and proud, with something sturdy and something undefeatable.

"His own narrative finds its place in the novel like the 'turquoise set in dull silver' or like the andante in a symphony.

"The arrowy perfection of the book is not perceived until the very end, where from a wide flight, and from scenes of amazing pictorial beauty the focus draws down

to the single figure of a middle-aged man taking his last farewell of boyhood. I do not know when I have been so much moved by a few pages of simple writing. At the end I caught my breath and said with Conrad: 'Behold!—all the truth of life is there: a moment of vision, a sigh, a smile—and the return to an eternal rest.'"

Willa Cather's novel ONE OF OURS was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for 1923 and her A LOST LADY was characterized by Heywood Brown as: "Easily the best American novel of the year."

In a recent issue of The New Republic, Elizabeth S. Sergeant

wrote of her: "Willa Cather has arrived very quietly at her high place in American letters. Her life, her work and her personality have a simple unity and consistency that are frequently found in Europe but rarely in our own country, though she is the very sort of American whom Londoners would enjoy as 'characteristic'—a woman with a western flavor in her speech and bearing..."



THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE by WILLA CATHER, author of "A Lost Lady," "Youth and the Bright Medusa," "April Twilights," etc. \$2.00 net.

There will be a large paper edition of 175 copies printed on all-rag Borzoi water-marked paper, bound with cloth back and boards, each copy numbered and signed by the author. \$10.00 net. There will also be thirty-five large paper copies bound in vellum at \$25.00 the copy.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



The BORZOI BROADSIDE for SEPTEMBER 1925



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or America can do—he can tell a story. Read *SEA HORSES* and see. He can do what was, is and always will be the principal business of every novelist under the sun, create character. Read *SEA HORSES* and see. He can do what about one novelist in five hundred can do, write beautiful English. Read *SEA HORSES* and see. Why then, is he still, in the final meaning of the term, neglected? *SEA HORSES* does not suggest an answer.

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"This at least I can assert: It is unlikely that a finer piece of English prose than *SEA HORSES* will appear in America this year."—*Hugh Walpole* in a leading review in "*Books*" of the *New York Herald-Tribune*.

COLD HARBOUR. By FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG, author of "*Sea Horses*." \$2.50 net.

Cold Harbour

COLD HARBOUR is the story of Ronald Wake and his wife, still under the baleful influence of their strange experience in the Welsh hills, England's Black Country, who come to the quiet haven of a Neapolitan pension. Here, in the placid, pure loveliness of sea and mountain under the soothing atmosphere of Italian night and moonlight, they tell the story of the monster, Furnival; of his wretched wife; of their almost unbelievable existence in that isolated house, *Cold Harbour*; of Furnival's devilish practices and his wife's tragic life and horrible death.

The Wakes had been drawn into the drama, first as casual passers-by and finally as intimate actors. The experience has made for shattered nerves and somnambulistic visions to be dispelled only by the blander air of Italy. In Furnival *Francis Brett-Young* has drawn a picture of evil incarnate; and *COLD HARBOUR* is a narrative of abhuman, supernatural happenings that will leave a far deeper impression than the generality of ghost or mystery stories.

* *

"But *Francis Brett-Young*? . . . He can do what almost none of the clever novelists either in England

Alastair's Fifty Drawings

From CARL VAN VECHTEN's Introduction

"OSTENSIBLY the literary art of *Alastair* falls under the classification of illustration. All of his drawings, save his portraits, and in the present collection there are no portraits, indubitably were inspired by reading, but the artist's imagination and esoteric fancy have frequently led him so far afield from the source of his original inspiration that the resulting designs are confusingly distinct from the influence acknowledged in the titles. His drawings of *Tosca*, for example, aside from the groupings of the figures and their costumes, cannot be said to be related even distantly to the feeling of either *Sardou* or *Puccini*. Both play and opera smell of vulgarity. *Alastair's* drawings, on the other hand, are expressive of a limpidly refined depravity. . . .

"I may make my point still clearer by asking the reader to examine the plates illustrating *THE BLIND BOW-BOY*. In this instance, the painter, uncharacteristically, has followed the description of the characters as it is set down in the novel, but he has done much more than that. By employing curious symbols, he has brought about an inter-

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From FIFTY DRAWINGS By ALASTAIR
With an Introduction by CARL VAN VECHTEN
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relation between the plates. Admirably, then, as these drawings serve to illustrate my book, they also excellently play an independent drama of their own. With *ERDGEIST*, *SALOME*, and *THE TEMPTATION OF ST. ANTHONY*, *Alastair* has similarly utilized Wedekind, Wilde, and Flaubert merely as so many spring-boards to send his fancy winging into the ether.

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"His remote art, then, utterly uninfluenced by contemporary tendencies, not concerning itself in the least with current movements, is actually the embodiment of his strange personality. In reflecting upon the names of modern artists, I can recall only two even superficially his kin, *Gustave Moreau* and *Aubrey Beardsley*. His resemblance to these men, however, is much more a matter of temperament than a matter of influence."

FIFTY DRAWINGS. By ALASTAIR, with an introduction by CARL VAN VECHTEN. 8vo, boards and cloth back. \$15.00 net.

A File of Verse

CARAVAN, the first volume of original poems by *Witter Bynner* to be published in five years, will be eagerly awaited by the large audience who find in him one of the most versatile and gifted of contemporary poets. Fifty poems are included in the volume—some written about China, some about the Indians of the Southwest, and a few surveying the world after war. There is, also, a ballad about Negro life and a "portrait" of *D. H. Lawrence*.

Mr. Bynner has not only contributed to American poetry through his own creations but through the inspiration and aid he has given to young poets the whole country over in his numerous wanderings about America. As president of the Poetry Society, as reader and lecturer he has discovered and encouraged most of the younger generation of American bards. He has also rendered inestimable service to the cause of true poetry by making ridiculous the extremes to which American verse was tending by the publication, with *Arthur Davison Ficke*, of *SPECTRA*, one of the greatest literary hoaxes of modern times in which the fads of free verse and imagism were hilariously burlesqued.

A new edition of *Witter Bynner's YOUNG HARVARD* has just been published. This work was acclaimed with enthusiasm by such critics as *William Butler Yeats* and *Alfred Noyes* on its first appearance. It is now issued with a Foreword by *Dr. Kuno Francke*.

CARAVAN. By WITTER BYNNER, author of "*A Canticle of Pan*," "*A Book of Plays*," "*The New World*," etc. \$1.50 net.

The Sailor's Return

THE SAILOR'S RETURN is a plain narrative much in the manner of *LADY INTO FOX* and *A MAN IN THE ZOO*. The setting is an English village of the late 'fifties where a sailor returns from Dahomey with an African Negress of high social position. They settle in the village where the sailor keeps a pub. The climax of their incongruous life comes when he dies of straining his heart in a prize-fight. With these essentially simple materials *Mr. Garnett* has contrived another masterpiece in the unique genre that has earned him so great a celebrity.

* *
"David Garnett's first novel, *LADY INTO FOX*, a literary sensation provoking every extreme of

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criticism, achieved a success which the astute judged impossible to repeat. A MAN IN THE ZOO lacks nothing of the skill and little of the originality of LADY INTO FOX. The qualities which delighted the public last year will delight them again."—Weekly Westminster (London).

THE SAILOR'S RETURN. By DAVID GARNETT. *With a wood-cut* by R. A. GARNETT. \$2.00 net.

Other Provinces

WHEN Mr. Van Doren announced that he was temporarily leaving the field of literary criticism for other provinces, many writers protested that the author of MANY MINDS and other interpretations of American literature should not desert the important work he was doing. But with the publication of OTHER PROVINCES, in which Mr. Van Doren turns his talent for swift lucid prose and clever profound characterization into new channels, these writers will undoubtedly agree that he was thoroughly justified in seeking a wider field for his genius. Among the critical works which have gained for Mr. Van Doren his reputation as one of the keenest students of American letters are: THE ROVING CRITIC and MANY MINDS.

OTHER PROVINCES. By CARL VAN DOREN, author of "The Roving Critic" and "Many Minds." \$1.75 net.



From FIFTY DRAWINGS By ALASTAIR
With an Introduction by CARL VAN VECHTEN
\$15.00 net.

Wagner's Operas Explained

OF THIS book, Willa Cather writes: "I know of only two books in English on the Wagnerian operas that are at all worthy of their subject: Bernard Shaw's THE PERFECT WAGNERITE and THE WAGNERIAN ROMANCES by Gertrude Hall. For the most part 'guides to the opera' are written by very unintelligent people, who know little about writing and even less about opera. This book of Miss Hall's is beautifully written and the writer is a discerning critic who has spent her life among musicians of the first rank. The Wagnerian music-dramas, indeed, have been a part of her life, and she has closely followed the work of the best conductors and interpreters of German opera here and abroad. All these facts might be true of a dull writer, of course. This book is good—so good as to be unique among its kind—because the writer has the rare gift of being able to reproduce the emotional effect of the Wagner operas upon the printed page; to suggest the setting, the scenic environment, the dramatic action, the personality of the characters. Moreover, she is able, in a way all her own, to suggest the character of the music itself."

THE WAGNERIAN ROMANCES. By GERTRUDE HALL, with a foreword by WILLA CATHER. \$2.75 net.

The Epic of Farm Life

THIS new novel by John T. Frederick is a prose epic of the American soil. The story is laid in Green Bush, a small town on the Great Lakes. Frank Thompson has inherited from his father a profound love of the soil and a fine conception of the essential high dignity of those who till the earth, live simply and earn their salt by the labor of their hands. After his father's death his home life is made unhappy by the ambitions of his mother for his future, and it is not until she in her turn has died that Frank is able to pursue the life of his choice. He marries and buys a farm. The remainder of the book is the simple chronicle of his life there, his joys and sorrows, his struggles with the land, his small triumphs and crushing defeats. But pervading all in a persistent overtone remains the soaring ecstasy of wresting his crops from the reluctant earth. In the end, he refuses an attractive offer in the academic world to stay by the land that has maimed him but still claims him for its own.

Mr. Frederick writes in a prose that is both color-

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ful and distinguished. His book is a great paean of praise to the beautiful Great Lakes country—an absorbingly realistic story of middle western life.

* *

In reviewing *DRUIDA*, John T. Frederick's previous novel, the New York Herald said: "Mr. Frederick heads the new year's impending procession of newly arrived authors and he is well entitled to do so, for his first novel is a fine piece of work, shot through with a living quality, an ultimate sincerity that is rare among our younger writers."

GREEN BUSH. By JOHN T. FREDERICK, author of "*Druida*." \$2.50 net.

The Trap

AS THE successive books of Dorothy Richardson continue to come from her pen, the importance of her work in contemporary literature becomes more and more apparent. A number of writers have testified to the beauty and originality of her novels, and of these, such authors as James Joyce, Virginia Woolf and May Sinclair acknowledge her influence and affirm her significance. *THE TRAP* is another step in the pilgrimage of Miriam Henderson's soul, although it is far from being the final phase. It is written in a less difficult style than *Miss Richardson's* former books and should increase the ranks of her small but ardent band of admirers.

"Dorothy Richardson makes you 'feel' her characters. Her books are alive. Her heroine is probably the realest person in fiction. She is so real that she hardly seems to belong in a book."—New York Globe.

THE TRAP. By DOROTHY RICHARDSON, author of "*Deadlock*," "*Revolving Lights*," etc. \$2.50 net.

The Acquittal

THIS first novel is based on the stirring theme of a murder trial. *Miss Simpson* captures all of the emotional element of Beatrice's suffering both during the trial, when she is accused of murdering her husband, and during her struggle to redeem herself in the eyes of society and her lover after she is acquitted.

ACQUITTAL. By HELEN SIMPSON. \$2.50 net.



If I Were Pope

HADRIAN THE SEVENTH is undoubtedly the masterpiece of that singular genius, Frederick Rolfe, Baron Corvo, who was introduced by Alfred A. Knopf to American readers with the collection of tales, *IN HIS OWN IMAGE*. This book, which is largely autobiographical, is Rolfe's ideal conception of the Papacy—its duties, its privileges and its unequalled potentialities for good. It is the story of Hadrian's year in the Vatican, from the amazing chance of his election out of the obscurity of minor priesthood to his death at the hands of a blackmailing assassin when at the very summit of his achievements.

The book is filled with the pomp and circumstance, the opulent ritual and majestic liturgy of the Catholic Church, and with the gorgeous spectacles of Papal receptions. The story is brilliantly written in Rolfe's peculiarly individual style. *HADRIAN THE SEVENTH* is one of the most original and interesting books ever written about the Catholic Church.

Shane Leslie in an article on Frederick Baron Corvo in *The London Mercury* says: "*HADRIAN THE SEVENTH* is Rolfe's masterpiece, with all its uneven mixture of news-cuttings, canon law, ecclesiastical scenes, archaic diction and Rolvian propaganda. It might be summed up as *IF I WERE POPE* to take a place beside *Richard Le Gallienne's IF I WERE GOD*. . . *HADRIAN THE SEVENTH* saves the necessity of writing Rolfe's *Life*. He was undoubtedly his self-confessor with 'reddish-brown hair turning to grey' and 'tattooed on the breast with a cross,' who wore his grandfather's silver spectacles to write 'his wonderful fifteenth-century script'; used spring dumb-bells and slept in glycerined gloves; found 'the Roman Machine inexorable in iniquity as in righteousness' and became 'a misanthropic altruist.' . . . *HADRIAN THE SEVENTH* is the oddest and perhaps vividest Apologia or Autobiography of present times."

HADRIAN THE SEVENTH. By FREDERICK BARON CORVO, author of "*In His Own Image*." \$3.00 net.

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The Wooings of Jezebel Pettyfer

THE WOOINGS OF JEZEBEL PETTYFER by *Hal-dane Macfall* is probably the best novel yet written about the Negro. Like any book which deals with any race or group of people its milieu is circumscribed, in this instance to the Negroes of the Barbadoes. The tale is written by an artist and not by a professional humorist. The humor is there, but it is the humor of the Negro and not the humor of a cartoonist. The voodoo chapters are inimitable: the characters, Jehu Sennacherib Dyle and his companion Roaz Bryan, Aunt Judy, and especially the incredibly vivid Jezebel herself, are keenly observed, warmly felt, and set down so skillfully that having once become acquainted with them it is very difficult to forget them. Among the knowing, during the course of the years, THE WOOINGS OF JEZEBEL PETTYFER has acquired sufficient reputation so that copies of the first edition, published in 1897, recently have brought as much as \$25.00. This new edition once more makes this curious masterpiece available to the lover of literature.

* *

"This book is strikingly clever, funny, strong. . . . Other excellent things you will find. You will find a telling series of pictures . . . laid on with a vivid and bold brush. You will find really powerful stories—squalid, but strong and effective, Zola with a broad grin. It is a vigorous book by a man with stuff in him."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE WOOINGS OF JEZEBEL PETTYFER. By HALDANE MACFALL. \$3.00 net.

Fighting Ireland

IRELAND'S struggle for freedom and the inner workings of the Sinn Fein movement are revealed in THE INFORMER by *Liam O'Flaherty*, the story of a man who betrays his friend for gold and of the life he leads after that deed. With admirable restraint and in a prose at once severe and luminous, *Mr. O'Flaherty* paints a vivid picture of the Dublin of the revolutionists in which murder and mystery mingle with the sights and sounds of the city.

THE INFORMER is as comprehensive a reproduction of certain aspects of Dublin as is ULYSSES, with which book it has more than a mere surface affiliation. To any reader who likes a thrilling story

which is at the same time a great psychological document and a piece of literature, THE INFORMER can be safely recommended.

THE INFORMER. By LIAM O'FLAHERTY. \$2.50 net.

A New Fletcher

IN THIS quite original detective story *J. S. Fletcher* has utilized the fact that a great traffic in stolen antiques goes on between England and America. This thievery is so thoroughly organized that even our best-known and most experienced collectors have become indirectly the receivers of stolen goods. *Mr. Fletcher* traces a particularly thrilling robbery to its source through his famous Scotland Yard men who may seem, he writes, "the worst muddlers one has ever encountered, but they *get there!*" A character study of the thief, running all through FALSE SCENT is quite sufficient to make it notable among the novels of *Mr. Fletcher*.

FALSE SCENT. By J. S. FLETCHER, author of "*The Annexation Society*," "*The Wolves and the Lamb*," etc. \$2.00 net.



Jacket design for
FALSE SCENT by J. S. FLETCHER
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The Book About Little Brother

ONE of the foremost and most beloved of Swedish authors is *Gustaf Af Geijerstam*. As far back as 1916 *THE BOOK ABOUT LITTLE BROTHER*, probably his best work, had reached eighteen editions. This novel, written in 1900, reads like a love lyric, the tale of a man's love for the mother of his boys, a tender and impassioned account of a marriage from which the glamour never faded even in middle age and death. *Geijerstam* stands out as an independent realist of extraordinary psychological insight, besides being one of the most finished prose artists Sweden can show.

The Boston Evening Transcript said of it: "The value of the story lies in its emotional simplicity, its tenderness and intimacy. . . . It is told with a restrained pathos which is extraordinarily moving."

THE BOOK ABOUT LITTLE BROTHER: A STORY OF MARRIED LIFE. By GUSTAF AF GEIJERSTAM. Translated from the Swedish with an introduction by EDWIN BJORKMAN. \$2.50 net.

Joyful News

JOYFULL NEWES OUT OF THE NEWE FOUNDE WORLDE has no reference to the successful culmination of the monkey trial at Dayton. It is one of the earliest publications about America "wherein is declared the rare and singuler vertues of diverse and sundrie hearbes, trees, oyles, plantes, and stones, with their aplications, aswell for phisicke as chirurgerie, the saied beyng well applied bryngeth suche present remedie for all deseases, as maie seme altogether incredible: notwithstanding by practize founde out, to bee true: also the portrature of the saied hearbes, very aptly discribed."

This work, written by a Spanish medico and Englished by John Frampton, merchant, in 1577, is one of the most unique items of Americana in that it reveals the attitude of ancient Europe toward the then unknown continent. *Monardes* believed that he had discovered something more valuable than gold in the new world, and credulous Europe, which expected fountains of everlasting youth and magic herbs from the Americas, held the book as a "best seller."

NICHOLAS MONARDES' JOYFULL NEWES: With an Introduction by STEPHEN GASELEE. Two volumes. \$17.00 net per set.

Black Mrs. Behemoth

In a room of the palace
Black Mrs. Behemoth
Gave way to wroth
And the wildest malice.
Cried Mrs. Behemoth,
"Come, court lady,
Doomed like a moth,
Through palace rooms shady!"
The candle flame
Seemed a yellow pompon
Sharp as a scorpion,
Nobody came. . . .
Only a bugbear
Air unkind,
That bud-furred papoose
The young spring wind
Blew out the candle.
Where is it gone?
To flat Coromandel
Rolling on!

From *TROY PARK*, the volume in which *Miss Sitwell* reaches the fullness of her powers. "We would break three lances, with the steel points on, to vindicate *Miss Sitwell's* right divine to be called a poetess, subtle and sad and entrancing, wild and wise and wayward."—The Morning Post.

"*TROY PARK* contains the finest poetry *Miss Sitwell* has written, and some of the most beautiful poetry written by this generation."—*Edwin Muir* in the London Westminster.

TROY PARK. By EDITH SITWELL, author of "*The Sleeping Beauty*." \$1.75 net.

Borzoi Pocket Books

With this series Alfred Knopf makes available at a price within the reach of all some of the best writing of our time, work which will honor and perpetuate the literature of this era. Although the volumes are printed with the plates and paper that distinguish Borzoi Books and have a uniform cloth binding by Claud Bragdon, the great number sold makes it possible to offer them at this nominal price of \$1.25.

JENNY by *Sigrid Undset*, a very modern story of the modern girl by *Sigrid Undset* whose *THE BRIDAL WREATH* and *THE MISTRESS OF HUSABY* have made her known as a writer of remarkably subtle psychological novels of life in the Middle Ages.

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GREEN MANSIONS by *W. H. Hudson* is generally conceded to be the late *Mr. Hudson's* greatest work. *John Galsworthy* in his introduction says of it: "A story which immortalizes, I think, as passionate a love of all beautiful things as ever was in the heart of man. . . . In form and spirit the book is unique, a simple romantic narrative transmuted by sheer glow of beauty into a prose poem."

THE FAIR REWARDS by *Thomas Beer* is a story of the American stage spanning the period from Frohman's opening of "The Prisoner of Zenda" at the old Lyceum to the great success of "The Jest" at the Plymouth. An original and distinguished book.

PICTURE FRAMES, *Thyra Samter Winslow's* volume of short stories, which gained widespread popularity immediately upon its publication, is made available in the Borzoi Pocket Book edition. *Edna Ferber* said of it: "These short stories are character studies, penetrating, keen, pitiless. No one in this country is doing this sort of thing as well."

JENNY by SIGRID UNDSET, GREEN MANSIONS by W. H. HUDSON, THE FAIR REWARDS by THOMAS BEER, and PICTURE FRAMES by THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW, numbers 31, 32, 33, and 34 of the Borzoi Pocket Book series. \$1.25 net each volume.

Latest Publishing Arrangements

The publication of the following books treated at length in the July-August Broadside has been postponed to this month:

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

By LLEWELLYN JONES

THE MODERN ENGLISH NOVEL

By ABEL CHEVALLEY

HELLENIC CIVILIZATION

By MAURICE CROISSET

THE HISTORY AND PROSPECTS OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES

Edited by HARRY ELMER BARNES

STRONG AS DEATH

(Volume XV of the Borzoi Maupassant)

The following have just been contracted for by Mr. Knopf. Their publication dates will be announced later.

MOCKERY GAP

A novel by T. F. POWYS

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The American MERCURY

September 1925

AMERICAN MARRIAGE

BY MARY AUSTIN

The Way of a Woman

“OF A woman, even his own woman child,” said Running Thunder, the White River Ute, “who can know except by knowing? My daughter had been in my house until her breasts were grown, and she was all my thought to me. So I married her to Taiwi, of the Uncompágres, somewhat older, as should be for a maid so tender, but a sound man and well furnished. There was also a matter of a horse and a gun which I had from him, which for the sake of my daughter he forgave me. Should not a man do according to his thought in his own house? But from the first that she heard of the marriage, my daughter kicked like a steer. Even my wife lifted her voice against me and shamed me before the Uncompágre.

“It was not true as my wife said, that I did not love my daughter. It was the wisdom of my ancients speaking in me, desiring that she should be esteemed and that her children should shine with plenty. But I thought the Uncompágre more of a man than he proved. It is often in my mind that the food that they give to our sons in Government Board School, being soft and without savor from lying in tin cans, takes something of the man from them, for in my time and my father’s, if a man made a woman to know him, he could also

make her follow at his back. But even after she had come under his blanket my daughter kicked against the Uncompágre, her husband. She threw the furnishings about the house that he built for her, and when he came in from tending his horses, he found her beside a cold hearth with her head wrapped in her blanket. Twice she ran away home from him, and twice I drove her back, as was my duty. ‘By the soul of your grandmother!’ said I to the Uncompágre, ‘get her with child’; for it is known that a woman who will not soften by the giving of her body will be altogether gentled by giving the breast.

“Mind you, I could find nothing wrong with the marriage; for my son-in-law neither drank nor gambled, and even while my daughter lay grieving in my house she had around her a fine shawl of his buying. There she sat with her head against the wall and her hands twisting in her lap, whose laughter had been like the sound of young rain. It was in my mind several times that the Uncompágre should have beaten her. Said I, ‘Have you become altogether white?’ What did he then, but reproach me for having brought her up without so much as a taste of the stick? But what *could* I do with my wife about to deafen me with complaints? In the end I was persuaded to ask the Council for a judgment of divorce, which they gave on

my showing that the girl, having tried him, would no wise have the Uncompágre for a husband.

"Had I peace then in my house? For a handful of days merely. Like a sick crow my daughter sat by the fire; like a sick dog she snapped at me. Also she grew thin, and my wife was of the opinion that the Uncompágre had worked a spell upon her. Three bags of corn I paid to a medicine man of the White River Utes to lift the spell, though nothing came of it. Then I began to study the ways of the Uncompágre. It was in my mind that if my daughter died, or was likely to die, I should surely kill him. I found that he had shut up the house where my daughter had lived, with the furnishings inside it, and spent much time in the mountains with his horses. All this I told my wife, who never left off blaming me.

"At branding time, my daughter being still in a black sickness, Hadatsee the roper told me that the Uncompágre was married again, or about to be, Hadatsée having seen a woman at his camp as he passed it that morning. 'Rejoice now,' I said to my daughter, 'for when the bridegroom has a bride in his house, he will have no time for spell-making.' Said my daughter, 'Is she truly in the house he made for me?' and all that night I could hear the spell working in her to lift and leave her, as she lay on her bed, shaking and twisting. But the next morning, as I worked at the branding pen, my wife came running. Such was the force of the spell that my daughter had vanished out of my house completely!

"Until dark we went inquiring at the houses of our friends, but nobody had seen her. That night my wife wept in her blanket and I cleaned my gun and oiled it. Outside, the medicine drums were thumping, for when there is black medicine abroad who knows where it will strike? For between my wife and the wives of my friends this thing was much talked about the village. As soon as it was light we went up, and our friends with us, toward

the house of the Uncompágre. Also we woke some of the principal men of the Uncompágres to be witnesses that what was done was done according to custom. The house stood dark against the sun, and a thin curl of smoke went up from it. As we stood, not too close—for who knew what wizardry went on inside it?—the door of the house opened and my daughter came out. Strong she looked and well, and all her ornaments upon her. 'Come away,' I cried, 'come away, daughter of mine, from that worker of evil spells, while I give him a taste of the medicine that he has made!', and I shook my rifle. Then said my daughter, and the whole of my village and the principal men of the Uncompágres heard her, 'Go away, you old fool,' she said, 'with your talk about spells and strange women! That was only his sister, come to shake the moths out of my blankets. Go home, you and your friends,' said she, 'and don't you ever come here again making trouble between me and my husband!'

"*Ehya!* Women . . . women!" said Running Thunder . . . "It was not until my grandson was born that she forgave me!"

II

Papago Wedding

There was a Papago woman out of Panták who had a marriage paper from a white man after she had borne him five children, and the man himself was in love with another woman. This Shuler was the first to raise cotton for selling in the Gila Valley—but the Pimas and Papagoes had raised it long before that—and the girl went with him willingly. As to the writing of marriage, it was not then understood that the white man is not master of his heart, but is mastered by it, so that if it is not fixed in writing it becomes unstable like water and is puddled in the lowest place. The Sisters at San Xavier del Bac had taught her to clean and cook. Shuler called her Susie, which was nearest to her

Papago name, and was fond of the children. He sent them to school as they came along, and had carpets in the house.

In all things Susie was a good wife to him, though she had no writing of marriage and she never wore a hat. This was a mistake which she learned from the sisters. They, being holy women, had no notion of the *brujeria* which is worked in the heart of the white man by a hat. Into the presence of their God also, without that which passes for a hat, they do not go. Even after her children were old enough to notice it, Susie went about the country with a handkerchief tied over her hair, which was long and smooth on either side of her face, like the shut wings of a raven.

By the time Susie's children were as tall as their mother, there were many white ranchers in the Gila country, with their white wives, who are like Papago women in this, that if they see a man upstanding and prosperous, they think only that he might make some woman happy, and if they have a cousin or a friend, that she should be the woman. Also the white ones think it so shameful for a man to take a woman to his house without a writing, that they have no scruple to take him away from her. At Rinconada there was a woman with large breasts, surpassing well looking, and with many hats. She had no husband, and was new to the country, and when Shuler drove her about to look at it, she wore each time a different hat.

This the Papagoes observed, and, not having visited Susie when she was happy with her man, they went now in numbers, and by this Susie understood that it was in their hearts that she might have need of them. For it was well known that the white woman had told Shuler that it was a shame for him to have his children going about with a Papago woman who had only a handkerchief to cover her head. She said it was keeping Shuler back from being the principal man among the cotton growers of Gila Valley, to have in his house a woman who would come there

without a writing. And when the other white women heard that she had said that, they said the same thing. Shuler said, "My God, this is the truth, I know it," and the woman said that she would go to Susie and tell her that she ought to go back to her own people and not be a shame to her children and Shuler. There was a man from Panták on the road, who saw them go, and turned in his tracks and went back, in case Susie should need him, for the Papagoes, when it is their kin against whom there is *brujeria* made, have in-knowing hearts. Susie sat in the best room with the woman and was polite. "If you want Shuler," she said, "you can have him, but I stay with my children." The white woman grew red in the face and went out to Shuler in the field where he was pretending to look after something, and they went away together.

After that Shuler would not go to the ranch except of necessity. He went around talking to his white friends. "My God," he kept saying, "what can I do, with my children in the hands of that Papago?" Then he sent a lawyer to Susie to say that if she would go away and not shame his children with a mother who had no marriage writing and no hat, he would give her money, so much every month. But the children all came in the room and stood by her, and Susie said, "What I want with money when I got my children and this good ranch?" Then Shuler said "My God!" again, and "What can I do?"

The lawyer said he could tell the Judge that Susie was not a proper person to have care of his children, and the Judge would take them away from Susie and give them to Shuler. But when the day came for Susie to come into court, it was seen that though she had a handkerchief on her hair, her dress was good, and the fringe of her shawl was long and fine. All the five children came also, with new clothes, well looking. "My God!" said Shuler, "I must get those kids away from that Papago and into the hands of a white woman." But the white people who had

come to see the children taken away saw that although the five looked like Shuler, they had their mouths shut like Papagoes; so they waited to see how things turned out.

Shuler's lawyer makes a long speech about how Shuler loves his children, and how sorry he is in his heart to see them growing up like Papagoes, and water is coming out of Shuler's eyes. Then the Judge asks Susie if she has anything to say why her children shall not be taken away.

"You want to take thees children away and giff them to Shuler?" Susie asks him. "What for you giff them to Shuler?" says Susie, and the white people are listening. She says, "Shuler's not the father of them. Thees children all got different fathers," says Susie. "Shuler—"

Then she makes a sign with her hand. I tell you if a woman makes that sign to a Papago he could laugh himself dead but he would not laugh off that. Some of the white people who have been in the country a long time know that sign and they begin to laugh.

Shuler's lawyer jumps up. . . . "Your Honor, I object—"

The Judge waves his hand. "I warn you the court can not go behind the testimony of the mother in such a case. . . ."

By this time everybody is laughing, so that they do not hear what the lawyer says. Shuler is trying to get out of the side door, and the Judge is shaking hands with Susie.

"You tell Shuler," she says, "if he wants people to think hees the father of thees children he better giff me a writing. Then maybe I think so myself."

"I will," said the Judge, and maybe two, three days after that he takes Shuler out to the ranch and makes the marriage writing. Then all the children come around Susie and say, "Now mother, you will have to wear a hat." Susie, she says, "Go, children, and ask your father." But it is not known to the Papagoes what happened after that.

III

The Man Who Lied About a Woman

Everybody knew that the girl who passed for the daughter of Tizessína was neither her daughter nor a Jicarilla Apache. Tizessína, being childless, had bought her squalling from a Navajo whose wife had died in giving birth, and loved her inordinately. She was called Tall Flower after the hundred-belled white yucca, and carried herself always with the consciousness of superior blood. None of the Jicarilla youths, it seemed, was good enough for her. When Tizessína, who was as anxious as any real mother to see the girl well settled, asked her what she wanted, "I shall know when I see it," said Tall Flower, and continued to give the young men who walked with her the squashes. For she was the sort that every man desired, and herself desired nothing. She laughed and went her way, and whatever she did Tizessína approved.

Nevertheless, she was disappointed when the girl hunched her shoulder to Nataldin, who besides being the richest young man of the Apaches was much sought after and would require careful handling. "But, my mother," laughed Tall Flower, "I shall handle him not at all."

This being her way with him, Nataldin, who was used to having marriageable girls go to a great deal of trouble on his account, was hurt in his self-esteem. To keep the other young men from finding out that with the daughter of Tizessína he had to take all the trouble himself, he took the manner when he walked with her of a lover who is already successful. He stuck a flower in his hat and swung his blanket from his shoulder until Tizessína herself began to nod and wink when the other women hinted.

Then suddenly Tall Flower went off over night with her mother and two or three other women to Taos Pueblo to gather wild plums for drying. She went without letting Nataldin know, and when the young men of Jicarilla found this out, they laughed and presented him with a large

ripe squash. Nothing like this having happened to the young man before, he stiffened his lip and swung his shoulder. "And if I did not get the young woman," he said, "I got as much as I wanted of her."

No one liked to ask him what he meant by this, for to the others the girl had been as straight and as aloof as her name flower, and to take away a maiden's honor is a serious matter among the Jicarilla Apaches. But Nataldin, for the very reason that he had had not so much from Tall Flower as the touching of her littlest finger, salved his pride with looks and shrugs and by changing the subject when her name was mentioned. The truth was that he was afraid to talk of her, not for fear he might tell more than was seemly, but for fear somebody might find out what he had lately discovered, that if he did not have the daughter of Tizessína to be his wife, his life would be as a wild gourd, smooth without, but within a mouthful of bitter ashes.

The girl and her mother went not only to Taos Pueblo where the plum branches are bent over with bright fruit, but to Taos town, where a white man persuaded Tall Flower to be painted among the plum branches. Then they gathered *osha* in the hills toward Yellow Earth, where Tizessína, who was Government School taught, stayed for a month to cook for a camp of Government surveyors. In the month of the Cold Touching Mildly they came to Jicarilla again.

Nataldin, who found Tall Flower more to be desired than ever, was in two minds how he should punish her, but unfortunately what was in his mind turned out to be so much less than what was in his heart that he ended by thinking only how he could persuade her to be his wife. Tizessína, he saw, was wholly on his side, but some strange fear of her daughter kept her silent. Nataldin would catch her looking at him as though she wished him to know something that she feared to tell. At other times Tizessína looked at Natal-

din from behind a fold of her blanket as a wild thing watches a hunter from the rocks, while Tall Flower looked over and beyond them both. There was a dream in her eyes, and now and then it flowered around her mouth.

Presently there began to be other looks: matrons watching Tall Flower out of the tails of their eyes, young girls walking in the twilight with their arms about one another, looking the other way as she passed; young men looking slyly at Nataldin, with laughs and nudges. Nataldin, who was sick to think that another had possessed her, where he had got the squash, denied nothing. If he remembered the punishment that is due to a man who lies about a woman, he reflected that a woman who has given herself to one lover is in no position to deny that she has given herself to two. But in fact he reflected very little. He was a man jabbing at an aching tooth in the hope of driving out one pain with another.

It had been mid-Summer when Tizessína had taken her daughter to gather plums, and in the month of Snow Water, Tall Flower being far gone with child, the two women talked together in their house. "I have heard," said Tizessína, "that Nataldin tells it about camp that he is the father of your child."

"Since how long?" said Tall Flower.

"Since before we had come to Taos town," said the mother, and repeated all she had heard.

"Then he has twice lied," said the girl.

"He is the richest man in Jicarilla, as well as a liar," said Tizessína, "and you will not get a husband very easily after this. I shall bring it to Council."

"What he does to another, that to him also," said the girl, which is a saying of the Apaches. "By all means take it to Council. But I shall not appear."

When Nataldin saw the *algucil* coming to call him before the Council he was half glad, for now his tooth was about to come out. But he was sick when he saw that the girl was not there; only Tizessína, who

stood up and said, "O my fathers! You know that my daughter is with child, and this one says that he is the father of it. This is established by many witnesses. Therefore, if he is the father, let him take my daughter to his house. But if he has lied, then let him be punished as is the custom for a man who has lied about a woman."

Said the Council: "Have you lied?" and Nataldin saw that he was between the bow and the bowstring.

"Only Tall Flower knows if I have lied," he said, "and she does not appear against me. But I am willing to take her to my house, and the child also."

"So let it be," said the Council; and the young man's tooth was stopped, waiting to see whether it would come out or not. But Tall Flower, when the judgment was reported to her, made conditions. "I will come to his house and cook for him and mend," she said, "but until after the child is born I will not come to his bed," and Nataldin, to whom nothing mattered except that now Tall Flower should be his wife, consented. Although he was tormented at times by the thought of that other who had had all his desire of her where Nataldin himself had got the squash, the young man salved his torment by thinking that, now the girl was his wife, nobody would be able to say that he had not also been her lover. He thought that

when he told the daughter of Tizessína that he had lied to save her shame, she would never shame him by telling that he had lied. What nobody knows, nobody doubts; which is also a saying of the Jicarilla Apaches. Therefore when he walked abroad with his young wife, Nataldin carried himself as a man who has done all that can be expected of him. As for Tizessína, she walked like the mother-in-law of the richest young man in Jicarilla, and Tall Flower walked between them, dreaming.

In due time, as he worked in his field Nataldin saw Tizessína and the neighbor women hurrying to his house, after which he worked scarcely at all, but leaned upon his hoe until the sun was a bowshot from its going down, and listened to the shaking of his own heart. As he came up the trail to his house at last, he saw his wife lying under the ramada, and beside her Tizessína with something wrapped in a blanket. "Let me see my son," he said, and wondered why the neighbor women rose and hurried away with their blankets over their faces, for with the first born there should be compliments and present giving. But when Tizessína turned back the blanket and showed him the child's face, he knew that after all he should not escape the punishment of a man who has lied about a woman. For the child was white!

JASBO BROWN¹

BY DUBOSE HEYWARD

LOOSE, heady laughter shook the humid night.

Bells jangled shrilly, and a whistle flung

A note as lonely as a soul in flight,
To fail and die along a mile of river.

Then silence, while a presence moved among

The floating stars, and made them swirl
and quiver.

Clang! Clang!

A sudden world swam into view:

Dim windows banked in tiers against the dark,

And paddles threshing phosphorescent blue

Out of abysmal night. Tall funnels wreathing

The scene in blacker gloom from their dark breathing.

Twin eyes of red and green sought out the shore,

Found it, and centered on the sagging pier.

A sleepy Negro woke and raised a cheer.

A painter slapped the planks, and someone swore.

Out of the gloom the shoreline seemed to stir

And swim to greet the phantom visitor.

Ahoy! Stand-by!

Lithe, fluid shadows

massed

Upon the wharf; the gang-plank rattled down.

¹ According to tradition, jazz has taken its name from Jasbo Brown, an itinerant Negro player along the Mississippi, and later, in Chicago cabarets.

Faint lights came running from the river town.

A door banged open on the boat and cast
An orange glare across the crowded deck,
Gashing the screen of night, secretive,
vast,

And showing life, gregarious and teeming,
Bronze torsos under tatters, ridged and
gleaming,

Bandannaed heads, a banjo's round, blank face.

A woman's voice shrilled,

"Honey, I's come home!"

And, from the pier:

"Tenk Gawd, I's glad yer come!"

"I got er song,

You got er song,

All Gawd's chillen got er song!"

Up the plank they trooped, a hundred strong,

Throats belling in the warm, moist river air.

Hot laughter on the wharf; the flow and fusion

Of reds, and greens, and purples. Then a flare

Of ecstasy that unified confusion.

"Eberybody talk about Heaben ain't goin' dere—

Heaben, Heaben,

Goin' ter sing all ober Gawd's Heaben!"

From the high pilot-house a voice drawled down,

"Got all your niggers off?"

And from below,

"Aye, aye, sir. Let 'er go!"

The gang-plank rattled up against its spars.

The tide, with ponderous deliberation,
Swung out the boat and drew it down the
night
To lose it, like a fading constellation
Destined for the grave-yard of the stars.

II

Jasbo reeled slightly as he turned to face
The clustered lights that marked the river
town.

"Gawd, I's tired," he said, and then, far
down

Among the shacks:

"Heaben, Heaben!"

He raised his head, so, he was not alone.

The chorus throbbed in his deep baritone,

*"Goin' ter sing all ober Gawd's
Heaben!"*

But no one answered.

Yes, that was the way.

He ought to know by now, they'd make
him play

Out on the river clean from New Orleans.

But in the town, they'd drop him mighty
quick.

Churches were no place for muddy jeans.

He was not good enough for city ways,

And songs about their Jesus and His grace.

No, he was not—he knew it. When they
whined

Their mournful hymns, a trigger in his
mind

Would click, and he would yearn to shout
Queer broken measures that his soul flung
out

Of some recess where joy and agony

Whirled in a rhythm that he could feel
and see.

The river clucked and sobbed among the
piles.

A screech-owl launched a wavering ghost
of sound

That ranged and circled on the watery
miles,

And lived to shudder in the heavy air,

Causing the lonely man upon the pier

To turn and look behind him, while his
eyes

Widened and whitened.

"Gawd, it's lonely here!"

He drew a sleeve across his sweating brow.

"All Gawd's children got a song."

"I wonder now. . . ."

That girl in New Orleans who sent him
packing,

Because he had to stroke the ivories

To ease the smart

That always kept devouring his heart,

Instead of heaving cotton on the boat

And earning money for her, like the rest.

The sudden thought of her caught at his
throat,

Old fires seared him—set his temples throbb-
ing.

"Oh, Gawd, I got de blues!" he said, half
sobbing.

Then suddenly, he heard it down the shore.
A square of light leaped out, and through
the door

A tinny clamor smote the heavy night.

Someone sang drunkenly, and then a fight

Flamed up and died. The door went Bang!

Something inside of Jasbo broke—and sang.

They saw him sway against a shrunken
moon

That hung behind him in the narrow door.

Scarcely at all he seemed a human being,
Lips hanging loosely, and his eyes not see-
ing.

"My Gawd!" a woman called. "It's Jasbo
Brown.

Git off dat stool,

You empty-headed fool,

An' let him play what kin."

Somebody poured a gin—

Another—and another.

He gulped the liquid fire, scarcely knowing,
Lunged heavily, and slumped above the
keys.

Out of the night a little wind came blow-
ing—

A little wind, and searing memories.

"Oh, Gawd, I's lonely," he moaned once,

"But what's de use!"

Then crashed an aching chord, and sang,
"I got de blues!"

III

Oh, the hypocritical
Children of the Lord,
How he jeered and mocked them
In a snarling chord.

Women who had known him,
Who had passed him by,
Once again he loved them,
Spurned them, let them die.

Bosses that had cursed him
Over Christendom,
Whimpered as he flung them
Into Kingdom come.

Out of clinkered torment,
Like a rising steam,
Something whirled and glittered,
Waked him, let him dream;

Showed the world, a madness
Cured by ridicule;
Saved him as a prophet,
Damned him for a fool.

Fingers conjured music
From the ivories
Into swaying bodies,
Into flexing knees.

Black face, brown face,
In the smoky light,
Gin, and river women,
And the reeling night,

Whirled along a rhythm
Crashing in his blood;
Jasbo! ginned, and dreaming,
Stained with river mud.

IV

Dawn, and the music tinkled out and died.
"Jus' one more, Jaz. Here, take another
gin."
Two dancers dropped and sprawled,
A third stood watching with an empty
grin.

The door blew open, and the day smiled
in;

White-footed, down the river, it came
striding,

Beauty upon it, ancient, and abiding,
Breathing of April, and of jessamin.
The player rose and stumbled to the street.
Oh, for a place to rest, a hole for hiding.

She came and stood beside him in the
dew.

They watched the copper sun swing up
together.

"Honey," she said at last, "I'd die for you
Most any time you say, when you are
playin'."

"Yer likes my songs?" he asked. "Dat
what yer sayin'?"

The hunger in her eyes left little doubt.

"Come home wid me an' res'. Yer clean
wore out."

Down the littered street the player stum-
bled

With the girl beside him. Once she glanced
Up into his face, and found it tranced,
His eyes had lost her, and his loose lips
mumbled.

Presently, half-aloud, she heard him sing
A low-keyed, minor thing:

*Yer got ter know
I ain't de kind fer stayin';
Always I is movin',
Always playin'.*

*Life is jus' bello
An' so-long
Fer Gawd's lonely chillen
What got er song.*

*Take me home an' res' me
In de white folk's town,
But I got ter leabe yer
When de boat come down,*

*De boat an' de niggers
What love my song.
Life is jus' bello,
An' so-long.*

THE SHADOW MAKER

BY GEORGE STERLING

"MY BOY, the only important thing is to think clearly." The "implacable, beautiful" eyes turned their steely blue rapiers on me, and I sat awed and acquiescent. Today I am not so sure, believing as I do that the only important thing is to be happy, and that clear thinking is anything but conducive to that. However, Ambrose Bierce's pessimism was, like Twain's, of the sophomoric order, concerned with the immediate state of mankind, and innocent of the implications of infinity, not to mention those of relativity.

I cannot recall that I made any reply (probably I would not have hazarded one), and my only other memory of that, our first luncheon together, is that he told me a risqué story (the one ending in "They say she snores"). In my state of comparative innocence, I failed to get the point, and he explained it to me with amused condescension.

It seems strange to me, now, that I can recall no more of what was then to me so momentous an occasion, for indeed I feasted on the summit of Olympus, at the very feet of the god. For Bierce, during all but the earliest years of his life in California, was our Radamanthus of letters, from whose decisions there was no appeal. With a scratch of the pen he made or broke reputations, literary or otherwise, and his pathway through time was strewn with innumerable pretenders, pierced in their vainest spots.

One of the objections to that department of his many-sided work is that he gave too much of his energy to the breaking of butterflies on a wheel. But to Bierce

all mankind shared a common insignificance. A millionaire or king meant no more to him than a bricklayer. All names being destined, in his opinion, to eventual oblivion, their bearers signified nothing: what was important was the exercise of his wit and penetration, for the delectation of his readers. The practice had its dangers, of which he was well aware, and though his veins ran valorous blood, he was never without his big revolver, of which there was at least visual need on more than one occasion during his earlier days as editor of the *Wasp* and *News-Letter*. It was from those weeklies that he was graduated to the writing of his vitriolic "Prattle"—three or four columns on the editorial page of Mr. Hearst's San Francisco *Sunday Examiner*.

It was a long and acrimonious career. His pen drew blood from the majority of the men at whom it was pointed. He was from the start, fresh from the Civil War, a fierce propagandist, and much of his polemic was political in character. He feared (and spared) neither high nor low, and was invariably ready to assume full responsibility for all his statements. A fellow editor having become enraged at an attack in the *News-Letter*, and boasting of his intention to kill Bierce on sight, Bierce announced in the next issue that on a given day he would leave his office at a certain hour, proceed up a designated street on its right hand side, and participate in such hostilities as might be begun. The rival editor took a trip to Europe, and was absent for a year. Such was the local newspaper world of the seventies, gone with so much of San Francisco's old verve and color.

I have said that Bierce had been a sol-

dier. He entered the Civil War at its start, enlisting as a private and becoming, at its end, a brevet-major by special act of Congress. During the latter part of the war he served as a staff-officer under General Hazen, and, the conflict ended, joined a surveying party in the Black Hills. There is, I am told, a stream in that region bearing his name.

He was wounded twice during the war, once in the foot and once in the head, and if one is to believe his older brother, Albert, the latter would had an important influence on his character. "He was never the same after that," Albert Bierce once told me. "Some of the iron of that shell seemed to stick in his brain, and he became bitter and suspicious, especially of his closer friends. He would remember each failing and slight, fancied or otherwise, of such persons, say nothing of it at the time, and then, many years afterward, release the stored-up poison in a flood." I can bear witness to that trait myself, for I was to find it shown to his brother, to me, and to several others.

One might infer from it an impossibly high ideal of friendship; and yet Bierce gave his hand, at least, to many unworthy of his affection. The main treason, in his eyes, seems to have been to disagree with him on any subject. He honestly believed his judgments infallible, and was intolerant of any dissent, however mildly professed. Perhaps he set no very high value on what Mr. H. G. Wells has termed "the illusion of human friendship." I quote from three of his letters to me:

Get yourself a fat bank account—there's no such friend as a bank account, and the greatest book is a check-book; "you may lay to that" as one of Stevenson's pirates puts it. . . .

The man who expects anything more than lip-service from his friends is a very young man. There are, for example, a half dozen Californians [all loud admirers of Bierce] editing magazines and newspapers here in the East. Every man Jack of them has turned me down. They will do everything for me but enable me to live. Friends be damned!—strangers are the chaps for me. . . .

So—you've subscribed for the Collected Works. Good! That is what you ought to have done a long time ago. It is what every personal friend of mine ought to have done, for all profess admi-

ration of my work in literature. It is what I was fool enough to permit my publisher to think that many of them would do. How many do you guess have done so? I'll leave you guessing. God help the man with many friends, for they will not. My royalties in the sets sold to my friends are less than one-fourth of my outlay in free sets for other friends. Tell me not in cheerful numbers of the value and sincerity of friendships!

And yet he once wrote to me: "To unlike a friend is not an easy thing to do." As for my delay in subscribing for the Collected Works, it was occasioned not by indifference but by poverty. But even that was no excuse.

II

It was thirty-two years ago that I first made his acquaintance; I had become friendly with his elder brother Albert (who was, like him, a Civil War veteran) a year before. Like most of our young folk of literary tastes, I was an almost abject worshipper of this yellow-haired Titan who then fulminated, from a far hill in the Napa Valley, his weekly bolts upon the small and the great. Also I had read his terrible "Tales of Soldiers and Civilians," and was under enchantment to the magic crystals of his style. So it was with enormous interest that I awaited his visit to the camp of his brother, on a knoll on the eastern side of Lake Temescal, in the Summer of 1893.

He came at last, accompanied by several cases of Schramsberger, his favorite vintage. His visits to the lowlands were brief and infrequent, a fact due to his abiding ailment, asthma, which necessitated his living at fairly high altitudes, though, strange to say, he was seldom troubled by it afterward in the warm, close atmosphere of the eastern Summers. He came, a stalwart man a little less than six feet in height, with piercing blue eyes, overjugged with blond shaggy brows, and with curly yellow hair and mustache. His whole personality gave the indelible impression of rugged strength and extreme vitality. Indeed, I have heard one young woman declare, "I can feel him ten feet away!" But formidable as his aspect was, he yet

had about him an air of refinement, even fastidiousness, and was, in truth, the cleanest as he was the most modest of men. One would overlook an important part of his character were one to ignore those two qualities, for he was almost fanatical in his devotion to each. He would spend hours on his toilet daily, his nephew Carlton going so far as to assert that he shaved from head to foot—doubtless an exaggeration. And as to modesty, he had so high a degree of it that he was proud to boast that no woman, even his wife, had ever seen him in the buff! In witness to that, I have in mind an incident that occurred when he and I were paddling a canoe on the Russian river. We had left the swimming-pool of the Bohemian Club and I was still attired in a bathing-suit which, though somewhat abbreviated, I thought sufficient to the demands of propriety. Before long we saw a canoe coming down the river, propelled by my wife and his niece. He ceased paddling and demanded: "Do you intend to meet my niece in that costume?" "Why not?" I innocently asked. "All I have to say is," he replied, "that if you try it, I'll put a bullet through your guts."

I came perilously near to laughing, but to humor him, laid aside my paddle, dived into the stream and swam back to the swimming pool. Bierce asserted afterwards, on more than one occasion, that he would have carried out his threat—and I, at the time, was his closest man-friend, perhaps!

He was able to remain but two or three days at the Lake Temescal camp, his asthma soon attacking him violently. On the first night of his stay I elected to sleep near him at the camp-fire, as even an open tent was not permitted him. And so I lay during the long night, frequently awaking, what of my lack of habit of sleeping on the bare ground. Whenever I did so, I saw Bierce lying with his face to the sky, the deep blue eyes staring up at the fainter blue of the star Lyra.

A year afterward his ailment had so less-

ened that he was able to take lodgings in an Oakland apartment-house, where I too had my abode. He was accompanied by his younger son, Leigh, who became one of my most frequent companions, and it was at this time that an incident occurred that threw a keen, if transient, light on the hidden tragedy of Bierce's life.

He had long been separated from his wife, and both sons had grown up to be headstrong and dissipated youths, with a full share of their father's intelligence and vitality. The elder boy, the more gifted of the two, had been murdered by a gambler in a sordid love-affair in a Northern town, several years before I made Bierce's acquaintance. The other now formed a liaison with a young woman living in the same apartment-house, and was at last summoned before his father. He left my room defiantly, well aware of his father's intention to make him give up the girl, and swearing that nothing could make him do so. In an hour he was back, broken and sobbing, his first words to me being, "My father is a greater man than Christ! He has suffered more than Christ." What tale of grief and terror lay back of his words I was never to know; but his affair with the slender, sad-eyed girl was ended with almost brutal abruptness, and in a few weeks she was dead—from measles, not blighted love. He, too, died a few years later in New York City, as the assistant editor of a newspaper there. Bierce wrote afterwards to his brother: "It is nearly a year since Leigh died; I wish I could stop counting the days."

Bierce was a gourmet, but the Oakland restaurant of the time, on which he has visited some of his most acridly witty lines ("Famine's Realm"), afforded small scope to his tastes. A visit of even a few hours to San Francisco, across the bay, was dangerous on account of the asthma. Nevertheless, he risked the trip now and then, always with the feared result, the attacks becoming at times so violent that his son was obliged to keep him for hours under the influence of chloroform, naturally a

hazardous palliative. So in time he was forced to seek again a higher altitude, this time selecting the wooded ridge called "Skylands," above the village of Wrights, in Santa Clara county. It was from there that he made, at Mr. Hearst's request, his exodus to the city of Washington, where he was to lend invaluable assistance in fighting Collis P. Huntington's much execrated Funding Bill. That magnate was quite incapable of understanding a man of Bierce's uncompromising quality, and more than once offered him his hand in the chambers of the committee considering the bill, only to be as frequently cut. Bierce afterwards referred to him, in his weekly "Prattle," as "the meanest of all mean men of history or time." Joaquin Miller subsequently dedicated to Huntington his *Collected Works*! So do estimates differ, both being of sincerity!

Bierce's succeeding years were thenceforth to be spent in Washington as a contributor to the Hearst papers (his column bore the title of "The Passing Show"), and finally to the *Cosmopolitan*. His last work, aside from such attention as he gave to his *Collected Works*, was published in that magazine. He made his home in the Olympia Apartments there, and became a daily visitor to the Army and Navy Club, where alone he was accosted by his title of major, a distinction of which he was careful to let the Californians know nothing, as he had a supreme distaste for the appanages of pomp and circumstance. He was much enamored of New York, and visited that city on all possible occasions. He stopped at the Hotel Navarre, and spent most of his time with the late Percival Pollard.

III

He was to see California but twice thereafter, once in 1910 and again in 1912. On his first visit he spent a few days in Carmel, where I then lived, and became speedily addicted to the deep-sea mussel, wrenched from our shaggy reefs, and to the even more toothsome abalone. Urged to repeat

the visit in 1912, he refused, giving for reason our radical tendencies! "I have already," he wrote, "too closely identified myself with that nest of anarchists!" Such to him were all folk of Socialistic notions. Pity it is that our idealism, for it was little more, should have been the stumbling block in his friendship for Jack London and me. Yet so it was, and he was to quarrel with me, eventually, on such matters. London, whom he admired greatly as a writer, saying that Wolf Larsen was a creation comparable to that of Satan in "Paradise Lost," he saw for only a few days, at the Summer Jinks of our Bohemian Club, in its grove of great redwoods on the Russian river. He was a guest of the Club (though sleeping at the home of his brother, two miles away), and after a few hours in camp inquired as to the whereabouts of London, whom he knew to be attending the Jinks. "Oh, you mustn't meet him," I replied. "You'd be at each other's throats in five minutes." "Nonsense!" exclaimed Bierce, drawing his blond, shaggy brows together. "Bring him on. I'll treat him like a Dutch uncle." So I disentangled London from the poker-game to which he gave his forenoons, and presented him. The two men conversed in the friendliest manner, though signs of an armed peace were not lacking to my anxious eye. However, they were never to cross swords in argument, and the midnight of the grove-play saw us accompanying Bierce to his brother's home, to reach which we had to cross the river in a row-boat and then walk over a mile along the railroad track. We managed the river despite the ocean of our potations, and London and I were ambling rather unsteadily along the ties when he suddenly said: "Why, where in hell's Ambrose?"

Sure enough, Bierce had vanished. We retraced the rough way along the track, calling loudly, and were soon rewarded by the sound of his voice from the bottom of the twenty-foot embankment at our right. He had stumbled, lost his arm-clasp on London's shoulder, and slid head-first

down the steep bank, to a fern bed where he seemed content to lie. We descended, and helped him to his feet. He was not even scratched, and we proceeded to our destination, where he and London sat up the rest of the night, consuming a bottle each of Three Star Martel. God knows of what they talked! I was to awaken at seven with the worst headache of my life. Truly they were made of the stuff of heroes!

London seemed vastly to interest Bierce, even before their meeting, despite the former's radicalism, and he often referred to him, in his letters to me, as well as in his conversation. They were never to meet again. London was even more fascinated by Bierce, and more than once expressed to me a willingness to engage in argument with him on the merits of Socialism, but with the pen, not orally. A reference to Bierce's habitual summing-up of cosmic matters (viz., "Nothing matters!") never failed to enrage London, to whom many things mattered, and to a high degree.

That was the only occasion on which I saw Bierce in the least degree under the influence of his potations. He was a supreme tankard-man, and would drink anything alcoholic, though his taste was for the light, white wine of the Napa Valley, a better vintage, at its best, than the eastern seaboard realizes. But when in Oakland or San Francisco he was accustomed to duplicate the other man's drink, and always put in the final order, an honor that many a man tried, at his cost, to wrest from him.

He wrote with the greatest facility, and was wont to put off the composition of his weekly "Prattle" until the last moment, and then complete it in a few hours. He always wrote in long-hand, when in California, though he occasionally made use of a typewriter in his later years. Thousands of sheets of his handwriting went to the office of the *Examiner*, but no one thought to save any except his friend James Tufts, at one time Sunday editor. Any of those pages would fetch a handsome sum today. But the prophet was to

go without honor, and the newspaper man without profit, as it has been from the beginning.

I have mentioned wine. Coming in turn to song, I cannot recall ever having heard Bierce join in one of our bacchanalian choruses, either at the camp-fire or at the bar. He seemed to be anæsthetic to music, could not endure the sound of the piano, and thought the violin the only permissible instrument. But he never showed the distaste he must have felt for the singing of others, even for the woeful sounds evoked under the influence of the grape. So far, at least, his tolerance extended.

As to the third of the attractions that are said to reconcile us to life, let me say that Bierce found his main happiness, intermittent as that may have been, in the society of the woman for whom he cared most at the time. I noticed in him a peculiarity found also in Jack London: neither man seemed to require beauty in the object of his affections. And yet both were beauty-worshippers. I attribute that idiosyncrasy to their immense masculinity, which made any person of the feminine gender seem to them an angel of light. But in the case of neither did the spell seem of indefinite duration, and Bierce himself once said to me, in reference to his sundry migrations from mountain to valley, and from valley back to mountain, "Sometimes I use up the climate, and sometimes I use up the girl!" I have since thought that it may have been on one of those occasions that he composed his favorite toast: "Here's to woman! Would that we could fall into her arms without falling into her hands!"

He was, however, to attain to longer periods of fidelity in his later years, nor does he seem to have found the ferment of a new passion essential to inspiration. I quote from one of his letters: "Girls is pizen, but not necessarily fatal. I've taken 'em in large doses all my life, and suffered pangs enough to equip a number of small hells, but never has one of them paralyzed the inner working man. . . . But I'm not

a poet. Moreover, as I've not yet put off my armor, I oughtn't to boast."

With loves past or present Bierce was, so far as I could determine, a faithful correspondent, and lived in terror of the publication of his letters. Indeed, it was on such missives and not on his correspondence with men that he laid his interdict against publicity. That is not apparent from his printed words, but I had it from him orally. He preferred the affection of a maid who had not already bestowed it elsewhere, and fought shy, despite their wiles, of married women. "I would not myself take another man's woman, any more than I would take his purse," he once wrote to me. His estimate of woman was strictly Mohammedan, though he would, I dare say, have been as ready to grant her a soul as he would have been to attribute one to man. But he demanded a meek and modest mien, and his concession that a woman could wear bloomers and use a bicycle and still remain charming was an amazing one to his friends. I quote a couplet of his:

Study good women and ignore the rest,
For he best knows the sex who knows the best.

He was a bitter anti-feminist, believing that feminism and radicalism were the two acids that were to dissolve our civilization. Why he should then have fought both movements so fiercely is still a mystery to me, since he regarded our civilization as a monstrous disease, and held it a huge calamity that America had ever been wrested from the Indians. He was but an indifferent patriot.

IV

On which division of his work Bierce must base his claim to what we are pleased to term literary immortality is a question that has been much argued. Like Poe, he was great in both prose and verse, but it was his satirical work in the latter category that he himself considered the more important. He did not regard his verse as poetry, more than once remarking in "Prattle," "I am not a poet." But when

he did essay the higher faculty, the results were usually more than satisfactory, as witness the majestic "Invocation" and the fine poems, "Reminded," "Another Way," "The Death of Grant," "Presentiment," and "T. A. H." In his "Geotheos" we have as richly purple a patch as can be found in our literature:

When mountains were stained as with wine
By the dawning of Time, and as wine
Were the seas.

But he was as great a satirist as we have record of, and in his hands satire became a keen and terrible weapon. It has been deplored that he used his vast equipment of offense on small fry, but, as I have already stated, all the folk with whom he concerned himself satirically shared, in his estimation, a common insignificance, and he saw the great and famous of London or New York condemned in time to a like oblivion. His contempt for the magazine editor of his period was illimitable, and he once wrote, in answer to a query on the subject: "The American magazine-editor is what ails American literature." Indeed, there were few writers of the eighties or nineties for whom he had much respect. William Dean Howells he designated as "the lousy cat of our letters," affirming that he had found fourteen solecisms on a single page of Howells' work!

But satire, in the pultaceous and ever softening condition of our hearts, is rapidly falling into disfavor, and we read the diatribes of the Bitter Brotherhood with more pity than scorn for their victims. Informing all Bierce's controversial work there remains, however, a flashing and aculeate wit. All his columns in the *Wasp*, the *News-Letter* and "Prattle" sparkle with it. Only such portions of this formidable accumulation are available, unfortunately, as he chose to transfer to the pages of his *Collected Works*—a mere fraction. Buried, perhaps forever, in those forgotten columns, like diamonds in a dustbin, are not a thousand but many thousand scintillations of his enormously alert mind, a veritable hidden treasure. Humor, pathos and

wisdom are there as well, but the wit, and that often a cruel wit, predominates. Referring to those columns, he once remarked to me: "Long after I'm dead a horde of damned thieves will quarry them." But that his approval of his journalistic work was unqualified is best disproved by this quotation from his letter to me of September 8, 1903:

You make me shudder when you say you are reading the "Prattle" of years past. I haven't it and should hardly dare to read it if I had. There is so much in it to deplore—so much that is not wise—so much that was the expression of a mood or a whim—so much that was not altogether sincere—so much half-truths, and so forth. Make allowances, I beg, and where you cannot, just forgive.

He was the originator of the comic fable, and Bill Nye, who made almost ludicrous haste to pay his respects to Bierce when he (Nye) visited San Francisco, went so far as to say: "Bierce is the originator of all our brands of humor." Bierce, however, held Nye in small esteem. I have often regretted that I did not draw him out further on Mark Twain. At the time I, in common with most of my countrymen, regarded Mark as a mere humorist, and was somewhat surprised to note, from one or two of Bierce's remarks, that he held him in deep respect. "Read his 'Huckleberry Finn'," he said to me, "and see if you don't find more there than mere funning." But at the time I didn't.

Easily the foremost American wit, Bierce also wins our high favor for his remarkable short-stories, on which many, indeed, base his first claim to distinction. They are terse, realistic and almost invariably tragic. He had a strong *flair* for the gruesome, a tendency not confined to his work. He was rich in anecdotes of lethal horrors, and neither the visible nor the unseen appanages of death seemed to hold any terrors for him. It may be attributable to that quality that he was to suffer, from young manhood onward, from his life-affliction, asthma. Though it was hereditary, according to his nephew Carlton, it had not manifested itself in him until after a night spent roaming in Laurel Hill ceme-

tery (a favorite rambling ground of his) and in sleeping on one of the tombs there. He was thenceforth to suffer a thousand deaths from that terrible ailment. Also it was to exile him to the country, though he much preferred cities. Sunol, Auburn, St. Helena, Angwin's Hotel on Howell Mountain, and finally Los Gatos and Skylands—he was a lonesome dweller in all those small towns. His niece recalls to memory the tale of how he ridded himself, at least temporarily, of a hotel brat at Angwin's by bribing the youngster to rub blackberry jam in his hair and go to his mother with the result!

The appeal of the *macabre* seems unnatural in a man of Bierce's high vitality: we would think rather that his experience in the Civil War would have given him an acute distaste for all that pertains to the dead; yet he was full, as I have said, of anecdotes of the death-bed, the morgue and the grave, some of which I would as soon forget—and there is that dreadful stanza in "A Word to the Unwise," omitted in the version in "Black Beetles in Amber," where he describes his visit to the broken tomb of a friend:

a streak of lush
Rank vegetation marked the downward track
He'd made, in running from the tomb as slush.

V

Nevertheless, this occasional preoccupation with death and the doom of nations never prevented him from being a charming companion and an ever-helpful friend. In the mid-years of his life he waged incessant logomachy on the Women's Press Association, but he showed only kindness to most of its individual members, many of whom were under obligations to him for critical inspection of their literary work and instruction. He was gentle and understanding with all animals, notwithstanding his indubitable hatred of dogs as a tribe. The hand that could write the very funny and vulgar "Dogshow," ending with the lines,

Snap-dogs, lap-dogs, always-on-tap dogs,
 Smilers, defilers,
 Reckers and leakers—
 Dogs of every sort and kind
 Known to the dog-gone human mind;
 Dogs of every tribe and clan
 Dear to the inner dog of man;
 But never a dog, I swear to God,
 I'd touch with the point of a fishing rod!

—that hand also caressed a hundred times the comely head of his brother's fine Gordon setter, Nick. Yet the only creatures on which I knew him to use his huge revolver were dogs. In the early days of the bicycle that machine had the quality of irresistibly enraging the country dog—and Bierce was an inveterate bicyclist. When set upon it was his custom to dismount, find, when possible, the dog's owner, and then calmly shoot it before his eyes, with the comment that the master was lucky in not sharing the canine's fate!

He always had as a pet, even in cities, a tame lizard, for which he delighted to catch flies, and he was earnest in championing the intelligence and capacity for affection of the little creatures. The one he had in Oakland, which finally succumbed to the claws of a cat, used to perch by the hour on his shoulder as he wrote, occasionally turning its head from side to side. "He is my best and severest critic," said Bierce, anticipating Merton of the Movies. His pet in Washington was a canary. Yet he who could be so tender with small things, with women, and even with an occasional masculine friend, could be abrupt and ferocious when he sensed an injustice to himself. He thrashed more than one man, and displayed with unconcealed satisfaction a cane which he had broken to pieces over the head of a collaborator and had afterwards caused to be repaired with bands of silver. "You should have heard the reverend gentleman swear," he wrote to me long afterward.

Bierce's hatred of radicals seems to have been the result less of logic than of early environment and events. "Born fifty years later," said Jack London, "he'd have been a Socialist, or, more probably, an anarchist." Indeed, Bierce once wrote, "I'm

something of a Socialist myself." Yet for the persons engaged in spreading that faith he had but the harshest words. In his early days on the San Francisco *Argonaut* he had been drawn into its war on Dennis Kearney and Sandlotism, and had had his mind tinged with a dislike, which became almost instinctive, for all workers for economic freedom. To cap all, he lost the most beloved of all his sweethearts to a Socialist lecturer, after which no combination of words was adequate to express his loathing for the whole clan. Nor was he much more forbearing with "the distinguished pilots of the upper deep," as he termed preachers.

Always a singularly handsome man, Bierce was to forfeit but little of his good looks to advancing years; "nor was his natural force abated." In fact he once said to me: "I wish to high heaven that I could grow old in something besides appearance." The appearance was that of a stalwart, erect, deep-chested man of ruddy but clear and evenly diffused color, with a golden white mustache and curly silver hair, moderately long. He was better read and of a wider culture than his written work gives surface evidence of, or he himself cared to betray, for he had a horror of the pedant. He was quite lacking in admiration for the college professor, though an admirer of the poetry of his friend, David Starr Jordan. I cannot recall that he ever numbered among his friends a clergyman, but he was ever an object of fascination to the more intelligent of the species. Naturally, he detested labor-unions, in his literary youth an almost revolutionary phenomenon, and he was so far from any desire to ameliorate the harshness of justice that he once said to me: "Were I warden of a prison, I'd make it such a house of horror that a man would kill himself rather than serve a second term. We'd soon see an end of crime in my neck of the woods!"

His favorite remedy for crime was the putting to death of *all* criminals, and he was rather nettled when I replied to that

suggestion that as crime was a relative matter, the removal of degree after degree of evil-doers would finally result in his own lone occupation of the planet. Such banter was, however, rare indeed, for, as I have said, Bierce could not tolerate contradiction, and preferred a reverent attitude on the part of his friends and literary disciples. He had been so long our western assize of last resort that he had unconsciously developed a feeling that it was *lèse majesté* for anyone to venture on disputation with him. From the beginning of my poetical efforts, I had been accustomed to submit to his criticism all that I wrote, and though he has been accused of laying a hand of ice on my muse, I can testify that he gave of his counsel generously and with acumen—often, I daresay, when the time given could have been far more pleasantly spent. However, the day was to come when I could not assent to all his æsthetic suggestions. When my unwillingness began unmistakably to show itself he was not without evidences of pique. And yet he, who seldom found occasion for unconditional praise, could give it, and in my instance did give it, freely and to excess. But in almost all cases his praise bore a tonic element: when he gave honey it held a tincture of quinine. In view of the modern movement in poetry, he was not, perhaps, the best master I could have known, but I cannot look back to the days of my apprenticeship without feelings of gratitude. Also I have come to agree with many of his suggestions that I once rejected.

For his exceeding power in invoking images and emotions of the uncanny and supernatural, we had dubbed him the Shadow Maker, and it was into the shadows not only of death but of an unknown death that he was to pass; for it is unlikely that he can now be of the living, and as improbable that we are ever certainly to know the circumstances of his end. So mysterious a going-forth would have appealed with the greatest zest to his sense of the grimly dramatic. It is almost a certainty that he entered Mexico, then war-

torn, with the hope of finding death. The intention is patent in several of his last letters. "To be a gringo in Mexico," he wrote, "that is indeed euthanasia!" And he was pitifully hungry for death—he who, though still so virile, said, "I'm so old I'm ashamed to be alive." (He was seventy-one at the time.) His dissatisfaction with life went far deeper than that, for he felt that he was indeed "the unwelcome guest," a man unappreciated. During the last days, before he crossed the Rio Grande, he wrote a number of bitter letters to friends. That to his brother Albert was so harsh that he (Albert) complained to me that it kept him from sleeping, and it may have hastened his death, for within five months he had suffered a stroke of apoplexy and followed his famous brother into the darkness.

I, too, was the recipient of such a letter, and regret that I had no chance to answer it, for I could easily have disposed of his accusations, one of which was that I had deceived him in asserting that I had financed the publication of his second volume of satiric verse, "Shapes of Clay." How he ever became possessed of so unwarranted a delusion will always be to me, I fear, a mystery. I have now in my desk the receipts of Mr. W. E. Wood, the publisher, for nearly \$600.

His other charge was a more serious one. On the occasion of his first return to California, in 1910, he had become engaged to marry a highly gifted and loveable woman of middle age. During the Summer of the next year he was for several weeks the guest of my uncle at his eastern residence at Sag Harbor. He was joined there by two women friends, one his secretary, the other a middle-aged school teacher of unimpeached respectability, the two occupying a boarding-house in the vicinity. It was Bierce's complaint that I had reported the fact to his fiancée, with lewd misinterpretations of the matter! "At which," he wrote, "she broke off our engagement and returned to me the trinkets I had given her."

After reading so astonishing a charge, I

went at my earliest opportunity to the lady in question and asked for an explanation. "Oh! it wasn't *you!*" she cried. "It was —!" I do not care to betray the name, but I have from her a statement entirely exonerating me from so painful a charge. I am certainly unable, however, to supply the reason why Bierce did not, with such matter for resentment in his heart, bring up the matter with me when he was in California in 1912. But the affair had been explained too late. Bierce had crossed the border, joined Pancho Villa's army, and was to pass into oblivion within a few weeks. He did manage to send out a few letters, mostly, I believe, to his daughter and to Miss Karen Christiansen, now dead. From these communications we learn that he took an active part in the fighting. In fact, to remove any impression among the Villistas that he could possibly be a spy, he took a rifle, on one occasion, and being an excellent marksman, picked off in succession twelve of the Carranzista soldiers!

It has been both affirmed and denied that he was with Villa at the battle of Torreon. Shortly after that time he passed without authentic trace into the unknown. At the close of the war, prospectors, Mexican officers and our entire consular force were interrogated for news of his fate, but only silence or the vaguest of rumors have come back. The latest report is a verbal one, that of a soldier of fortune in one of the Mexican armies, who asserts that to his positive knowledge Bierce was captured by Carranzista irregulars and shot as a spy. Antedating that assertion is the tale of a San Francisco reporter lately out of Mexico City, who claims that in a restaurant there he met the Mexican leader of a guerilla band who told him of their capture, in 1915, near Icamoli, of a tall, ruddy-faced, white-haired American whom they shot in

company with several humbler suspects. The reporter states in addition that the officer bore a small snap-shot of Bierce, evidently detached from the passport that he was known to have taken out. But the fact that he (the reporter) could not produce this picture, which patently could have had no special value in the eyes of its Mexican possessor, casts doubt on the whole story.

However, it is by all odds probable that he was slain by some such band of guerillas and not in battle, nor, despite his sincere championship of the right to suicide, by his own hand. The shadows have closed on his trail and it is of no very great importance where that trail had its end, whether near some humble village of the plain or up in the bare and desolate mountains of Mexico.

VI

But another mystery remains, of more interest: what has become of Bierce's memoirs? He assured more than one friend that he had written them, adding in reference to a great power in the land: "I do not care to have them published while —'s mother lives—she is too fine a woman. But when they do see the light, he will come to my grave and howl!"

Now all persons who had intimacy with Bierce deny knowledge of the whereabouts of the manuscript. Even his greatly loved and trusted secretary, Miss Christiansen, said, shortly before her death, that she knew nothing about it. Surely it would be a fascinating piece of literature! Bierce had no inferiority complex, and was under no humble delusion as to the value of his work. He believed that his position among the great was certain to be conceded by a wiser generation than that with which he was doomed to live out his years.

THE FOREST FIRE

BY WINIFRED SANFORD

At ten o'clock Hattie sprinkled down her washing,—twenty-eight sheets and quite as many pillow cases and towels. At eleven she blew out the lamp in the lobby of the little hotel, and went to bed, with no more than a glance at the western sky, which was a brilliant orange red, like a diffused and belated sunset. The forest fires were bad again. The man who drove the mail truck had said he could hardly get past Norway.

"I told you there wouldn't be anybody else coming in," said Alvin.

Hattie didn't see much sense in answering that. After all, there hadn't been anybody else coming in.

At a quarter to twelve she heard a great rumpus overhead. She put on her red eider-down wrapper and her slippers, lighted a lamp, and climbed the narrow stairs to the second floor of the hotel. For as much as three minutes she stood by the door of No. 202, bending her head to listen. Then she stuffed her pigtail inside the collar of her wrapper, fastened the frayed frogs, and knocked.

A man's voice bawled, "Come in!"

Hattie knocked again.

Presently she heard the key turn, and saw the door open, just a little. Around the edge of it she saw a tangle of rough hair, a blood-shot eye and a hanging lip. Behind she saw—could not help but see—a thick arm waving a bottle, a glass lying on its side, a jumble of bed clothes.

Some one coughed.

"Gentlemen," said Hattie, "I can't have such goings on in my place. If you've got to make a saloon out of a decent hotel, you've got to do it quiet. There's folks

sleeping all around you, and they've got rights, and so have I. I'm sorry to have to speak to you, gentlemen."

One of the men made a noise like a cat.

"Shut up," mumbled the man at the door.

"Thank you, Mr. Stiegler," said Hattie.

"That's all. Good night."

Hattie went back to bed.

"What's the row?" asked Alvin.

"Stiegler again," said Hattie.

She fell asleep at once, and lay like a log until a car stopped under her window. In a minute she heard the burr burr burr of the bell screwed on the front door. She put on her wrapper and her slippers, lighted her lamp, and padded across the dining-room and the parlor and the lobby. Through the door, when she opened it, came the soft grating sound of the water on the beach.

"Is this the Griggs Hotel?"

"Yes; what do you want?"

They slid in past her—a young girl, with very short yellow hair curled up tight all over her head, wrapped in a cape of scarlet, and a boy, scarcely old enough to vote, with a mustache like a shadow and long, thin legs.

"Gee, but I'm cold," cried the girl.

"What do you want?" asked Hattie again. She had not yet closed the door.

"What do we want? A place to sleep, thank you."

"And could you give us something to eat?" begged the girl. She was appealing, holding out such white hands.

"Where'd you come from?"

"Yeah," said the boy. "Give us a cup of coffee and some sandwiches . . . any-

thing you happen to have. We've been driving since seven this morning."

"I asked you where'd you come from?" said Hattie.

The boy bit his lip.

"Say," he stammered, like a really small boy. "It's all right, you know. We live in Minneapolis; we're on our wedding trip."

"Oh," said the girl. She stretched out her left hand, holding it close to the lamp so that Hattie could see the narrow platinum wedding ring fitting so snugly against its jeweled mate. Hattie saw the blue veins under the skin, and the polished nails.

Hattie shut the door and took a key from the rack behind the desk.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I've got into trouble once or twice. I have to be careful."

They followed her very quietly up the stairs and down the hall to No. 209, where Hattie unlocked the door and lighted the lamp on the commode.

"I'll get you something to eat." She started to go out, paused with the door knob in her hand, and said, "Minneapolis was my home . . ." but they didn't hear her.

Hattie boiled coffee on the oil-burner kept for such emergencies, made a plateful of sandwiches, and sat down at one of the empty tables while they ate.

"How about this forest fire?" asked the boy.

"I've lived here for fourteen years," said Hattie, "and every Fall but three it's been like this."

"Any danger of its coming this way?" The girl stood up to peer through the window, shutting out the lamp light with her hands.

"You can't tell about forest fires," said Hattie. "It all depends on the wind."

They finished presently, and went upstairs. Hattie saw the boy's arm reach around the girl's waist, and she saw the girl turn her face to him.

"Somebody come?" asked Alvin, when she got back to bed.

"Yes."

II

The alarm went off at five, or started to, but Hattie sat up in time to check it. She dressed quietly, washed without splashing, combed her hair, and shut the bedroom door cautiously. Alvin was still asleep.

When she went into the kitchen the dog got up, with his usual senile struggles, and barked to go out. Hattie stood for a moment at the back door. No sky was visible. The spiked tops of the pines were blurred against a cloud of orange smoke. Hattie stepped out into the clearing behind the kitchen and split a pile of kindling with Alvin's axe. With the aid of a dash of kerosene she started the fire in the kitchen range, put the kettle on to boil, and shoved the flatirons forward. After that she pulled up the shades in the dining-room and the parlor. Usually the sunlight on the lake below blinded her so that she saw yellow circles on the geraniums and wandering jew and the slick leaves of the rubber plant, but this morning the sun was a dull red, less dazzling than a full moon.

Hattie cooked coffee and cakes and sausages and toast and eggs for the game warden and the driver of the mail truck, who lived at the hotel the year round, and for two timber cruisers who had come in from Norway. All of them ate with their noses in their plates, sipping coffee while their mouths were full, still chewing as they folded their napkins. Afterwards they filled their pockets at the tooth-pick bowl, and walked around digging at their gums.

Hattie had time to iron six sheets before she heard the familiar summons of a knife tapping a glass. She tucked in the loose ends of her hair and rolled down her sleeves before she went into the dining-room. The girl and boy—just as she had expected. The girl's yellow head was resting in the crook of her elbow on the chair back, while she watched the boy rather languidly, as he read Hattie's paper, which had come in with the mail the day before.

"According to this," said the boy, "we'd better not try to go on."

"I wouldn't try it," said Hattie, "not until the wind changes. It's burning over by Norway now."

They wanted everything, they said, coffee, cakes, sausages, toast, eggs, and as Hattie went back to the kitchen, she bumped into Alvin, who was peering through the crack at the hinge of the door.

"See here," said Hattie, "you'd better get started at the dishes."

Alvin was aggrieved, but he tied an apron around his middle and rattled the dishpans as if he were working hastily.

While the boy and girl were eating—and they took a long time about it—the other guests came down. This week they were all men, and most of them were Hattie's regular customers. Some of them, she knew, came to fish; others, like Stiegler, had some business up on the border. They never brought their wives. But they paid their bills, and generally behaved themselves, and they were decent to Hattie. Quite likely Stiegler would add a dollar or two to the bill on account of last night. They had their own way of setting their consciences at rest.

Hattie stayed in the dining-room most of the time they were eating. She was a little uneasy about the girl. Girls didn't often come to the Griggs Hotel.

"Wind's pretty high, Mrs. Griggs."

"Yes, sir, it is."

"We may be running for it yet. Wouldn't be the first time for me. I was in Cloquet in 1918 . . ."

They swapped stories about the big fire. "Fifteen poor fools shut themselves up in a root cellar . . ."

When they began to fold their napkins, Hattie went upstairs to do the chamber work. Soiled sheets, slop jars, bowls with gray rings where the soapy water had stood, cigarette ashes floating on the top, burned matches. . . . Stiegler's door was locked. He hadn't been down for breakfast, and Hattie knew she would find a nice mess in there.

In No. 209 the girl was sitting on the edge of the bed, filing her nails.

"Excuse me," said Hattie.

"Come ahead!" called the girl. So Hattie went in. The girl's things were spread out on the dresser, pearl-handled implements, an ivory brush with a blue initial, a lip stick. . . . There must have been perfume somewhere, for the room was sweet. On the bed, dumped down any old way, Hattie found a crumpled piece of pale pink silk, set with lace medallions. It was, she knew, a nightgown. Hattie shook it and smoothed it, and folded it away in the top of an open suit-case.

"Did you say you come from Minneapolis?" asked Hattie. "Well, that's my home. I've been away from there for fourteen years."

"Honest?"

"Wait a minute," said Hattie. She went downstairs and brought back the photograph that hung over the rubber plant in the parlor. "That's our old home. It was a fine house. Stone."

"Which one is you?" asked the girl, looking at the family group arranged in tiers on the steps.

Hattie indicated the littlest girl, whose hair was held back by an Alice in Wonderland comb.

"When I get money enough I'm going back. I was all ready to go ten years ago, but the bank failed. I've got a timber claim up north of here that's going to be worth money some day . . . if it doesn't all burn up first."

Hattie was interrupted by the telephone ringing, three short and two long. The operator's voice was shaky. "Say, they told me to warn you folks. It looks like Norway was gone. They don't answer. The wind's coming straight this way, Mrs. Griggs."

The girl, who had followed Hattie down, listened while she told the men. The girl was doing nervous things with her hands. The boy was rubbing his little mustache. They looked in dismay at the ashes which were falling everywhere like dust, very light—nothing but a streak of soot when rubbed between the thumb and finger.

Presently, other people came in, the town banker, the postmaster, the garage-man, the doctor, the week-end guests, who had been standing outside, whistling, with their hands in their pockets. They all looked at Hattie.

"What'll you do?" asked Hattie, "back fire?"

"If we have time," said the banker, clearing his throat. "Come on, you fellows. We've got to fight it. Carlson's place looks all right, but Peterson's gone to the city and his wife's all alone. Just her and the four kids. Where's that fellow Stiegler? Wake him up somebody. Tell Alvin to come along. . . ."

Hattie pounded on Stiegler's door until he answered. She shoved him and those two friends of his down the stairs. Alvin was yelling for her to find his coat and the axe. Hattie ran after the boy, who was starting off reluctantly. "Give me the keys to your car," she shouted.

"There now," said Hattie to the girl. "You just stay with me."

They went out to the kitchen, and part of the time they had to feel their way because the smoke was so thick. It not only shut out the sunlight, but it made their eyes water so that they couldn't see. Hattie didn't wonder the girl was scared. They could hear a roaring sound in the distance, and occasionally a crashing of trees.

"I guess I'd better get out the potatoes for dinner," said Hattie, fumbling blindly in the closet where she kept her supplies. She thought she heard the girl give a little sob, but she couldn't be sure. She began to think of all the other things that had happened — blizzards, storms that had ripped off the roof, rains that had ruined the wall-paper, mortgages, bank failures. . . .

"I don't believe I can see to pare them," said Hattie.

"There's something burning out in back," cried the girl, in a panicky voice.

Hattie went out and stamped the flame from a brand deposited there by the wind. She could see other brands in the air.

Sometimes they were extinguished before they fell, sometimes they weren't. Hattie wet a broom at the pump, and beat the fires out.

"You listen to me," said Hattie to the girl, whose throat and lips and hands were trembling. "You get in your car and start the engine. I'm going up after your suit-cases. There isn't any use letting your pretty things burn up. I'll be down in a minute."

She had some trouble finding her way through the smoke, but she got back all right, with the suit-cases and her own tin box, and the photograph of her father's home in Minneapolis.

"You drive down on the beach," she told the girl. "You can go a little way into the water, but don't get your engine wet unless you have to. This wind is as like as not to change yet. There'll be other people down on the beach, and you do just what they do. Wet your hair and hold your handkerchief over your face. And don't come back until everybody says it's safe. You may get hot, but you can't burn up out in the lake. I'll come down when I have to, and so will the men. You needn't worry about them; they'll look out for themselves."

The girl drove away nervously, a little red figure, crouching to see the road.

III

Hattie found a gunny sack and soaked it in water. She ran here and there with it, smothering the fires as they started to blaze. She was nearly crazy with the smoke in her eyes. She set the ladder up against the porch, and on it she mounted to the roof to beat out a brand that had lodged on the ridge-pole. While she was clinging there, trying to get her breath, Peterson's wife ran past, holding her apron over her baby. Three little children, all screaming, were running after her, pulling each other, stumbling, staggering. . . .

Dimly, through the smoke, she saw Alvin coming back. His hat was gone; his

cheek was bleeding, and he was breathing in a horrible way, through his mouth. Hattie climbed down, and trampled on two little fires before she reached him.

"Where's the axe?"

Alvin pointed behind him. "God, Hattie; I got hit by a tree," he gasped.

Hattie felt, quickly, all around his shoulder and side.

"Nothing's broken," she shouted in his ear. "You go back and get that axe."

The sparks were falling all around them as they used to fall on Fourth of July nights a long time ago from Roman candles. A piece of wood no bigger than Hattie's thumb fell on the broad branch of a spruce tree behind her, and immediately the needles sizzled and blazed and shriveled. Then the next limb caught and the next.

Alvin sat down on the wooden platform by the pump. Hattie ran into the grove, looking for the axe. She tripped once, over a root she didn't see, and fell on her stomach on a pile of brush. And while she was lying there, stupid, choking, she saw the glitter of the axe blade, not ten feet away. Somehow or other she found her way back and began hacking at the trunk of a white pine that stood between the blaze and the kitchen porch. It fell, after a while, and one of its branches shattered a kitchen window.

Hattie was standing by the pump, heaving and choking, when she noticed something. . . . It happened very quietly, as if it were nothing of the least importance . . . only this . . . the sparks began to fly north instead of east. Hattie watched the smoke

clouds halt and turn and spread out into dirty streaks over the tops of the pines. North . . . wouldn't you know it would go north! There was nothing there but timber . . . nobody would fight it up there. It would burn itself out, tree by tree, dollar by dollar. . . .

Soon the men came back, dirty, scorched, torn, scratched, bruised, sweating, breathing hard. The boy's hair had been on fire. He had lost his eyebrows and one side of his little mustache. He held his hands stiffly in front of him, and he looked at them as if very much surprised about something.

Hattie told him where he could find the girl, and then she went into the kitchen. She had to build the fire in the range all over again. She put the kettle on to boil. It occurred to her that she had just time, while the water was heating, to clean up Stiegler's room. It proved to be even more of a mess than she had supposed. From time to time as she scrubbed, she looked out toward the North. Under a sky more fiery than the fire itself, the black smoke was writhing and coiling. Tree tops blazed suddenly and disappeared. Brands fell like comets. Confused with this was a memory of the girl's white hand hanging like a blossom from her arm, with the jewel gleaming red and blue and orange in the lamp light.

With a slop pail in each hand, Hattie went downstairs.

"How about dinner?" called Alvin, as she stepped out into the yard. "Aren't we going to get no dinner today?"

WHY I LIVE IN AMERICA

BY JACQUES LECLERCQ

THE majority of my ancestors were Americans. My mother was a Northerner, my father's mother was a native Charlestonian with all that the term implies. From my very earliest youth I was more or less impressed with the fact that I could call myself an American. I was not born in America, as most of my brothers and sisters had been, but that was simply because I happened to be born in the Summer, not in the Spring. I was led, however, not to consider myself any the less American. I was told that America, north or south, depending upon my informant, was the greatest country on the face of the earth. Though even at my immaturest I held considerable doubts privately, I agreed outwardly. Not without mirth I sometimes view snapshots of myself at the age of five, clad in the uniform of a Confederate officer with my brother in that of a Union man, both faultlessly accurate reproductions. That at a later date I wore perfectly reproduced zouave, *chasseur à cheval*, and even Japanese army uniforms is relatively unimportant when pitted against my earlier Robert E. Lee outfit.

Both my father's mother and my own resided in Europe for long periods, having married Europeans. But both spent at least six out of every twenty-four months in their native country, and both, even after marriage, lived longer in America than abroad. The family's representatives, on either side, have fought in every American war and filled without dishonor public offices when called. In spite of all this, until quite recently I felt myself to be thoroughly European, notwithstanding the World War, in which I participated as a

Woodrovian crusader humbly and with humor, enlisting in April, 1917, and landing on foreign soil the following month.

At the age of six I wasted eight months in a private-school in New York, learning far less than my father taught me in the ten days it had taken us to come. Hazy recollections of cutting and painting cloth in the simile of an Indian's clothing, of sewing feathers in a chief's head-dress, of reading and learning and acting "Hiawatha," of being spared, after one hilarious attempt, the ordeal of being taught bad French by an uncouth spinster—this represents my knowledge of my first American sojourn. I remember, too, that when staying with some friends of the family, they being of the Mary Baker Eddy cult, I caught the measles and, to my intense displeasure, was coerced into suffering a laying on of hands by a dapper young *shaman*. Subsequently the warlock contracted my ailment. My conviction that there is a divine providence dates from that period.

From the age of six to sixteen, I was in school in Europe. A preparatory school in England and a famous public-school turned a barbarian into the outward semblance of a respectable citizen; by firm suasion, frequently corporal, a somewhat spoiled youngster was brought to realize that he owed duties to his fellow men: he must wash; he must respect the established; he must subordinate his personality to the standards of the majority. An English gentleman was the highest type of human creature; one must overcome the handicap of non-British origin. I learned much Latin and Greek; I learned, despite my better sense, to pronounce Chicago with the ac-

cent heavily upon the first syllable; I learned games and sportsmanship. Two years before the war I was moved to a Franco-English school in Paris to prepare the Latin-Greek *baccalauréat* which would admit me to Oxford.

There I had my first contact with Young America, for there were at least twenty boys of all ages, from California, from Chicago, from the Atlantic seaboard. Without exception, I found these boys all pleasant, aggressive, provincial, inexperienced, self-dependent and self-satisfied, healthy, untutored young folk. They were cheerful and they had, for the most part, a certain sense of humor, though I never could and still cannot find the slightest ground for mirth in the comic pages of the American press. Moreover, they were, to a man, including the most jovial, incredibly earnest about things American; the faintest hint that George Washington might presumably have sired more frequently than is recorded would have been taken by them as a personal affront and must inevitably have ended in a fight. They were infinitely more serious about their President Roosevelt (whose European progress after all did lend itself to ridicule) than any of their European compeers could ever have been over Joan of Arc, Lord Nelson or even Mr. Gladstone. America to them was everything: England was simply a decadent country that had been whipped in two wars; the nations on the Continent received a tolerant, good-natured kind of contempt.

They could negotiate any business, being extremely practical, but of the ways of the world (of sex, to cite only one) they knew nothing, though they had a boundless (and to me ludicrous) reverence for its supposed mysteries. No God of the Old Testament could have been sterner than a Clevelander of twenty toward one of our Portuguese fellows, a mild luetic. Those of the boys known to have frequented women were considered somehow unclean. Teaching they accepted as gospel: it never occurred to any one of them to question some

of the extraordinary impressions their ill-informed *moonshees* had burdened them with. Their reading was scant, yet they were argumentative, born debaters. Their chief fault, I thought, was that they conformed unanimously to a standard that had been imposed rather than, as in Europe, traditionally evolved. What surprised me most was how little they knew compared to Europeans. Though there was much ado about their college entrance examinations, and much pseudo-scientific jargon, there was nothing in all of it that an average European lad of thirteen could not pass.

I mention these personal details of schooling for one reason only, namely because they bear upon my subsequent Americanization, if it may be so called. The important point is that while I was in England and in France I was a foreigner. At the time I spoke the King's purest English and certainly, towards the close of my career in England, in all but my most private thoughts my point-of-view was that of any public-school boy. Yet never, perhaps because of name or of birth or of continental residence, was I anything but an outlander. I looked upon myself as either French or American; others considered me one or the other or, worst of all, a mixture of both, a hybrid. Again, in Paris, though I spoke French, my first language, like a Frenchman, and, more important, though I could give vent to the Latin inheritance that I had concealed across the Channel, yet I was certainly no Frenchman in my own or anybody else's opinion. Nor could I, without total absurdity, ever think of myself as an American, confronted with a score of Americans with whom I had absolutely not one iota of thought or feeling in common.

Now it was frequently brought to my attention that my birthplace in a measure legally decided the question. But, having been born, as I have said, in the Summer, I happened to originate in Austria. Was I then an Austrian, with no drop of Austrian blood in my veins, neither parent an Austrian subject, and my brother and sisters

native Americans? My home was there, that is to say my family's house, where I spent six weeks and they three months of the year. But surely this did not constitute me a subject of Franz Josef. When I explain that the stupidity and ruthlessness of post-war diplomacy in creating the egregious Czecho-Slovakian Republic changed the name and allegiance of my birthplace, and might, had I been younger, thus possibly have changed my nationality, the reader will begin to understand why I am glad to be an American now and to live at home. It is perhaps true that at one time I may legally have been a citizen of the great Austro-Hungarian Empire; I do not quite know. But at all events I have never been the citizen of a fourth-class nation.

When, in 1914, I returned to America I was supposedly a Frenchman or, curious but true, an Englishman. Here I found my mixed sanguinity a virtue rather than, as in England, a vice. But three years at an American college, two years in the army of the United States, the confirmation of my American citizenship, and three years engaged in the so-called higher education in the Pacific hinterland accomplished nothing in the way of Americanizing me or giving me the desire to live anywhere within the United States. It happened, however, that two years ago I repaired to Europe. I spent two years in Europe. That is why I live in America today.

II

The Europe I knew as a boy, the place where I was brought up and which I loved, exists no longer. I speak as an American: *nous avons changé tout cela*. Of England I cannot speak authoritatively, but of the Continent, with the exception of out-of-the-way places, I know that almost nothing of what I was familiar with subsists. A few places in the provinces in Spain, and far fewer in France, may still perhaps retain something approaching their former national particularity, though they begin to be beleaguered. But the capitals and

the larger cities have been transformed.

Paris, which would likely be the foreign city I would elect to live in, offers the same appearance as before, but inwardly, since the war, it has altered utterly. When America entered the war, it loomed up as the ultimate goal. Plowboys whose maddest dreams, whipped by stories retailed in corner saloons and general stores, had urged them no further than Chicago or Saint Paul, suddenly set their faces towards the traditional Babylon of France. Yokels of the meanest description, dull to the point of brutishness, suddenly found themselves bound for no Jerusalem with a Saviour's tomb to recapture, but for a bejewelled nymph-city whose legendary lupanars had quickened their most ecstatic fancies. Army officers, whose viciousness had gone no further than petty indiscretions in desultory posts or occasional scarlet venery at the Mexican border, awoke to discover themselves heading large bodies of *Landwehr* in Paris itself. The simplest of boys and girls must have a hand in the affair, so they joined the Red Cross; nor were the Bible boys going to miss anything so good as this. In hundreds, the Y.M.C.A. secretaries flocked over: parsons, near-parsons, broken-down actors and every genus of chautauquan.

Moreover, when after September, 1918, Demos's cohorts marched triumphantly home, Paris was not cleared. To the contrary. Many Americans decided their own soil was not so hospitable after all and managed by hook or crook to be demobilized overseas. The welfare organizations reached their highest development, whimsically enough, long after the armistice, and still the helpers arrived. Sam-Browned *moonshes* brought the higher education to eager zealots. The peacemakers sprang up with mighty organizations of committees occupied with everything from attempting a chaste labyrinthisation of Central Europe to caring for the moral welfare of girl-typists at the Conference. The Army of Occupation occupied not only the Rhine. The business men among the military lin-

gered on to clear up the mess. Senators and representatives founded the flourishing tradition of tours of investigation. The Brigade of Exhumation was born; it still operates in Paris.

Since the War, the stream of Americans towards Europe has been steadily increasing, as has the number of American residents. Youth comes to take a higher degree and returns after a year or two with a tawdry certificate or, more frequently, with Montmartre experience. Potential divorcées, ex-soldiers, actors, colored musicians, business men, tourists, students of all the arts and sciences throng every European city and particularly Paris. It is chiefly because of these Americans abroad, that I prefer to live at home.

Let us assume, for a moment, that I preferred to live in Europe. If I held a position corresponding to that I hold here, the remuneration would be less than one-quarter of my present income, the work doubled or tripled. Only by entering the business world as the employé of an American firm could I possibly approximate my present resources, and, to me, business in America would be distasteful enough, but business in Europe unbelievably antagonistic. Living expenses in Europe are in some ways less than in America, yet in the long run they average alike. Materially, then, I would find nothing to gain. But, someone objects, spiritually and intellectually, I would lead a richer, freer life in Europe. There it is that liberty exists at its fullest. Consider the expatriate literati. Regard Prohibition, religious oppression, such legislation as the Mann Act, the censorship! America, the European tells us, is the most rudely ridden country in the world.

This, in a measure, may be true, but it touches me personally very little, indeed. Of the expatriates, most of them are not only bad Americans but also bad Europeans. They found their insecure literary journals and publish their absurd little books themselves less in the name of complete freedom than for want of a publisher in America. A little knowledge, especially

of recondite and exotic learning, intercalated in their work gives it the proper smack of æstheticism, while plenty of coprological reference endows it with all the air of daring. For genuine ribaldry, that fine virile Rabelaisian vulgarity that no better nature is without, our own writers at home are far in advance of their transatlantic brethren. The bravery of Swinburne is the last English-speaking record of that sort of thing overseas, and even in the few hints that somehow escaped the watchful Watts, exaggerating their promise, we find nothing comparable to certain privately printed tracts of Mark Twain.

Your anæmic exiles never assume Europeanism and never cast off Americanism. They chatter about Freedom and Art, while complaining of drains and tramways. Their thirst for the picturesque fails most often to differentiate mere squalor. Their existence is one long, bad pose. Where is the mettle of liberty-loving prophets? Not, certainly, among the Americans abroad. Can they produce one so civilized as Cabell, so powerful as Dreiser, so courageous as a half-a-dozen writers that come to one's mind?

Living in New York, as I have chosen to do, I find intellectual acquaintanceships of more stimulating, more generous and more downright intelligent persons than abroad, without any false assumption of superiority and condescension. Here there is more vigor, more honesty and more wit. I am not obliged to pattern myself upon a civilization which arbitrarily I decide to be better than my own and which I unsuccessfully attempt to live up to, to the amusement of those upon whom I model myself, to the hatred of my national inferiors. The tinsel and swank of Europe impress me no more than the jingoism and babbitttry of America. Being hybrid in blood and international in mentality, it is perfectly logical that I live in New York.

And Prohibition? Here perhaps is the strongest argument in favor of foreign residence. Yet in New York there is not so much to complain of. Day and night, no

matter when, I can procure gin, whisky, wine or beer. I pay more than I would abroad, and the liquor is of inferior quality, perhaps; yet I enjoy consuming it just as much. I have the pleasure of law-breaking, of personally showing my contempt of stupidity and gratifying an indulgence. I know the delight of the dealer in contraband: the knowledge that for my amusement my drink has been smuggled across a border and transported miles across a continent; or shipped across the Atlantic and juggled ashore; or even, at infinite pains, manufactured by a practical chemist in a Brooklyn alley.

I cannot, to be sure, sit down at a corner café whenever I wish and order whatever I wish. But certainly I am spared much by not being subjected to the loud offensiveness of my neighbor (a Kansan on a spree) or to the hushed disdain of the indigenous. Frenchmen do not attack me with villainous, cocky English. I am not overcharged because of a favorable exchange. There is no hostility towards me because I am one of a people who have for the sake of revelry or because of a lack of perspicacity made themselves hated though tolerated, milked through the nose and ridiculed when not *ridicoulisé*. Greenwich Village, with all its absurdities, is far more like the Montmartre or the Montparnasse (depending upon which side of life there appeals), that I used to know before the War, than the real Montmartre and Montparnasse are to-day.

Again, before 1919, how often was one offered a drink? To-day on the merest pretext, wherever one turns, it is to hear the grateful tinkling of ice in a silver shaker or the refreshing glub of whisky seeping through a cork, or the lyric ring of long, deep tumblers. Dakota may be dry or Arkansas for all I care; I do not live there; I live in New York. Nor, indeed, must my potations be regarded as necessarily private or clandestine. I can name dozens of restaurants, no whit less diverting than many in Paris, where I am at liberty to imbibe the outward and visible sign of an inward

and spiritual grace. I know bars as distinguished as any foreign ones and I know corner-saloons in the most flourishing condition where among the real folk—the *populo*—one is persuaded afresh of the common people's rich and racy humor, of their shrewdness and graciousness, of their knowledge of fitness and their hatred of the shabby democracy their politicians would saddle onto them. No *bistrot* I ever encountered in my years of intensive Parisian existence was ever more Bohemian,—in the highest sense of that hackneyed word—than an up-town saloon to which I repair when I tire of the New York Times or the Provincetown Players. No beer (I was born near Pilsen and knew antebellum Munich) ever tasted quite so delicious. No cook was better, in his way, than the Italian *chef*. Prohibition, then, has affected my liberty in no respect.

Nor has, for that matter, religious oppression, which may batten in Tennessee but which cannot operate between Van Cortland Park and the Battery. I accept the information at Easter time, inscribed across a banner crossing lower Fifth avenue for my benefit, that Christ is risen with a certain skeptical interest, and I delight in the slogans outside churches and Bible institutes that announce: "Christ: the First American" or "Let God be Your Buddy!" or "Give Christ a Chance!" Otherwise, save when for my delectation the newspapers chronicle that some lama has outdone himself, religion is a dead word.

There remains, then, the business of legislation. This business, all in all, affects me but little. European politics of to-day have lost much of their distinction and picturesqueness. As a crude spectacle, our own afford a better show. I have no interest in Socialism or Socialists as such; the New York legislation toward them excites at most my taste for humor. I am uninterested in carrying a revolver about, so I can afford to neglect the Sullivan Law. After a year of more than casual observation among numerous bachelor acquaintances, I have yet to find any deterred from dalliance by the

Mann Act. I know it occasionally furnishes a sensational item, but it is almost always resorted to only as a charge on which to vent a personal spite or to satisfy other purely individual ends. Hostelries at home are, if not quite so up-to-date hygienically, just as discreet and complaisant as those abroad. There is, I realize, much sham, much prudery here. But it seems to me to be on the wane where I live. Let them enact what they will in the hinterland; my habitat on the Atlantic seaboard and its environs will have none of it.

Probably the worst instance of political oppression is the censorship of literature. It is, without a shadow of doubt, impossible to treat of certain subjects with humor in the national journals. On the other hand, much cheap salacious material does get by through unauthorized publication or through shoddy sentimentalization or through clever periphrases. Amusing descriptions of moral foibles that thrive extensively among us stand less chance of ever appearing than didactic descriptions or pseudo-pathetic ones. Yet I sometimes question whether even in America, all things considered, there could be so flagrant an exhibition of hypocrisy as attended the publication of "*La Garçonne*"; I recall that I saw "*Frühlingserwachen*" performed in New York City in 1917 while a manager of my acquaintance in Paris has wished to present it for more than fifteen years; I know that "*Les Mystères du Peuple*," of all works, became entangled with the French judiciary.

Books will be forcibly bowdlerized for many a year, I fear, yet day by day authors will learn to convey taboos skilfully enough for the delight of the civilized. For it is, after all, only the ignorant who would exert censorship. To him who knows all, all can be a subject for discussion, and where Pecksniff might be offended, *i.e.*, in his lack of understanding, he may be fooled. Where we must be literal, we shall have, as always, to resort to oral tradition or private edition. This has great advantages. The Babbitt will never know it.

III

To sum the matter up, since I cannot ever feel myself an integral part of any European people or nation, it is fitting that I identify myself with a country composed of every European people and lacking on the whole a deep uniformity. If America were to go to war again, whether against France or England, I suppose I would go. Not, of course, for any absurd notion of democracy jeopardized or baby-butchered or any of the other flim-flam which, I am proud to say, left me utterly cold even in my impressionable and immature days of 1917. I could never feel actively hostile toward any of the countries in which I lived so long and so pleasantly. I flatter myself I understand too instinctively the mentality of them. I would go, exactly as in 1917, because somehow it happened to be the thing to do, because I wished to revisit Europe, and because a new rather amusing life beckoned.

I live in New York because first Europe has become impossible to me and next because New York is now the most civilized spot on the globe. Every day Europe becomes more exploiting and more exploited. The Dr. Frank Cranes, Rabbi Stephen S. Wises, Calvin Coolidges, W. J. Bryans and John Sumners are indulged as much in Europe as anywhere else. Indeed so far as I have seen, the only uniform collected works of Dr. Orison Swett Marden to be published are in Spain. In Palma de Mallorca I saw them displayed in a gaudy fashion in the main book-store of that remote town! Without experience, I yet venture to assert that a Davenport, Ia., or Baton Rouge, La., might possibly afford some more edifying spectacle. Europe is being far more rapidly and far more thoroughly Americanized than those who live there in ivory towers are willing to believe.

Materially, I am better off here, earning more with less trouble, able to discover a picturesqueness roughly corresponding to that of European city-life, yet able on the other hand to obtain the decent luxuries for which abroad one pays through the

nose. Intellectually, in New York I find more activity. I know that by and large in Columbia University I can find quite as many keen associations as at the Sorbonne, if along somewhat different lines. I know, too, that my city houses the finest opera in the world (the Metropolitan), and that I can readily hear the finest symphonic music in the world (that of the Philadelphia Orchestra), and that in the performances of the Theatre Guild or the superb art of the Actors' Theatre there is more sheer competence and distinction than in any theatre overseas that I have ever visited. I know, too, that in a quiet way all about me, even in the remote backwoods, side by side with and indifferent to the absurd reaction, there are groups of sensible people striking out along new lines of mental activity with more promise, to put it at its mildest, than I can discern in Europe.

Politically, the show is more Gargantuan without being heart-rending. With Germany a republic, Austria a legend on one hand, with the gaudy Genevan burlesque, the Italian, Serbian and Czecho-Slovakian outrages on the other, I can find no health on the Continent where angels even would be reduced to tears. Here, if I have the necessary money in my pocket, I can climb a train and ride to Texas or California (though God knows why one would want to) with no trouble whatever; whereas my fellow in Europe must secure, at great pains, a visa on his passport at the cost of ten dollars, to travel from Paris to Brussels, from Strasbourg to Freiburg-im-Breisgau, from Vienna to Brno (sic!). I have, moreover, no insolence to put up with on the way, no *carte d'identité* to secure and preserve, no endless questionnaire to fill out when I stop off a night somewhere, none of the ineffably tedious and stupid formalities that have rendered European travel a bore. If my city, in its busiest thoroughfare, assails my nerves with its bustle instead of stimulating me, I know of quiet places whither to flee; but better still, I know, short of being dead drunk, blind or a moron, that I am defended from annihila-

tion by being run over, through the offices of an alert body of *Polizei* and their excellent administration of a reasonable traffic system, which is more than can be said of Paris.

Socially, also, I discover a better state of things. From the environs of the metropolis, through the Mid-Western cities, out to California there is a growing squirarchy, a landed gentry much more truly representative than that of Europe. There, the owners of estates are hanging on under dire taxation or disposing of their land to profiteers or industry; here almost everywhere the upper classes are purchasing acreage, building country houses (sometimes faintly suburban, of course), in process of creating a natural country-life not unlike that of England during the last century. Holdings are a trifle fluid, elastic perhaps. Yet they are all the more genuinely a reflection of our civilization than the lingering vestiges of the European equivalent.

Realizing all these things, I cast my lot in with New York, whence, every now and again, I can easily go to Europe for a short sojourn. Nor do I believe mine a single case or it would surely be not worth recording. On the contrary I believe there are hundreds and thousands like myself, sons of expatriate Americans on one or both sides of their family, who have read the page and interpreted the writing to divulge the approaching bankruptcy of Europe. It will not be an immediate one, but even these first symptoms have disheartened them, for, having been in the past excellent Europeans, they cannot bear to envisage this melancholy state of affairs. These men have helped, by their breadth of outlook, to make New York an eminent international city. Occasionally they see, with a twinge, an office boy wearing for example the colors of a Guards' regiment or of their public school. But they are philosophical, realizing that in twenty years that same office-boy may be controlling European politics, which, even in these evil days, is, after all, preferable to being a guardsman or an Old Harrovian.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

THE dizzy onrush of culture in the Cradle of the Confederacy, as revealed by the eminent *Montgomery Journal*:

The year book of the Ionian Club for 1925-1926 discloses an interesting course of study planned by the prospectus committee of the club. The first meeting will be held on October 8, when the Southern novel, poetry and history will be discussed. Then in November the new opera, drama of today, Little Theatre movement, and Eugene O'Neal and his "Prize Winners" will be discussed.

In December development of American art will be the subject for study, America as an art center and quest of the colonial, furniture, silver, glass, china and rug exhibit. Then the subject changes to the daily newspaper, which will be discussed by Mrs. W. T. Sheehan.

American music will be studied, then American architecture and motion pictures, news reel and radio. Educational system in Alabama will be one subject discussed, also defects in the Alabama system and a full discussion of Montgomery city and county schools. The last literary meeting of the year will be in celebration of Lanier Day.

PERILS of the spiritual seeker in Southern Alabama, as reported by the *Alexander City Outlook*:

Mrs. Dona Hicks, of Double Springs, may lose an arm as the result of being bitten by a copper belly moccasin, which the leader of a Holy Roller meeting was supposed to have charmed.

ARKANSAS

DISCOVERY in applied meteorology in the rising town of Kensott, as set forth in a current news dispatch:

After the city council here had passed an ordinance prohibiting the public singing, whistling, humming or otherwise expressing the song "'Tain't Gonna Rain No More," the long continued drought and heat wave was broken by showers. The temperature dropped nearly 40 degrees.

CALIFORNIA

FROM a learned reader of the eminent *Los Angeles News*, owned, edited and published by the Hon. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.:

Mary Baker Eddy was the most scientific person who was ever on earth, either man or woman, save only Jesus Christ.
R. E. R.

PROUD boast of the boosters of Sonora:

We have a . . . cow for every one person here.

MATURE conclusion of a talented lady reporter on the *Oakland Post-Inquirer*:

Athens, the city of Greece which boasted of its men of art and literature rather than of its prowess in war and commerce, has passed into history. But on the east side of San Francisco Bay nature and man have so combined to encourage genius that the record of Athens is being rivalled by Oakland, home of poets, story tellers and artists.

FROM a public bull by the Rev. J. Whitcomb Brougher, D.D., pastor of the Temple Baptist Church of Los Angeles:

If Jesus Christ was on earth today, He would be a Shriner.

COLORADO

PROGRESS of the Higher Learning in the Rockies, as revealed by a recent Greeley dispatch:

The Colorado State Teachers' College has opened a course in janitor engineering, in which the six janitors of the college are being instructed in the intricacies of sweeping floors, washing windows and tending furnaces.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WHY the Hon. Mabel W. Willebrandt, LL.D., assistant Attorney-General in charge of Prohibition enforcement, is so successful in spotting violators of the Eighteenth Amendment, revealed by a Washington dispatch to the *Milwaukee Journal*:

"Let me see your hand," is a frequent request of Mrs. Willebrandt. . . . She is a firm believer in palmistry.

FLORIDA

SUPREME tribute to the late Great Realtor, from a leading citizen of Brandford, as set forth in the *Manufacturers' Record*:

W. J. Bryan . . . was one of the greatest moral forces this nation has produced.

GEORGIA

COSMETIC note from the eminent Atlanta *Constitution*:

The unusual number of extra pretty girls seen in Atlanta at this time has revived that old question of why Atlanta is specially favored in having so many pretty girls. . . . To the Pura Water Company much credit is due now, for never in the history of Atlanta have we had so many pretty girls and never has there been such a demand for Wauseka lithia water.

EXULTANT gloat of the Hon. William D. Upshaw, LL.D., representative in Congress from the fifth Georgia district:

Prohibition is a glorious success!

FROM a placard issued by the Clarke County Anti-Tubercular Association:

Spitting is un-Christian.
Spitting is un-American.

ANNOUNCEMENT of the Rev. F. C. McConnell, D.D., pastor of the Druid Hills Baptist Church, Atlanta:

The Baptist ministry contains the most scholarly group of men to be found anywhere. . . .

HAWAII

FROM the advertising columns of the learned Honolulu *Advertiser*:

Nice two bedroom house in Makiki District near Kapiolani Maternity Home. Just the home for a newly married couple. Easy payment.
Price: \$4500.00

ILLINOIS

CONTRIBUTION to the American language in the advertising section of the Chicago telephone directory:

KATHRYN ANN
Delecta Beauty Preparations
.

Very Efficient *Beauticians*

CONTRIBUTION to the sacred sciences in a recent Chicago dispatch:

S. H. Tulchin, psychologist and assistant to Dr. Herman M. Adler at the State Institute for Juvenile Research here, declared that a girl baby develops a soul at 18 months and boys at 30 months.

WHOLESOME recreations of men of solid worth, as revealed by *Oak Leaves*, published at Oak Park:

Nearly seventy Rotarians motored from Oak Park to the Itasca Country Club for luncheon. . . . They compared calves. They spilled water over one another. They shouted.

INDIANA

News item in the learned Frankfort *Times*:

Complaints have been filed with the police department and local health authorities of people, during the recent hot spell, having stopped at the drinking fountains about the city and washing false teeth, and handkerchiefs and bathing their heads and faces.

ANSWERS received in the fourth religious survey of Notre Dame University, in answer to the question, "To how much sacrifice have you been led by your religious convictions?":

I have sacrificed life at a co-ed university.

I have given up cigarettes for the love of God.

I have given up one girl and several fellows.

I have sacrificed a non-Catholic school, many unlawful pleasures, and a great deal of sleep.

I have resisted the temptation to join the Junior Masons.

I have made myself a stranger at home.

I have given up a non-Catholic girl.

I gave up a non-Catholic girl, but I do not know whether it was a sacrifice or a pleasure.

I have given up a non-Catholic girl—and this very day I know that I love her.

IOWA

PROGRESS of the New Morality in the back country, revealed by an Oskaloosa dispatch:

Overloaded cars of young people are now prohibited, declared Harry Anderson, police chief.

THE net results of Law Enforcement in the Bible Belt, as reported by the Rev. S. P. McNaught, superintendent of the Iowa Anti-Saloon League:

Violation of the Prohibition laws in five Mississippi valley cities [in Iowa] ranges from the almost open sale of intoxicants over the bars of saloons to numerous canned-heat jags in lieu of something better. It is believed that more stills exist in a given area around Dubuque than in any other place in the United States.

KANSAS

CONTRIBUTION to the science of Law Enforcement by the Rev. George W. Durham, the gifted pastor of Quindaro Methodist Church at Kansas City, Kansas, as reported by the Kansas City *Journal*:

When anyone is held up he shall immediately telephone the details to a telephone operator.

She will plug in every 'phone in the city and re-late the details of the holdup. Near every telephone a shotgun is to be kept hanging on the wall. When the story of the holdup is spread through the 'phones every citizen will seize his shotgun and rush into the street. All whistles will blow and at this signal all traffic, including pedestrians, will halt. Anyone besides law officers who moves will be shot.

KENTUCKY

SCORCHING attack on a late martyr from a Christian reader of the intellectual Louisville *Times*:

Why all of the talk about Wilson? Let the name of this wretched man sink into oblivion and may an omnipotent, just and merciful God have mercy on his soul for having allowed God's name to be omitted at the League of Nations' conference.

ANOTHER TRUE BLUE AMERICAN

MARYLAND

ANNOUNCEMENT of a new sorcery in the New Thought journals:

THE SOLVENT POWER OF LOVE

is mighty. Just as heat changes a solid to a liquid and then to a gas, so love, its spiritual correspondent, is the only force that can fuse and refine the hard conditions of life. Join the *Universal Love League*, and make practical use of this mighty force. I show you how. Particulars for stamp.

MATTHEWS DAWSON
3253 Western Avenue Chevy Chase, Md.

MASSACHUSETTS

PROUD confession of Miss Phoebe Brune, a distinguished terpsichorean artiste recently performing in Boston with a "Rose Marie" company, as set forth in the high-toned *Herald* of the same center of culture:

I started my career in Shakespearean repertoire. . . . Having higher aims, I decided to be a dancer.

EXTENSION of the boons of the New Thought to the Equidæ, as reported by the celebrated *Nautilus* of Holyoke:

Last year a dear friend and neighbor was fast losing a fine and valuable mare from blood poisoning. The year before she had cut a leg badly in a wire fence and it had never healed. Instead it grew worse until from her knee to her hoof was one awful sore as large around as a man's head and covered over with a thick, ugly scab. The owner was a real lover of animals and had done all that could be done in a medical way, until at last it ran into blood poisoning and her entire body was swollen, and she was in great pain, her flesh constantly jerking and quivering.

They came to me for treatment only after all else had failed and her owner knew the end was near. I gave the horse the love treatment and the swelling was soon all gone. I used this statement in giving the treatment: "You are God's creature. You are bathed in His pure love. God breathes into your nostrils the pure clean breath of life and this life and love flows freely through you now, filling every cell, tissue and nerve, cleansing, purifying and healing you now. Your blood is clean and rich and pure. It flows freely through every vein in your body, cleansing and purifying every organ as it goes."

SOCIO-PATHOLOGICAL note from the first page of the eminent Boston *Herald*:

More than 150 of the 300 delegates to the annual convention of the Massachusetts Federation of Girls' Clubs became sick during the night, following a banquet at Point Breeze, Webster Lake. All six doctors and all the nurses in Webster were in service all night. . . . The medicines dispensed included four pounds of Epsom salts and two quarts of castor oil.

MICHIGAN

PROOF of the extension of modern ideas to the Michigan hinterland, from the distinguished Marlette *Leader*:

FOR SALE.—Baby carriage, in good condition. Don't believe will need it again. N. F. Smith.

MINNESOTA

CONTRIBUTION to the vocabulary of music criticism by the talented critic of the Tyler *Journal*, in the Ole Oleson Belt:

Miss Smith's harp solos were also most endeavoring . . .

MISSOURI

THE uplift hits Jefferson Barracks:

MEMORANDUM HEADQUARTERS
Number 62 Jefferson Barracks, Missouri
Restrictions on Social Activities

No parties, entertainments or social gatherings will be held in this post after 12 o'clock midnight without permission of the Post Commander.

By order of Colonel Stone:

R. G. COUSLEY
Captain, 6th Infantry,
Adjutant

OFFICIAL:
R. G. COUSLEY
Captain, 6th Infantry,
Adjutant

NEBRASKA

EFFECTS of the late war for democracy in this great Christian State, brought to light

by a recent advertisement in *La Vie Parisienne*:

JEUNE Américain en France pendant la guerre et espérant un jour visiter Paris, désire correspondre avec jeune, jolie, gaie marraine Parisienne. Ecrire première lettre: L. Porter, Kearney, Nebr. U. S. A.

NEW JERSEY

FROM the contributors' column of the *Democrat*, published at Flemington:

From time to time I have issued various warnings to the citizens of our town regarding the nature of material that comes down through our sewers. Parts of clothing, hair, gauze, muslin, etc., are constantly coming through. . . . And within the last six months two little boy babies have come through. Surely the time has come for a halt, or we suffer from a stoppage and probably a new sewer plant for the taxpayers.

THEODORE BELLIS,
Superintendent

EFFECTS of living within the shadow of Walt Whitman's tomb upon the learned chief editorial writer of the Camden *Courier*:

Who makes American literature? Not the Lowells and the Longfellow. Not the Mark Twains, even—or the Sinclair Lewises. The characteristic literature of this nation is not poetry or the novel, not the essay or the volume of philosophy. *It is the Book of Business that grips and holds our people.* Thus a great writer on current business, like Roger Babson, may truly be called a maker of American literature of today.

NEW YORK

INTELLECTUAL activities of a Man of Vision, revealed by the *Spur*, a high-toned society journal:

Mr. T. Suffern Tailer inherits many of the qualities of his father, who had numerous interests along intellectual lines. . . . He is indeed versatile. . . . He well understands the art of giving the perfect dinner. . . . He is a promoter of everything that goes to make the golfer happy; he is interested in aeroplane travel; he is the leader who did so much to make Tuxedo Park a center of interest for all who play tennis and squash.

HEADLINE from the eminent New York *Evening Telegram*:

GIRL PIANIST, JUST 16, DEVOTES
HALF-HOUR A DAY TO THOUGHT

NORTH CAROLINA

PROGRESS of the crusade to protect Pure Womanhood among the Tar Heels, as reported by two adjoining news items in one issue of the eminent Charlotte *Observer*:

Two young white men are held in jail at Rockingham on the charge of attempting an assault upon a Negro girl and then throwing her nine-year-old brother into a fish-pond to drown. . . .

Albert Yow, a white man, was arrested near Newsom yesterday on the charge of attempting to criminally assault the wife of a well-known farmer of Montgomery county.

OHIO

WHAT it means to be a teacher, revealed by a blank sent to an applicant for the position of teacher of art at Glendale College:

Describe and estimate your personality by underscoring the proper words or phrases.

Positive Elements: Graceful, dignified, modest, gentle, cultured, efficient speaker (pleasing, clear, mellow voice), refined language, jolly, sociable, congenial, coöperative, loyal, teachable, forgiving, hearty eater, thrifty, careful in business matters, optimist, religious, reverent, prayerful, devout, spiritual, pure-minded, faithful in religious observance, Bible student, good moral and religious influence, patriotic.

Negative Elements: Lame, immodest, sensitive, faulty in grammar, slangy, critical, argumentative, sarcastic, pessimistic, irreligious, irreverent, poor moral influence, no public spirit.

REPORT upon the effects of aquatic Christianity from the Columbus *Citizen*:

William H. McCoy . . . who had been ill of tuberculosis for several weeks, died at his home . . . from the shock of cold water while he was being immersed by the Rev. J. H. Pennell, Campbellite minister of Magnetic Springs. . . . "Saving a soul is far more important than saving a life," Rev. J. H. Pennell declared. . . . "It was unfortunate that McCoy was too weak to withstand the immersion, but it is a great blessing that he did not have to die without being baptized."

OKLAHOMA

HEARTRENDING appeal to the Christians of Boise City from the pastor of the local Baptist Church, as set forth in the *Cimarron News*:

We can never build Churches that will help men and women from the gutter of sin, with athletics and sports using up the energies of the people on the Sabbath. . . . We beg, plead and pray, in the name of Christ, Christianity, the Church and the Youth of our land, who are being taught to have such little regard for the Sabbath, not to force Sunday Baseball upon us again this year.

PENNSYLVANIA

ITEM of legislative news from Harrisburg:

The House bill prohibiting the display of bare legs or any part of the human body on the stage

was recommitted by the House to the committee on iron and coal.

SIGN outside a gospel mill in Allentown:

God said 'it,
Jesus did it,
I believe it,
That settles it,
Amen.

TEXAS

CONTRIBUTION to faunal physiology by the Rev. Dr. Leon H. Sweetland, of El Paso:

A girl's natural impulse at the touch of a man is revulsion.

How the temptations of the Devil are kept away from the young of Pelley, as brought to light by a recent dispatch from that Christian town:

Drug stores here have been petitioned by mothers of the city not to sell cold drinks, candy and the like, to children under 18 years of age on Sunday mornings. It is stated that the children take such things as candy and chewing gum to Sunday-school with them, and in many instances actually spend money given them for

Sunday-school for these articles. The druggists have agreed to sign the petition.

UTAH

SIGNIFICANT footnote on a new science, from the Ogden *Standard-Examiner*:

Pete Visser, former Ogden fireman and wrestler, is now a chiropractor at Houston, Texas.

WASHINGTON

PATRIOTIC dictum of Senator C. C. Dill, as reported in a recent Tacoma dispatch:

The United States stands as representative of the highest state of civilization . . . which has been seen upon the earth.

WISCONSIN

FINAL collapse of the La Follette movement in its very citadel, as reported by the Associated Press:

At Evansville, Wis., a chubby youngster in his mother's arms, peered into the diner and extended a nibbled cracker toward the President, who was eating breakfast. Smiling, Mr. Coolidge reciprocated by dangling a flapjack on the end of a fork and extending it toward the child.

Appendix from Foreign Parts

ARABIA

CABLEGRAM from Mecca:

There will be no more smoking in Mecca. The Wahabi tribesmen, on capturing the city, burned 100,000 water pipes. They have passed an iron law prohibiting the importation of cigars and cigarettes.

BELGIUM

ASSOCIATED PRESS cablegram from Brussels:

King Albert has accepted membership in the Brussels Rotary Club . . . and expressed his interest in the Rotarians' ideals. . . . The King is now doubly a Rotarian, for he was already an honorary member of the Chicago Rotary Club.

BULGARIA

CABLEGRAM from Sofia:

The annual congress of the Bulgarian Prohibitionists was held recently at Plovdiv and was largely attended. Dr. H. Niecheff, the president, in his opening speech, referred to the beneficent effects of Prohibition in the United States.

CANADA

PROMPT action of the 100% Canadian *Daily Province* of Vancouver against foreign propaganda:

The child's pictorial cross-word puzzle which has been an entertaining feature in the *Province* for some months has been cancelled by this newspaper. Through an inadvertence, there was published a puzzle where the definition, "the greatest country in the world," was worked out in the answer as the "United States," a reply which the *Province* and its readers are certainly not prepared to accept.

WORKINGS of the Holy Spirit in Winnipeg, as reported in the illustrious *Manitoba Free Press*:

Nearly thirty avowals of healing by the power of Jesus Christ were offered in the Winnipeg Rink . . . when the evangelist, Charles S. Price, . . . held his testimonial meeting. . . .

The Rev. T. M. Sutherland, superintendent of the Shantymen's Christian Association, Western branch, declared that his wife had discarded the glasses she had worn 37 years, after she had gone down under the power. Maud A. Snow, 4 "The Sherbrook," music teacher, testified that, as the result of laying on of hands, she had been cured of tumors, Bright's disease and other ailments. . . . The Rev. Robert Patterson, D.D., Presbyterian minister of Brandon, said that liver trouble of long years' standing had been removed; that three crooks had been taken out of his spine; that he had thrown away his glasses.

Several in the audience claimed that they had

examined the neck of Mrs. E. F. Comber, Selkirk, and had found no trace of the goitre which she claimed to have lost three months after attending one of the meetings. Mrs. R. Moore, 417 Inglewood street, was present with her 9-year-old child who, she said, had shown no signs of epilepsy since last July. John A. Hall, 368 Alexander avenue, had been injured in the shipyards at the Pacific coast and his heart was giving him trouble. His wife had sent him a handkerchief prayed over by Dr. Price, and a warm flame had passed over him when he was milking the cow. He and Mrs. Hall, who were both in the building, asserted that he was cured. Mrs. Margaret Gibson, 395 Carlton street, who had suffered heart trouble; William Page, 425 Lipton street, who had been attacked by appendicitis; . . . Mrs. Robert Porter, 69t Beverley, who suffered broken arches, bunions and gastritis for ten years; . . . declared that they had been cured by Jesus Christ through the prayers of Dr. Price.

CUBA

NOTICE of the Gideon Mission, Havana, in the eminent *Post* of that city:

Ninety-five per cent. of the men at the service last Sunday signified their earnest desire to get ready to meet Jesus at His Coming. Four said that they were ready and would be glad to see Him come that day. Eight more offered fervent prayers.

ENGLAND

CABLEGRAM from London:

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals announces that it will spend \$10,000 to erect a cenotaph at Hyde Park Corner "in memory of the birds, beasts and fishes who gave their lives for the empire in the World War." The fish referred to are goldfish killed in the gas tests.

ANOTHER:

The late President Warren G. Harding and his wife undoubtedly are united in the spirit world, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the creator of "Sherlock Holmes," declared in an interview. "I think there is no doubt that the late President called out to his wife while she still was on earth, and actually summoned her to him, and that she went," Sir Arthur said.

FRANCE

REPORT of a debate in the Chamber of Deputies on the transfer of the remains of Jaurès, the Socialist, to the Pantheon:

GENERAL SAINT JUSTE (*Nationalist*): There was not a single French flag in the procession. All I could see were the detestable scarlet banners of Moscow.

M. VAILLANT-COUTURIER (*Communist*): Sit down, you assassin!

M. CACHIN (*Communist*): The socialists have

confiscated Jaurès for their own purpose, but he belongs to us.

GENERAL SAINT JUSTE: We will meet your red flags with bullets next time.

M. VAILLANT-COUTURIER: For you a bullet is too good; we'll strangle you.

M. RENAUEL (*Radical*): You are a set of abominable demagogues.

CABLEGRAM from Paris:

Douglas Fairbanks has received the decoration of Officer of Public Instruction from the Minister of Education, M. de Jouvenel. The distinction was instituted to reward members of the pedagogic profession.

GERMANY

CABLEGRAM from Geisenfeld in Bavaria:

Franz Dietrich has won the sausage-eating championship of Germany. He ate fourteen one-pound sausages in two hours, and drank ten large glasses of beer.

CABLEGRAM from Berlin:

The theory that a murder victim's eye may hold the image of his slayer received scientific confirmation tonight from Professor Doehne, of Cologne University. The professor photographed the retinas of two of the victims of Fritz Angerstein, a merchant at Hagen, who killed eight persons the other day. The retina of one yielded a picture of Angerstein's face. The other showed the same face, contorted with rage, and the blade of the ax with which the murders were committed.

ANOTHER:

A radio university has been started in Berlin. Its faculty is to be composed of the most famous scholars of Germany. It is to be called Hans Bredow School in honor of State Secretary Dr. Bredow.

GREECE

CABLEGRAM from Athens, the old home of Socrates and Plato:

Jackie Coogan was decorated with the medal of the Order of George by the Greek government today. The ceremony took place in the Acropolis.

INDIA

CABLEGRAM from Bombay:

By a vote of 45 to 28 the Bombay Legislative Council has adopted a resolution in favor of Prohibition.

JAPAN

MIRACULOUS effect of missionary effort among the heathen Japanese, as reported by cable from Tokyo:

Christianity, by supplanting the native Buddhism of a Japanese girl, saved her life. An admirer of the girl, despondent over her refusal to marry him, plunged a dagger toward her heart. She was carrying a Bible in her kimono. The dagger struck the Bible and was turned in its course. The girl will live.

MEXICO

Press dispatch from the City of Mexico:

Mexico City girls are preparing to fight, with extreme measures if necessary, for the right to bob their hair. The *Democrata* states that bobbed haired girls are arming, and that one store has begun a special sale of flapper pistols of .22 caliber. Over 50 pistols were sold Saturday, says the paper.

ANOTHER from Tijuana:

While demonstrating how a revolver could have been used by the defendant on trial in a shooting case, Judge D. F. Sotomayor, of the Tijuana Court of the First Instance, shot himself behind the left ear and died an hour later. Under the impression that court attachés had removed the cartridges from the revolver, Judge Sotomayor placed the muzzle of the revolver under his left ear and pulled the trigger.

POLAND

CABLEGRAM from Warsaw:

A bill to prohibit low-necked, sleeveless dresses which outline the figure has been introduced in the Polish Parliament. Clergymen of all denominations are taking part. One clause in the bill prohibits dressmaking firms from exhibiting in their windows fashion models which are considered immodest.

RUSSIA

ASSOCIATED PRESS wireless from Moscow:

Recurring murders throughout Russia of rural newspaper correspondents by the peasantry are giving the Government great anxiety. . . . According to official figures more than a thousand such correspondents have been murdered.

SOUTH AFRICA

CABLEGRAM from Cape Town:

John Zama, a native, has aroused the populace at Lydenburg by announcing that he is soon to ascend to heaven. He broke away from the Ethiopian Church a year ago, and, after fasting among the mountains and praying to a heap of stones, he baptized himself, standing up to his neck in deep water for days and nights. He said he was visited by an angel, who inspired him to write a new Bible, which he has done, discarding the Old and New Testaments.

THE WALTER HINES PAGE LEGEND

BY C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

ABOUT no other American of the present generation, not even excepting the immortal Theodore or the martyred Woodrow, has there gathered so robust and immaculate a legend as that which has attached itself to that "intense patriot" and "Southern nationalist," Walter Hines Page. He has been called the greatest and noblest American since Lincoln, the most heroic American of the war period, and our greatest and most signal national martyr since Nathan Hale. His letters, describing his "patriotic" services during his term as American ambassador at the Court of St. James's, have achieved such an astounding sale as to bring to the publishers a revenue of \$1,030,000—"a record almost without precedent in all the history of book-selling." They have provided the most diverse satisfaction to a great variety of enthusiastic readers. David Jayne Hill has solemnly written that "it would be a fitting tribute to the memory of a great American and a valuable lesson in world history that is still in the making if every citizen of the United States could read these inimitable volumes, . . . a pathetic but inspiring record of a noble endeavor to serve our country and the world." Another eminent contemporary could at the same time declare that "no Bernard Shaw comedy ever furnished me with more laughs and mental stimulation, and no play that I have witnessed on Broadway for a long time has kept me more intensely or enjoyably absorbed." The publishers modestly assert that "a few minutes' reading discloses to you the most extraordinary combination of important facts and irresistible charm that has ever appeared in

print." And the judges of the Pulitzer Fund awarded Hendrick's edition of the letters the Pulitzer Prize for the biography of the year best calculated to teach "patriotic and unselfish service."

Our greatest have conferred upon Mr. Page their warmest benedictions, and have presented him as an example for imitation by future generations. Charles W. Eliot, John W. Davis, Admiral Sims, Colonel House, Edward H. Bok, William H. Taft and other august notables, speaking to the trustees of the Walter Hines Page School of International Relations of the Johns Hopkins University on June 1, 1924, united in declaring him to be "an intense patriot." This school, indeed, is a sort of monument to his patriotism, erected by those who believe in it. On the same occasion President Coolidge brought matters to a conclusion with a ukase to the effect that "Walter Hines Page was a great citizen. . . . *He gave his life for his country.* . . . Such a life as his should be held up as a model to all generations." Soon afterward President E. A. Alderman, of the University of Virginia, the official eulogist of Dr. Wilson, exuberantly maintained that "the career of Walter Hines Page is an unexampled inspiration for Service." But perhaps the highest point in the Pageiad was attained by Mr. Ellery Sedgwick, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, when he said that "were a visitant from another sphere to ask me for the incarnation of those qualities we love to call American, I should turn to a familiar gallery of my memory and point to the living portrait that hangs there of Walter H. Page."

One might multiply such panegyrics al-

most indefinitely, but the foregoing will suffice to indicate their flavor. They breathe the spirit of the heroic, of noble public service, of lofty and impeccable patriotism. Page becomes, indeed, the archetype of the American patriot. He is the perfect flower of the Republic. . . . Let us turn, now, to a candid examination of the facts upon which all this enthusiasm rests.

II

Mr. Page may be cheerfully granted at least two very creditable achievements. First, he was one of the earliest Southerners to awaken to the provincialism and cultural backwardness of the post-war South, and to make a serious effort to promote the process of civilizing and nationalizing that region. His anonymous work, "The Southerner," was probably the first notable example of realistic introspection heard of south of Mason and Dixon's Line. Secondly, he had a distinguished record as an editor, first of the *Forum*, then of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and then of the *World's Work*. But the Page Epic is not founded upon either of these substantial labors. It is founded solely upon Mr. Page's activities as ambassador at the Court of St. James's during the war, and its spread and popular acceptance have grown out of the wide circulation of his published letters of that period. Hence, in examining the validity of his claims to immortality alongside Washington and Lincoln, we must center our attention upon the nature of his conduct while representative of the United States in London. If he is actually an immortal, then he became an immortal there. If he is actually the perfect American patriot, then it was there that his patriotism had its test and triumph. It is, then, the business of the present article to examine his conduct as ambassador, as described in his own words, and to see how well he discharged the specific duty of his high office: to uphold and make secure his country's rights, dignity and interest.

His selection for the English post was a tolerable choice, it must be plain, in 1913, for he was a man of great charm and notable ability, and if there had been no break in the long European peace he would have certainly promoted good feeling between the United States and Great Britain, and without falling into any serious compromise of our fundamental interests. He was a firm believer in the doctrine that the future of the world lies in the hands of the English-speaking peoples. To quote his official biographer and panegyrist, he "never concealed his belief that the destinies of mankind depended more upon the friendly coöperation of the United States and Great Britain than upon any other single influence. He had preached this in public addresses and his writings for twenty-five years preceding his mission to Great Britain." In fact he carried to England, says Mr. Hendrick, "the reverent respect which he had always entertained for English history, English literature, and English public men." His reasons for admiring Englishmen, we are told, were as follows: "(1) The race is the sea-mastering race and the navy-managing race and the ocean-carrying race; (2) the race is the literary race, (3) the exploring and settling and colonizing race, (4) the race to whom fair play appeals, and (5) that insists on individual development." After he arrived in England he capitulated completely to such amiable English public men as Lloyd George, Balfour, Sir Edward Grey, and Bonar Law. He even put aside his republicanism and admired King George V. But more than the others he admired Sir Edward Grey, who was "so discouraged when the war came," who was so fond of the out-of-doors and who admired Page's favorite poet, Wordsworth. Grey and the rest made much of him, and he frankly basked in their favor. But his happiness was dealt a severe blow whenever he thought of the unimpressive American embassy in London:

The indignity and inconvenience—even the humiliation—of an ambassador beginning his career

in a hotel! . . . I had never been in any Embassy except the British Embassy at Washington. . . . [In London the United States had] that cheap flat; that's all it was. For the place we paid \$1500 a year. I did not understand then and I do not understand yet how Lowell, Bayard, Phelps, Hay, Choate and Reid endured that cheap hole. . . .

So Page moved to a fine house at 4 Grosvenor Gardens a year later. His social aspirations were soon most notably and obviously caressed by his reception by British nobility and royalty. The following excerpts from his letters indicate his exultation:

A few days after my arrival, the Duchess of X invited Frank [Page] and me to dinner. The powdered footmen were the chief novelty of the occasion for us. . . . One morning the King's Master of Ceremonies, Sir Arthur Walsh, came to the hotel with the royal coaches, four or five of them, and the richly caparisoned grooms. . . . He [the King] shook my hand, and I spoke my little piece of three or four sentences. . . . I dined tonight in an old Tory family. They had just had a division an hour or two before in the house of Lords on the Home Rule Bill. Six Lords were at the dinner and their wives. One was a Duke, two were Bishops, and the other three were Earls. . . . At lunch—just four or six hours before—we were at the Prime Minister's, where the talk was precisely on the other side. Gladstone's granddaughter was there and several members of the Cabinet. . . . [At a state dinner of King George to the King of Denmark] the Ambassadors and their wives were there, the chief rulers of the Empire and men and women of distinction and most of the royal family. . . .

But enough of this. Page had been born in a North Carolina hamlet; the gaudy trappings of royalty naturally made a powerful impression upon him. Things went on swimmingly, almost deliriously, for a year. He went everywhere, got to know everybody, was soon on familiar terms with dukes, princesses and members of the Cabinet. Then, of a sudden, came the colossal shock of the war—and the era of dinners and dances gave way to an era of bitter struggle. Page's job, up to this time, had been largely ornamental. Now he was confronted by serious business. It was his job to safeguard the interests of the United States in a world at strife—in particular, to safeguard such rights as had been wrung from Great Britain, the country to which he was accredited, after more than a century of diplomatic and

military combat. On August 11, 1914, President Wilson issued his neutrality proclamation. In it were these sentences:

We must be impartial in thought as well as in action; we must put a curb on our sentiments as well as upon every transaction that might be construed as a preference of one party to the struggle before another. . . . Every man who really loves America will act and speak in the true spirit of neutrality, which is the spirit of impartiality and fairness and friendliness to all concerned.

Here is a plain definition of "one who really loves America." To what extent did Mr. Page meet it?

III

"Mr. Page had one fine qualification for his post," a British statesman once remarked to B. J. Hendrick. "From the beginning he saw that there was a right and a wrong to the matter. He did not believe that Great Britain and Germany were equally to blame. He believed that Great Britain was right and that Germany was wrong." Page, in fact, swallowed the whole of the British propaganda, hook, bait and sinker. On September 11, 1914, he wrote to President Wilson: "Can anyone longer disbelieve the completely barbarous behavior of Prussians?" Thus early was he convinced. From that time onward his letters become little better than powerful arguments for the British case, and hysterical pleas for the United States to back up England, regardless of all disputes regarding English violations of American rights. On September 22, he wrote to Colonel House: "If Germany should win, our Monroe Doctrine would at once be shot in two, and we should have to get 'out of the sun.' . . . If England wins . . . England will not need our friendship as much as she now needs it. . . ." He made no effort to conceal his violently pro-English attitude. He even arrogated to himself, public servant though he was, the right to pass upon the legitimacy of American neutrality. President Wilson had proclaimed that "we must be impartial

in thought as well as action." Page made little attempt to be either and he afterward wrote: "The President and the government in their insistence upon the moral quality of neutrality, missed the larger meaning of the war. It is at bottom nothing but the effort of the Berlin absolute monarch and his group to impose their will on as large a part of the world as they can overrun. The President started out with the idea that it was a war brought on by many obscure causes—economic and the like, and he thus missed its whole meaning."

But did he? Didn't Mr. Page, rather, give merely a succinct summary of what the British propaganda service said the war was about? He never seemed for a minute to realize that the English as well as their enemies resorted to propaganda. He even swallowed the Belgian atrocity stories, for he wrote to Colonel House on November 12, 1915, that but for the British fleet London would be ruined and plundered . . . and thousands of English women would be violated—"just as dead French girls are found in many German trenches that have been taken in France."¹ He continually denounced alleged German opinions as propaganda, but supported English opinions, no matter how wild and absurd, as the truth. "The Allied propaganda," says Bertrand Russell, "through British control of the cables, secured wider publicity than that of Germany, and achieved a notable success in winning the sympathy, and ultimately the coöperation of the United States." This propaganda, in fact, achieved the amazing *coup* of writing, to all intents and purposes, the official communications of the American ambassador to England!

But Page's love affair did not run quite smoothly. In December, 1914, Colonel

House wrote to him: "The President wished me to ask you to please be more careful not to express any unneutral feeling. . . . He said that both Mr. Bryan and Mr. Lansing had remarked upon your leaning in that direction. . . ." That warning, however, did not deter Page, and even a casual reading of his letters reveals how thoroughly unneutral and pro-Ally he was during all the period of American neutrality. A constant complaint of his was that the demands of the American State Department, and the pronouncements of Wilson, were bringing the United States into official and popular disfavor in England. He seems to have deliberately disobeyed his instructions by intimating to Grey that the American notes of protest against English acts upon the high seas were mere matters of form, and not intended to be taken seriously. He thus weakened his own government, and greatly strengthened England, and so encouraged her violation of the rights of neutrals, and particularly of the rights of the United States. What Page worried about most was the possibility that any effort to safeguard the latter would make the English angry, and thus imperil his Anglo-American alliance. He shared precisely the English attitude toward their violation, and did his best to minimize their significance. His railings against Lansing and Polk and the other international lawyers at Washington were so vociferous and prolonged that Mr. Hendrick devotes a chapter of the biography to the quarrel. His pro-English attitude completely blinded him to the significance of England's extensive violations of American neutrality and made him a consistent apologist for her. By his attitude he completely obstructed the State Department's effort to hold England to international law.

During the Summer of 1916 he was solemnly assuring Colonel House that "these devils [Germans] are out for robbery—and you don't seem to believe that in the United States." At this time, it is probable, Page knew nothing about the Allied

¹ Page was always ready to dodge a factual issue by trailing off into sob-stuff and irrelevant "real" interpretations of the war. Cf. "Life and Letters," Vol. II, page 65, for the sort of thing he wrote when the State Department was endeavoring to get satisfaction out of Great Britain for cargo seizures under her self-made rules.

secret treaties,² but his attitude did not change after news of them began to get about. There is, indeed, something very amusing in the effort being made to perpetuate his "interpretations" in the face of the revelations since 1918. He held to the end the same opinion that he entertained in December, 1914, when he wrote to Colonel House: "The English rulers have no feeling of vengeance." His eyes were never opened. So late as the Spring of 1917 he wrote: "Mr. Balfour told me yesterday his personal conviction about the German colonies, which, he said, he had not discussed with his associates in the Cabinet. His firm opinion is that they ought not to be returned to the Germans, first for the sake of humanity. 'The natives—the Africans especially—have been so barbarously treated and so immorally that it would be inhuman to permit the Germans to rule and degrade them further. But Heaven forbid that we should still further enlarge the British Empire. As a practical matter I do not care to do that. Besides, we should incur the criticism of fighting in order to get more territory, and that was not and is not our aim. If the United States will help us, my wish is that these German colonies that we have taken, especially in Africa, should be internationalized. There are great difficulties in such a plan, but they are not insuperable if the great Powers of the Allies agree upon it.'" And much more to the same effect. In another connection Page wrote: "Whatever else they think of the British at Washington, they know one thing—and that is that a British statesman like Mr. Balfour will not lie!"

² The secret treaties first came fully into the light in November, 1917. Cf. Baker: "Woodrow Wilson and the World Settlement," especially Vol. I, Chap. III. It is pertinent to note here the dates of the most important. Great Britain, France and Russia agreed on the disposal of Constantinople to Russia and the status of Persia and Mesopotamia on March 20, 1915; the Italian-Ally treaty was signed on April 26, 1915; the Roumanian on August 18, 1916; the Franco-Russian treaty with regard to German frontiers on March 11, 1917; and the Anglo-Japanese treaty disposing of Germany's Far Eastern holdings on February 16, 1917.

In the light of what Page believed—and what he believed was simply the British propaganda—it is not startling to find him writing in a "memorandum of his visit to Washington in August 1916": "He [Secretary of Agriculture D. S. Houston, another Anglomaniac] would have done precisely what I have recommended—paved the way for claims and let the English take their course."³ During this same visit to Washington he talked with President Wilson. Wilson was bent on making peace, and was then listening to German proposals. He particularly stuck to his idea that the war proceeded from complicated causes. Page "attributed the origin of the struggle to German aggression." They disagreed on fundamentals and particulars, and Mr. Hendrick comments: "The interview was a disheartening one for Page. Many people whom the ambassador met in the course of this visit still retain memories of his fervor in *what had now become with him a sacred cause*." The sacred cause was to align the United States on the side of the Allies. It was Mr. Page's official, if not sacred, duty to help the State Department to hold England to international law, and so protect the rights of Americans. Instead of doing that he threw all his strength upon the other side.

When, at last, his high services to England came to fruition and the United States entered the war, Mr. Hendrick tells us that "a well-known Englishman happened to meet Page leaving his house in Grosvenor Square the day after the declaration. He stopped and shook the ambassador's hand. 'Thank God,' the Englishman said, 'that there is one hypocrite less in London today.' 'What do you mean?' asked Page. 'I mean you. Pretending all this time that you were neutral: That isn't necessary any longer.' 'You are right!' the ambassador answered as he walked on

³ A settlement of these claims was promised to American claimants "immediately after the war," but since then nothing has been heard about them. What Americans lost to British enterprise, in plain violation of international law, remains a complete loss.

with a laugh and wave of the hand." The King of England said to him in reviewing the situation: "Ah—Ah!—we knew where *you* stood all the time."

But now we are grandly told that Englishmen "didn't know anyone could be as American as Page!"

IV

Mr. Page had an unpleasant time "holding" England to international law. The British had definitely determined upon certain policies which could not be carried through without violating that law. Mr. Page, believing in the English justifications for those policies, found himself very reluctant to carry out the orders of the State Department. He would have preferred "to pave the way for claims and let the English take their course." Just how far that "course" went is rather hard to say, but Page certainly took it as far as he could. He had, as he explained, no respect for international law: "'International law' is no strict code and it's all shot to pieces anyhow." The latter part of his statement is interesting, for England had done a great deal of the shooting. Orders in Council had completely set aside every safeguard of the neutral, particularly the law governing contraband, blockade and continuous voyage, a fact which the law officers of the State Department sought in vain to impress on Mr. Page. He argued, as Englishmen argued, that since the Allies were fighting for the right, they were justified in whatever they did. When "right" is the object,—and "we" are always "right"—law is of no importance and may be ignored. Thus Page helped to introduce the Ku Klux spirit into international relations. He was, we are assured, a great American, and perhaps this fact proves it. The violators of the law have the right to define what is right and what is wrong. If the enemy contradicts, he is resorting to propaganda.

The State Department, during the early months of the war, whatever its derelictions later on, made persistent efforts to

have the war conducted according to the recognized rules of international law, and carefully recorded protests against all violations affecting the United States as a neutral. Our own actions then conformed strictly to the law. Our chief proposal was to put into operation, as a *modus vivendi*, the Declaration of London as a means to increase the security of non-belligerents. That Declaration was formulated at London in 1909. It was passed by the British House of Commons on December 7, 1911, but was thrown out of the House of Lords on December 12, because of the opposition of the imperialists. The Declaration carefully defined neutral and belligerent rights, and its contraband list was reasonably rigid. It was the contraband restrictions which displeased the Lords. Their rejection of the Declaration effectually prevented the other Powers from depositing ratifications. The exact attitude of each Power is unknown, but France incorporated the provisions of the Declaration in "Instructions for the Application of International Law in Case of War" issued on December 19, 1913. Germany incorporated them in a Prize Ordinance drafted on September 30, 1912, and issued on August 3, 1914. The United States was the only country which had ratified the Declaration formally in 1914. Such was its status when the State Department made an effort to have it adopted as a *modus vivendi* in 1914. Germany⁴ and Austria-Hungary agreed to abide by it contingent upon its observance by Great Britain and the Allies. Great Britain set the example for the Allies by attempting to modify the contraband list to conform with her Orders in Council. The State Department on March 30, 1915, "denied the legality of the sweeping changes [in international practice] made by the British in their Orders in Council."

⁴ Page wrote to House on October 22, 1914, with his usual bias: "Germany . . . never paid the slightest attention to the Declaration all these years. But she saw that it would hinder England and help her now, by forbidding England to stop certain very important war materials from reaching Germany. 'Yah,' said Germany."

The British based their rejection of the Declaration on the simple ground of expediency. It would operate, they argued, against the British extension of contraband and of the doctrine of continuous voyage, by means of which they wielded a powerful weapon against Germany at the expense of neutrals. There seems to be no question that expediency was their sole justification for their action. Mr. Hendrick states that Grey intended to use "the sea power of Great Britain to keep war materials and foodstuffs out of Germany, but never to go the length of making an unbridgeable gulf between the United States and Great Britain. The American ambassador to Great Britain completely sympathized with this programme. . . . On the great overhanging issue [the defeat of Germany] the two were at one." They were also at one on the "extension of democracy and the significance of British-American coöperation." In contrast to these high minded gentlemen was the uninspired and legalistic Robert Lansing. Mr. Hendrick sums him up thus: "His methods were tactless, the phrasing of his notes lacked deftness and courtesy, his style was crude and irritating . . . he was nothing more nor less than a lawyer. The protection of American rights at sea was to him simply a 'case' in which he had been retained as counsel for the plaintiff. . . ." So much for Lansing, who insisted on the "jargon of maritime rights in time of war." Mr. Page was concerned with Bigger Things. He wanted to give England a free hand.

On October 15, 1914, he wrote to President Wilson: "If Germany wins, will it make any difference what position England took on the Declaration of London? . . . The present controversy seems here, where we are close to the struggle, academic. It seems a petty matter. . . . I recommend most earnestly that we shall substantially accept the new Order in Council or acquiesce in it and reserve whatever rights we may have. . . . So far as our neutrality obligations are concerned, I do

not believe that they require us to demand that Great Britain should adopt for our benefit the Declaration of London. . . . In its application to the situation presented by this war it is *altogether to the advantage of Germany*." It is notable that Page says absolutely nothing about the rights of neutrals in times of war. To any other person the Declaration would have seemed to be an effort to get fair play for them. But not to Page. He wrote in this fashion, be it remembered, eighteen months before America entered the war.

In September, 1916, he reiterated his point of view: "In this Declaration were drawn up lists of contraband, non-contraband, and conditional contraband, and all of these, in English eyes, worked to the advantage of Germany and against the advantage of Great Britain. . . . The most serious matter was that the Declaration would have prevented Great Britain from keeping foodstuffs out of the Fatherland." So Page opposed the move to have it established. He believed that insistence on its adoption was "a perfectly gratuitous and ineffective insult to this patient and fair and friendly government and people. . . ." Obviously, there was little chance, so long as he was ambassador, that the Declaration would get a forceful presentation at London. It didn't. The controversy ended in a complete defeat for Mr. Lansing. How different the outcome of Jefferson's protests in 1793!

V

The bone of contention was the contraband list. Mr. Page and the British Foreign Office regarded its extensions as eminently justified, while the State Department correctly considered them contrary to international law and practice. International lawyers, including Englishmen, have since pointed out how high-handed England's procedure was and have expressed the opinion that the precedents created may become very dangerous to her in the future. Thomas Baty, an eminent English authority has

written extensively on the subject. But Page and his friends had no doubt in 1915. The list of contraband articles made in 1909, they argued, was inadequate for England's purposes. It excluded cotton, wool, rubber, metallic ores, and certain chemicals and minerals. The British put rubber and copper on the list at the start of the war and added cotton later. All foodstuffs were listed, no distinction being made between civilian and combatant supplies, on the alleged ground, thoroughly discredited and repudiated by the United States a century before, that the enemy government had taken control of the food supply and that this was an exceptional war anyway. Ultimately, the contraband list included practically everything that a human being could use, and "conditional contraband" was abolished. The point is that Great Britain arrogated to herself the right to make out her own list, and refused to be bound by recognized international law, or to accept as a *modus vivendi* the Declaration of London, a "scrap of paper." Justifying her conduct by the necessity of defeating Germany, *i.e.*, by expediency, she placed herself beyond the law. The State Department sought to confine her to some definable code, and Page, by his office, was bound to assist in the effort. But as he considered international law as not really binding on England he simply abandoned the task. He excused and justified himself by arguing that England was determined to do as she pleased, that neutrals could do nothing, and that to be asked to help the State Department made things extremely disagreeable to him, personally. On October 15, 1914, he wrote to President Wilson: "Representatives of Spain, Holland, and all the Scandinavian states agree that they can do nothing but acquiesce and file protests and claims, and they admit that Great Britain has the right to revise the list of contraband. This is not a war in the sense in which we have hitherto used that word. It is a world-clash of systems of governments, a struggle for the extermination of English civilization or of

Prussian military autocracy. Precedents have gone into the scrap heap. . . . Let us suppose that we press for a few rights to which the shippers have a theoretical claim. The American people gain nothing and the result is friction with this country; and that is what a very small minority of the agitators in the United States would like."

The State Department did not regard this argument as convincing, but then the Department didn't entertain the correct view of the war anyway. On October 21, 1915, Lansing sent Page an official communication which said, in part, that the United States could not "with complacency suffer further subordination of its rights and interests to the plea that the exceptional geographic position of the enemies of Great Britain requires or justifies oppressive and illegal practices. . . . The United States must insist that the relations between it and His Majesty's Government be governed, not by a policy of expediency, but by those rules of international conduct upon which Great Britain in the past has held the United States to account when the latter nation was a belligerent engaged in a struggle for national existence." Lansing, here, was speaking as an international lawyer. Page always spoke as a partisan of England, and he regarded communications of this type as most distressing affronts. He wrote to Colonel House on November 12, 1915: "We send a long lawyer's note, not discourteous but wholly uncourteous, which is far worse. I am writing now only of the manner of the note, not of its matter. There is not a courteous word, not a friendly phrase, nor a kindly turn in it, not an allusion even to an old acquaintance, to say nothing of an old friendship, not a word of thanks for courtesies or favors done us, not a hint of sympathy in the difficulties of the time. There is nothing in its tone to show that it came from an American to an Englishman: it might have been from a Hottentot to a Fiji Islander."

It was, in fact, a straightforward diplomatic note. It was not a *billet doux*. There-

fore, to Page, it was most reprehensible. In fact "in dealing with us [Page means the British, but his collective pronoun reveals his state of mind] he [Wilson] seems to have called in the lawyers of German importers and Chicago pork-packers." He had written to Colonel House in the previous August: "I suspect that in spite of all the fuss we have made we shall at last come to acknowledge the British blockade. . . ." We did, of course, and largely because Page by his attitude minimized our case and obstructed the effort to present it and so defeated his own government. His whole irritation against the lawyers crystallized in this letter to House: "The lawyer-way in which the Department goes on in its dealings with Great Britain is losing us the only great international friendship that we have any chance of keeping or that is worth keeping. . . . I refer to the continuous series of nagging incidents—always, criticism, criticism, criticism of small points—points that we have to yield at last, and never anything constructive." What Mr. Page considered "small" points may be judged from the following enumeration in this same letter: (a) the proposed adoption of the Declaration of London; (b) the protest against the unlawful extensions of the contraband list; (c) the protest against bringing ships into port to examine them;⁵ (d) the protests

⁵ Baty writes as follows on this point: "To assist the court in establishing the intensions and ultimate distinctions which would condemn, the established and imperative rules of evidence in Prize were abolished in Great Britain, and the ordinary system of trial substituted; in other words, the 'primary evidence' coming 'out of the ship's own mouth' (*ex ore tuo judicaberis*) was disregarded, and the claimant was called upon to prove his innocence—an utter and gross departure from the principles of Prize. Those accepted principles excluded captor's evidence, and formed the justification for so violent an interference with friendly vessels as capture implies—the friends' vessels were not brought in to defend themselves; they were only brought in when they were self condemned. (Of course any flaw in their documents or in the statements of their crews was immediately fatal.) This age-long security was lost; and by judicial action the neutral was actually forced to deposit a heavy pledge before he was admitted to the attenuated privilege of endeavoring to prove his innocence before a tribunal in which his adversary was judge, prosecutor and witness all in one."

against stopped telegrams, a phase of the British interference with United States mails, an utterly indefensible practice, and so on. "Mere useless technicalities," to quote Mr. Page again. Something "constructive" would be this: "What I want is to have the President of the United States and the King of England stand up side by side and let the world take a good look at them."

VI

Another seriously vexed problem in which Page took the British attitude, and stood against the lawyers of the State Department, was the matter of continuous voyage. Baty believes that, taken along with the extension of contraband, the changes made by the British in this doctrine made the law of blockade and contraband as hitherto understood a dead letter. The idea originated in an extension of an old English ruling made by the United States during the Civil War.⁶ In essence it aimed to prevent the shipping of absolute contraband to a neutral port, when the port served either as a mere stopping place, or as a point of transshipment of the contraband. It brought forth immediate and sharp protest from neutrals. "A committee of the Institute of International Law condemned the theory as 'a serious inroad upon the rights of neutral nations.' Finally, the Declaration of London rejected it in laying down the provision that 'whatever

⁶ Fenwick: "International Law," pages 540 and 549: "During the American Civil War new conditions confronting the blockading fleet resulted in the introduction of new doctrines of blockade. Neutral vessels were captured on their way to neutral ports lying off the Confederate coasts, and were condemned on the ground that the neutral ports were only stopping-places and that the ultimate destination of the vessel was a blockaded port. . . . Moreover, the further and more important innovation was introduced that where the vessel itself had a *bona fide* neutral destination, but its cargo, after being deposited in the neutral port, was to be transhipped to a smaller and swifter vessel to be used as a blockade-runner, the said cargo, whether contraband or not, was liable to seizure. . . . [The English precedent follows.] By the Rule of 1756 Great Britain forbade neutral merchants to engage in time of war in the commerce between colonial ports and the mother-country which was closed to them in time of peace."

may be the ulterior destination of a vessel or of her cargo, she cannot be captured for breach of blockade, if, at the moment, she is on her way to a non-blockaded port."''⁷ In spite of the fact that the concept was developed in American courts, Baty in his survey of the subject says that American writers "were perhaps on the whole against it." English writers called it "unfortunate violence," and such Continental writers as accepted it did so with a stern insistence that it apply only to munitions. During the Boer War the British government attempted to apply the idea and failed, and Salisbury acknowledged its illegality. Thus matters stood when the subject came up during the World War. As in the case of other vexed problems, acceptance of the Declaration of London would have offered a way out. On March 11, 1915, the British issued an Order in Council which "provided that all vessels of enemy destination be required to discharge their goods in a British port and that vessels of neutral destination might be required to do the same." This announced their intention to apply the continuous voyage idea even to conditional contraband, like foodstuffs, and to non-contraband, a practice without a shadow of support in international law, and a brazen violation of the legal rights of neutrals.

In blockading Germany it was obvious that nothing really effective could be done until the trade through neutral ports could be in some way cut off. It could only be done by violating the law. This was boldly done, and the logical conclusion of the policy was the rationing of neutral nations. Not only did England set up the idea of continuous voyage, but she made several unheard of departures from any previously attempted application. She threw the burden of proof as to destination on the shoulders of the shipper, rather than on those of the captor as hitherto. And she applied the order to conditional and absolute contraband, and later abol-

ished distinctions between the types entirely (Order in Council, April 19, 1916). The State Department protested against these revolutionary practices from the beginning, writing on March 30, 1915, that such a policy constituted "a practical assertion of unlimited belligerent rights over neutral commerce within the whole European area." Indeed, it seems obvious that both these movements, extension of contraband and continuous voyage, were as serious invasions of American neutrality as any offered by the German submarine campaign. The real British justification in all cases was expediency, as was the real German justification.

The British reply to the American objections was very sophistical. The Foreign Office ignored the subsequent history of the concept of continuous voyage and went back to the American Civil War decisions. Ignoring, also, the various and sundry radical extensions in practice, the Foreign Office argued the cases to be exactly parallel, except that transshipment was overland in the present case. Salisbury in 1899 knew better than to attempt this argument. Mr. Page, as usual, chimed in with this English sophistry and regarded it as a clever and final answer to the international lawyers at Washington. Refusing to define in his mind the seriousness of the offences of Great Britain, he minimized the importance of her acts, and concentrated emphasis upon his pet hobby of her "friendship." He wrote in an undated letter of this period: "The friendship of the United States and Great Britain is all that now holds the world together. It is the greatest asset of civilization left. All the cargoes of copper and oil in the world are not worth as much to the world. Yet when a shipper's cargo is held up he does not think of civilization and the future of mankind and of free government [for which Mr. Page and the English were struggling]; he thinks only of his cargo and the indignity that he imagines has been done him." And the State Department aided and abetted him in his earthy, puerile attitude, and

⁷ Fenwick, *op. cit.*, page 541.

asked Mr. Page to assist in getting some satisfaction out of Britain! He was, of course, not affected by such appeals. As he said in the same letter, "There must be somebody somewhere who sees things in their right proportion." In this case the "somebody" was always Mr. Page himself. And so nothing was accomplished. "Anything," according to Mr. Hendrick's interpretation, "that would bring these two nations [Great Britain and United States] closer together he looked upon as a step making for human advancement."

VII

But by far the most amazing act of Page's ambassadorship occurred in connection with the *Dacia*. Mr. Hendrick embeds this incident in approving comment, and characterizes it thus: "This suggestion from Page was one of the great inspirations of the war. It amounted to little less than genius." The *Dacia* had been transferred to American registry under a law passed in the early days of the war, admitting foreign ships to American registry. The vessel was loaded with cotton, at that time [1915] not contraband. She was American-owned at the time of her sailing [her previous owners had been Germans], American-manned, flew the American flag, and had American registry according to the laws of the United States. Before she sailed England notified the State Department that the boat was considered as subject to capture, as "enemy property," implying in this notification her total disregard of the American law of registry. Mr. Page, being an American, was interested in this matter. The *Dacia* sailed. To quote Mr. Hendrick, who tells the incident better than it can be paraphrased:

When matters had reached this pass Page one day dropped into the Foreign Office.

"Have you ever heard of the British fleet, Sir Edward?" he asked.

Grey admitted that he had, though the question obviously puzzled him.

"Yes," Page went on musingly. "We've all heard of the British fleet. Perhaps we have heard too much about it. Don't you think it's had too much advertising?"

The Foreign Secretary looked at Page with an expression that implied a lack of confidence in his sanity.

"But have you ever heard of the French fleet?" the American went on. "France has a fleet too, I believe."

Sir Edward granted that.

"Don't you think that the French fleet ought to have a little advertising?"

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"Well," said Page, "There's the *Dacia*. Why not let the French fleet seize it and get some advertising?"

A gleam of understanding immediately shot across Grey's face.

It is interesting to note that the French, on being made aware of this "intensely patriotic" American idea, seized and condemned the ship under Article 56 of the Declaration of London, which they had incorporated into their "Instructions for the Application of International Law in Case of War" in 1913. The Declaration made it legal to presume against the validity of a sale made after hostilities had broken out, but *only* legalized condemnation in case the sale was made "to evade the consequences of the war," *i.e.*, capture. The *Dacia*, lying in Galveston harbor, was obviously in no danger of capture at the time of her sale. Under British law and practice she would have had to be released if captured, thus opening the way for the sale of the many other German ships that had sought refuge in American harbors. For it must be remembered that, to all intents and purposes, previous practice regulated the relations of England and the United States at the time, and that meant that such transfers were recognized as legal when no right of repurchase was reserved and no right to share in the profits. Mr. Hendrick, who is nearly as biased as Mr. Page was, distorts the facts in dealing with the *Dacia*. The purchaser was an American citizen without German connections, and the sale was *bona fide*, as attested by the State Department. It was, in fact, not actually made until the solicitor for the State Department had published an opinion approving it as entirely lawful in every respect.

But to Page the opinions of the solicitor for the State Department were nothing.

His one aim was to help England, regardless of the rights and protests of American citizens. So the French fleet captured and condemned the *Dacia*. The American ambassador had conspired with the government to which he was accredited to bring about the seizure of an American vessel by a foreign government. No wonder his suggestion staggered even Sir Edward. Truly it was "one of the great inspirations of the war." But whose war? Certainly not America's, for all this took place in 1915, over two years before the United States entered the conflict.

Ranking perhaps next to the *Dacia* case in the forwarding of astonishing violations of international law and diplomatic usage was Page's unprecedented consent to a British request for permission to intercept and search the baggage of all American diplomatic officials below the rank of minister who happened to be taken by the British while traveling to and from their posts in Europe. The British guards at Kirkwall admitted the illegality of the procedure, but demonstrated Page's acquiescence in the practice. A number of American representatives appear to have been subjected to this amazing indignity; in one case known to the writer the British were held at bay only at the point of an impressively manipulated revolver.

In all this Mr. Page's conduct cannot be excused, as some have tried to excuse it, on the ground that he meant well and had uppermost in his mind only the promotion of a great cause—Anglo-American unity. That was likewise the obsession of Benedict Arnold in the later days of the American Revolution, and he worked for it in a more direct and courageous fashion.

VIII

Mr. Hendrick, with his usual interpretive accuracy, says that Page "regarded words as sacred things. . . . He used them, in his writing or in his speech, with the utmost discrimination." Such being the case, we may presume that the authentic Page wrote

to his son of the isolationists: "I have long concluded . . . that these men are the most ignorant men in the whole world; more ignorant—because they are viciously ignorant—than the Negro boys who act as caddies at Pinehurst; more ignorant than the inmates of Morganton Asylum; more ignorant than sheep or rabbits or idiots." Since he was so careful we may assume that his references to opponents were weighed, as in his appeal to Col. House on October 22, 1914, to have Lansing stopped in his efforts to get the Declaration of London adopted: "I pray you, good friend, get us out of these incompetent lawyer hands." And he was presumably careful in his gross vilifications of such men as Senator William J. Stone when they failed to chime in with his policies. In writing, in May, 1916, of the bothersome nature of dissenters in war time, he said: "First, let cranks alone—the other side of the street is good enough for them. Then, if they persist, I see nothing to do but to kill 'em, and that's troublesome and inconvenient." Equally careful was he in summing up all opposition to the policies of Great Britain as inspired by pro-German sentiment or by the Irish.

"I shall always wonder," he wrote to A. W. Page on April 28, 1917, "but never find out, what influence I had in driving the President over. All I know is that my letters and telegrams for nearly two years, especially for the last twelve months, have put before him every reason that anybody has expressed why we should come in [on England's side]—in season and out of season. . . ." Wilson in the beginning seems to have paid considerable heed to Page's letters, but as time went on his irritation grew. How far they influenced him is hard to tell. Mr. Hendrick believes, naturally, a great deal. It is probable that Wilson's desire to appear as the messiah of the new day carried him into the war quite as much as anything, but Page's letters continually pounding away at his one idea may have confirmed certain trends in his mind. Much more assistance was rendered to the sacred

cause by Page's consistent opposition to and obstruction of the State Department's struggle for neutral rights. Wilson's guilt in this business springs from the fact that he continued Page as ambassador in the face of the latter's persistent unneutral activities. By implication he connived with Page, and consequently must bear his part of the blame.

It is a little known fact that Wilson wanted to enter the war before the election of 1916, and was only prevented from doing so by the Democratic leaders of Congress. The 1916 campaign, in its early phases, hovered around the Mexican policy and the Adamson law. Neither party risked a pronouncement on the World War issue, and it was only late in the campaign that the slogan, "He kept us out of war," was taken up by the Democrats. Wilson did not invent the phrase; it did not represent his attitude; but, as in the case of the false interpretation of the Harvey break in 1912, he allowed it to be used to ensure his election. Wilson began to see that he could not be a messiah through peace activities, so he turned to war. In following Page's policy he failed to take into account the release of appalling hatreds which would necessarily follow a complete victory over the Central Powers. This shortsightedness, coupled with his ignorance of the significance of the secret treaties, led directly to the débâcle of Versailles. But by that time

Page was out of it. Perhaps his best work for the cause he served was done in 1916, when his gullibility and unneutrality and his ardent effort to break down the official neutrality of the United States helped to induce the British to reject Wilson's peace proposal, and so made impossible that peace of understanding which the world still seeks. It was the last two years of the war that brought despair, ruin and that mental state which led to Versailles.

Page's whole career culminated when the United States entered the war on the side of the Allies. He had "sold the war" to the United States. His consistent pro-English attitude seemed to be justified. His version of the English interpretation of the war had become official in America, and he had saved Anglo-American friendship from the pernicious and diabolical assaults of the international lawyers in Washington. He had guided his country on to Bigger Things. To be sure he had assisted in getting a powerful neutral to acquiesce in unprecedented indignities, and had ruined the historic position of the United States as the defender of all neutrals, great and small. But now the doctrine goes 'round that he was, despite all this, the perfect American—an "intense patriot." It may be so; eminent authorities have said it. If it is true, then perhaps the definition of American had better be revised.

THE HERO

BY JAMES M. CAIN

MR. HINSCH, *Chairman of the Board of Town Commissioners*

MR. MATCHETT } *Members of the Board*
MR. OYSTER }

The scene is the office of the Town Commissioners, second floor, Water Witch Fire Engine House. It is an afternoon in May. The members of the board have just returned from lunch, after a public hearing which lasted all morning, and are about to go into executive session, from which, of course, the public is excluded.

MR. HINSCH—Well, gentlemen, the way I get it, we got to act on this matter of a pension for Scotty Akers, what I mean, for his family. And I say le's not have no more bum argument like we had this morning. It's too dam hot.

MR. MATCHETT—I never seen the beat of them people, a-whooping and a-hollering and a-carrying on, the way they done.

MR. OYSTER—And it don't make no difference which way we settle it, we got one side or the other sore as hell at us.

MR. HINSCH—That's right. It don't make no difference what we do, we got ourself in dutch.

MR. MATCHETT—And us only trying to do the right thing.

MR. HINSCH—It's this here goddam fight that makes all the trouble.

MR. OYSTER—This here fight makes it bad. Wonder why the hell Scotty couldn't of been squirting water in the fire when that string-piece beaned him, stead of on them Water Witches.

MR. MATCHETT—Scotty sure was a caution, thataway.

MR. HINSCH—How come that fight to get started? I ain't never got that straight in my head yet.

MR. OYSTER—Scotty started it.

MR. MATCHETT—Yep, Scotty started it, just like he always done.

MR. OYSTER—You see, when them Semper Fidelises drives up in their truck, they finds them Water Witches already at the fire. Well, Scotty, he was driving the Semper Fidelises' truck. And soon as he seen them Water Witches, he hollers out, "Hell, ain't you got the fire out yet? Get out of the way and let some firemen get to it."

MR. MATCHETT—That's what Scotty said. I was there and I heard him.

MR. HINSCH—It's a wonder Scotty couldn't of shut up once in a while. I always did say Scotty could of shut his trap and improved hisself.

MR. OYSTER—And with that, them Water Witches turns the hose on the Semper Fidelises. And they had a fight. And right in the middle of it, the roof of the house that was on fire falls in and a string-piece beans Scotty on the head. And when they pick him up he's dead.

MR. MATCHETT—And the house burns down.

MR. OYSTER—That's the hell of it, the house burns down.

MR. HINSCH—What I say, if them two companies got to have a fight every time they go to a fire, why can't they put the fire out first and then have the fight coming back?

MR. MATCHETT—That's the way them Eye-talians does when two funerals has a race. They always race coming *back* from the graveyard. That there is a better way. It stands to reason.

MR. OYSTER—You would think them boys

would stop to think that a house costs money. And them trucks costs money, too.

MR. HINSCH—And here we got all them Semper Fidelises saying the town had ought to pay Scotty's family a pension, account of him getting beaned like you might say in the line of duty, and all them Water Witches says it's a hell of a note to sock a pension on the taxpayers, account of Scotty being the one that started the fight. And it don't make no difference which way we settle it, we got ourself in dutch.

MR. MATCHETT—A fellow don't hardly know what to do.

MR. HINSCH—Them companies wasn't so bad before this here Rotary Club butted in with all their lovey-dovey stuff.

MR. MATCHETT—Why, no! What I mean, they had a fight now and then, but they didn't have nobody get killed or no house burn down, like of that.

MR. OYSTER—But them Rotarys wasn't satisfied. They had to get up a association, and have all the firemen belong to it, so them two companies would love one another. Who the hell ever hear tell of a couple of fire companies that love one another?

MR. HINSCH—I don't think much of that stuff. You got to have competition.

MR. OYSTER—And come to find out, they love each other so dam much they had a fight and the house burns down. And Scotty gets killed.

MR. HINSCH—Them Rotarys makes me sick. Why the hell does them fellows belong to a order like that?

MR. MATCHETT—I hear a fellow say they don't pay no benefits nor nothing.

MR. OYSTER—That's right. Jim Peasely, that was president last year, told me so hisself. They ain't got no insurance or nothing like that.

MR. MATCHETT—And they ain't got no regalia.

MR. OYSTER—And then another thing, why don't they have their meetings at night? Daytime ain't no time for a order to meet. I'd like to see them try to pull

off a initiation, what I mean, a real initiation, with a big class of candidates, like of that, in the daytime. Why, you couldn't do it.

MR. MATCHETT—All they got is a password.

MR. OYSTER—Password? Why hell, they ain't got a password no more than a snowbird has. They got a motto, that's all they got. "Serve yourself," or something like that, I forget just what it is. But not no regular password, not even a grip.

MR. HINSCH—Is that right?

MR. MATCHETT—I swear to God, I never knowed that. I thought they had a password and a grip.

MR. HINSCH—Ain't they got nothing at all?

MR. OYSTER—Not a dam thing! And to hear them fellows talk, and read them pieces in the paper, you would think it was something.

MR. HINSCH—When I go in a order, I want something for my money.

MR. MATCHETT—Me too. I'm in the Junior Order and Heptasophs now, and before long . . . well, I reckon you boys know what I got my eye on. I hope to get took in the Odd Fellows.

MR. OYSTER—Shall we tell him, Hinsch?

MR. HINSCH—Go ahead and tell him.

MR. OYSTER—We got a little surprise for you, Matchett. It's all fixed up for you with the Odd Fellows. They act on it next meeting. Fact of the matter is the committee has already passed on it.

MR. MATCHETT—Is that right! . . . Well, boys, that there was sure some surprise, and I tell you it makes a fellow sure feel good. I kind of had an idea, but a fellow can't never be sure.

MR. OYSTER—Yep, she's all fixed up. You'll be right on the steamboat when this Summer's excursion pulls out.

MR. MATCHETT—It sure does make a fellow feel good.

MR. HINSCH—What I say, if them Rotarys hadn't of butted in with this here Buddy Association, everything would of been all right. Them firemen didn't need no

association. They ought to of kept them companies separate. But then they get in this here bum argument about what color plumes they're going to have on their hats and then everything is balled up like hell.

MR. OYSTER—That there is a hot thing to have a argument about, ain't it, what color plumes they're going to have? My God! What difference does it make what color plumes they have? They could have green plumes and it wouldn't make no difference to me.

MR. HINSCH—Me neither. But I say them Water Witches had one thing on their side. White plumes gets dirty awful quick.

MR. OYSTER—Well, Hinsch, I say it's according as according. If a fellow takes care of his hat right, what I mean not make no football outen it and use it to dust off the back porch, why them plumes stays clean about as long as a man could expect. Me, I kind of like them white plumes. They show off good on parade.

MR. HINSCH—They don't show off as good as red plumes. A fellow can see a red plume a long ways off.

MR. OYSTER—The trouble with them red plumes was that Myersville had them.

MR. HINSCH—Myersville ain't got no red plumes no more. They changed them to blue this year.

MR. OYSTER—I know they changed them, but the trouble is, nobody out in the State don't know about it. What them Semper Fidelises was thinking about was the State Carnival. Them boys is taken first prize on appearance for three years now, and they didn't want nobody getting them mixed up with Myersville. Well, yes, it's a shame the way things is all shot to hell since them Rotarys butted in the way they done. Them companies ain't got no more show at the Carnival now than a snowball in hell.

MR. HINSCH—I hear them Semper Fidelises ain't going down to the Carnival if they don't get what they want for Scotty Akers.

MR. OYSTER—Yeah, I hear that too. First time in fifteen years we ain't had two companies at the Carnival. I would think them Rotarys would be ashamed of theirsself.

MR. MATCHETT—Well, boys, this sure is good news. What I say, a fellow had ought to go in the Junior Order first. The place for a young fellow is in the Junior Order. Then, when he gets so's he can take on another one, he ought to get took in the Heptasophs. Anyway, that's what I done, and if I had the thing to do over again, I would do it the same way. Then, when he gets a little older and he knows where he's at, it's time to get took in the Odd Fellows. Ain't that right?

MR. HINSCH—A fellow hadn't ought to be in no hurry about the Odd Fellows. Junior Order first, I say.

MR. OYSTER—It don't pay to be in no hurry.

MR. HINSCH—Fact of the matter, Oyster, I ain't never got it straight in my head whether Scotty died in line of duty or not. That there is a question.

MR. OYSTER—The way I look at it, Scotty was there when the bell rang. Then Scotty drove the truck out and got to the fire. And he was at the fire. We know that much, and there can't be no argument about it. Well, suppose Scotty had of been squirting water on the fire? The string-piece might of beaned him just the same.

MR. HINSCH—That's so, all right. Fact of the matter, you might say the string-piece would of been more libel to of beaned him if he was squirting water on the fire than like it was. A fellow runs a awful risk, taking a hose in close on a fire when it gets started good.

MR. OYSTER—And then another thing. Take where Scotty was standing. He didn't have to pulled that nozzle in close to the fire like that, just to sock it on them Water Witches. It looks to me like Scotty was just getting ready to turn it on the fire anyhow.

MR. HINSCH—That's right. I was thinking about that myself.

MR. OYSTER—And then, it don't make no difference if Scotty started the fight, he helped to put out a whole lot of fires, and a fellow don't hardly know which fire he's going to get killed at.

MR. HINSCH—It's just like lynching a nigger. Some of them says you ought not to lynch him, account of maybe he ain't the right nigger, but I always say if a nigger hadn't ought to be lynched for one thing he ought to be lynched for something else he done, so it don't pay to figure it down too close. It's just the same way with Scotty. He might of got beaned some other time.

MR. OYSTER—Or later on, maybe.

MR. HINSCH—Of course, I ain't saying Scotty didn't make a whole lot of trouble the way he talked. If Scotty could of kept his trap shut he would of been a hell of a sight better fellow.

MR. OYSTER—Scotty had a plenty to say all right. But in a way, you might say he done a lot for the town.

MR. HINSCH—I say anybody that went to fires regular like Scotty done, why he done a lot for the town, even if he did have a lot to say.

MR. OYSTER—If it was only me, I would say pay the pension, and glad to do it.

MR. HINSCH—That's right. I would be the first one to vote for it.

MR. OYSTER—The trouble is them goddam Water Witches.

MR. HINSCH—Them Water Witches sure would raise hell. And what makes it bad, them Water Witches is all from the upper end of town and they pay the taxes.

MR. OYSTER—Them Semper Fidelises ain't got no money.

MR. HINSCH—Most of them Semper Fidelises pays rent. It's them Water Witches owns the property, or their people does.

MR. OYSTER—They pay rent when they pay it. I swear to God, I don't see how half of them boys gets along.

MR. HINSCH—Now what I say, it ain't

nothing against them boys that they're poor people, like of that. But when them people that pays taxes comes in here and puts up a holler, why you got to pay some attention to it.

MR. OYSTER—They put up a holler all right. You could hear them a mile. They plumb wore me out.

MR. MATCHETT—There wasn't no trouble about it, was there? What I mean, nobody didn't drop no blackball against me, did they?

MR. HINSCH—Not a one.

MR. OYSTER—I don't believe I ever saw a application go through as quick as hisn, did you, Hinsch?

MR. HINSCH—Same as a greased pig.

MR. MATCHETT—You know what I would tell them Rotarys if they was to come along and ask me to get in it? I'd tell them to go plumb to hell. The Odd Fellows is good enough for me.

MR. HINSCH—I wouldn't stay up late nights waiting for them to ask you to get in it. They wouldn't have such a no-account piece of trash as you in it.

MR. OYSTER—Oh no! Them Rotarys is a sassiety order. A-setting around the lunch table, making speeches and trying to make out like they knowed what all the tools was for.

MR. HINSCH—They brung Jim Peasely a bowl of water to wash the fish smell offen his fingers and he drunk it.

MR. OYSTER—Thought it was soup.

MR. MATCHETT—Don't it beat all, the way them fellows does? I wouldn't trade off one good order, like the Odd Fellows, for a dozen of them Rotarys.

MR. OYSTER—It's a wonder them Rotarys wouldn't help finish what they started. But nobody ain't heard a word out of them since this trouble started.

MR. HINSCH—Then there's another way to look at it. If we listen to them Water Witches and don't allow no pension, why then we got all them Semper Fidelises saying Scotty got killed in line of duty, same as a soldier, and the town won't do nothing for him.

MR. OYSTER—Say, Hinsch. That there is what they said, ain't it? "Same as a soldier." That there gives me a idea.

MR. HINSCH—I hope to hell somebody's got a idea. I ain't.

MR. OYSTER—Hinsch, next Tuesday come a week is Decoration Day. Well, why not us get up a resolution, what I mean a real fancy resolution, saying Scotty died in line of duty same as a soldier, and appropriate some money to put a wreaf on his grave Decoration Day, and then say all the firemen had ought to have a festival to raise some money for Scotty's family. How's that hit you?

MR. HINSCH—That ain't so bad. How much is wreaves?

MR. OYSTER—They put up as pretty a wreaf as you want to see for twenty-five dollars. The town can afford twenty-five dollars.

MR. HINSCH—Them Water Witches couldn't hardly put up no squawk on twenty-five dollars. And that there would certainly help to satisfy them Semper Fidelises. They can make a whole lot of money on a festival, this time of year, if everybody gets out and works.

MR. OYSTER—And then we could put in that the commissioners has looked up the law and found it ain't legal for the town to pay out a pension for Scotty. That there would make it look like we wanted to pay out a pension, only we couldn't.

MR. HINSCH—That's right. And so far as that goes, they ain't none of us don't want to see something done for Scotty's family.

MR. OYSTER—You and me was just saying if it was only us, we would give a pension and glad to do it.

MR. HINSCH—And fact of the matter is, I ain't no ways sure the commissioners is got power to pay out a pension. I ain't said nothing about it, but if them Water Witches was to take it to court, I don't believe it would stand up.

MR. OYSTER—Why, Hinsch, it stands to

reason it ain't legal. Them is the things people never think about.

MR. HINSCH—That's right. What makes me sick is this here no-account element, always kicking and putting up a holler, and you try to please them, and nothing ever suits them, and come to find out, they don't know what they want.

MR. OYSTER—And then another thing. We'll put in that them Rotarys had ought to help out with the festival. They done raised so much hell, now let them do a little work.

MR. HINSCH—That's right. Now le's get this here resolution wrote up. This here has got to be a pretty good resolution, what I mean, not no regular resolution, but a fancy one, if it's going to do the work. You write it.

MR. OYSTER—Not me. I ain't much on writing. You write it.

MR. HINSCH—All right.

He sighs, and slowly collects pen and paper. Presently he starts to write. Mr. Oyster lights a cigar and watches him. Mr. Matchett dreamily looks out the window.

MR. MATCHETT (*after a very long time, in the tempo of the intermezzo out of "Cavalleria Rusticana"*)—Boys . . . I tell you there ain't nothing will do as much for a fellow . . . as a good fraternal order. . . . If I was a young fellow . . . first thing I would join . . . would be the Junior Order . . . then the Heptasophs . . . or maybe the Red Men . . . then . . . the Odd Fellows. . . . You can't beat a good order . . . to help a young fellow along. . . . Take, for instance . . . if you was to land broke . . . in some town . . . them lodge brothers . . . wouldn't never let you jump no freight . . . to get home. . . . I remember one time . . . over in Myersville . . . I lost forty-seven dollars . . . at a shell game . . . in the county fair . . . and when I got done . . . I didn't have a dam nickel . . . to buy myself a hot dog with . . . and the Junior Order seen me through. . . . You can't beat a good order . . . to help a young fellow . . . along. . . .

MR. HINSCH—I got something wrote out here. But it seems to me it's too dam long.

MR. OYSTER—Why, hell, it ought to be long. That pleases a whole lot of people. Read it.

MR. HINSCH (*in an impressive voice*)—Whereas, in the wisdom of Almighty God—

MR. OYSTER—That's the stuff.

MR. HINSCH—there has been taken from our midst one of our most valuable and beloved citizens, Winfield Scott Akers, snatched to his reward from the bosom of a sorrowing wife and five small children—

MR. OYSTER—Six.

MR. HINSCH—Did Scotty have another kid? Dam, I never knowed that.

MR. HINSCH— a sorrowing wife and six small children, but done his duty to the last, in the manner of a soldier on the field of battle—

MR. OYSTER—Them Semper Fidelises will eat that up.

MR. HINSCH—in order that precious property might be saved from the flames, and might of been, except for things not under human control—

MR. OYSTER—That kind of makes that goddam fight look better.

MR. HINSCH—and whereas, public-spirited citizens has appeared before the Board at a public hearing, whereof due notice was given three days in advance, according to law, and petitioned that the sorrowing family of the said beloved brother, Winfield Scott Akers, be given a pension of thirty-five dollars a month,—

MR. OYSTER—I would put in that we would of give it anyhow, only it was illegal.

MR. HINSCH—I got that in here. —and whereas, the Board is fully of the same sentiment in regards to the matter, and believe the sorrowing family of the said beloved brother, Winfield Scott Akers, is entitled to a pension, but regret to note, after looking up the charter, that

the Board has not got power to grant same, unless amended,—

MR. OYSTER—I would cross out that "unless amended." We don't want them Semper Fidelises trying to amend the charter. Things is bad enough like they are.

MR. HINSCH—That's right. —therefore be it resolved, that the Board appropriates the sum of twenty-five dollars for a wreaf to be placed on the grave of the said beloved brother, Winfield Scott Akers, May 30, Decoration Day, account of him dying in line of duty, same as a soldier, and hereby calls on both fire companies to hold a parade and lay the said wreaf on the grave, and further recommends that a festival be held that night, to be assisted in by both fire companies and all fraternal orders and civic societies, and that the Rotary Club take charge of same and see it is put over right. And be it further resolved, that this resolution be spread on the minutes of the Board and a copy sent to the sorrowing family of the said beloved brother, Winfield Scott Akers, and advertised in the press. Done under our hand and seal. How's that?

MR. OYSTER—Seems to me we could get some more fancy stuff in it. Something like "born aloft to his reward for his labors on this earth." Only Scotty never labored none, if he could help it.

MR. HINSCH—I'm going to write the first part over again. I got some Odd Fellow resolutions home that has got some good stuff in them.

MR. OYSTER—That's right. Some of them Memorial Service resolutions would have a whole lot of that stuff in them.

MR. HINSCH—Well, that fixes it, don't it? Dam, I sure thought they had us in a hole for a while. Now let them goddam Rotary buttinskis take off their coat and go to work.

MR. OYSTER—That there'll fix them.

MR. MATCHETT—Boys, did you ever stop to think what a real good fraternal order can do for a man?

WALT WHITMAN AND ITALIAN MUSIC

BY LOUISE POUND

WALT WHITMAN alone had the secret of his own kind of free verse, and no one since has caught it. From what did it spring? His relationships to Blake and to Ossian, to oriental verse, to the mannered verse of Browning and to the mannered prose of Carlyle have all been examined; but the hypothesis of his great indebtedness to predecessors and contemporaries is usually, and rightly, discarded. Whitman was not a poet made by literary influences, as, for example, Emerson and Lowell were made by college culture and by the intellectual and social forces of their New England day. His thought and his technique sprang from attitudes of mind quite different from the customary. He was more than ordinarily self-made. He deliberately sought to free himself from older models and from accepted media of expression. He wished to break new ground and he broke it. Nevertheless, any source that may throw light upon his poetical development, or upon the shaping of his individual poetical style, deserves taking into account—especially since, in these days, many are convinced that he looms largest of all our native poets.

One such influence deserves greater emphasis than has yet been given it, and it is not that of books. It has had but passing mention by Whitman's biographers, but to the reader of his own records its significance seems unmistakable. In it, I think, is to be found the key to some phases of his attitude toward poetry, and it accounts for an interesting element in his curious polyglot diction. It has, on the whole, less to do with the content or the ideas of his verse than with his manner of expression

and his general attitude toward his poetic utterance and his public. It is the influence of music.

Sculpture and painting had slight interest for him. They play little or no part in his verse, much as books play little part in it. But of music, though he was not himself a musician, he had strong appreciation. It stirred him as did no other æsthetic force. Literary historians and biographers have noted his fondness for the theatre and for the opera, for it could hardly escape readers of his "Specimen Days" and his other autobiographical notes; but with a passing remark or two on the probable effect of these agencies on his art, they have passed to the main tasks which preoccupied them. Yet the subject well merits specific treatment. Whitman was influenced uniquely and profoundly by Italian operatic music, and he relied upon importations from Italian musical nomenclature to an extent not to be paralleled in other poets. In his formative period in New York, supplied with the usual pressman's pass, he haunted the opera, and he carried his memories of Italian operatic scenes through the years. He also had operatic opportunities during his sojourn in New Orleans, in the period when "Leaves of Grass" was yet in incubation. It was in New Orleans that opera was first given in America; and it was presented four times a week in the months of Whitman's stay. It seems unlikely that he failed to attend. He heard all the good soloists, orchestras, and bands that came to New York in the decades of his residence there. Nor did his delight in music, vocal and instrumental, leave him as he grew older. He records in

1880 his unusual pleasure at hearing Beethoven's septette at a fine concert in an opera house in Philadelphia.

An early testimony to his love of opera appears toward the beginning of "Specimen Days":

I heard, these years, well rendered, all the Italian and other operas in vogue, "Somnambula," "The Puritans," "Der Freischütz," "Huguenots," "Fille du Regiment," "Faust," "Etoile du Nord," "Poliute," and others. Verdi's "Ernani," "Rigoletto," and "Trovatore," with Donizetti's "Lucia" or "Favorita" or "Lucrezia," and Auber's "Massaniello," or Rossini's "William Tell" and "Gazza Ladra," were among my special enjoyments. I heard Alboni every time she sang in New York and vicinity—also Grisi, the tenor Mario, and the baritone Badiali, the finest in the world.

This musical passion followed my theatrical one. . . . I yet recall the splendid seasons of the Havana musical troupe under Maretzek—the fine band, the cool sea breezes, the unsurpassed vocalism—Steffan'one, Bosio, Truffi, Marini in "Marino Falieri," "Don Pasquale," or "Favorita." No better playing or singing ever in New York. It was here too I afterward heard Jenny Lind.

We learn of the effect on him of the singing of the tenor Bettini, in one of his "Letters from Paumanok":

Those fresh vigorous tones of Bettini!—I have often wished to know this man, for a minute, that I might tell him how much of the highest order of pleasure he has conferred upon me. His voice has often affected me to tears. Its clear, firm, wonderfully exalting notes, filling and expanding away; dwelling like a poised lark up in heaven; have made my very soul tremble.—Critics talk of others who are more perfectly artistic—yes, as the well-shaped marble is artistic. But the singing of this man has breathing blood within it; the living soul, of which the lower stage they call art, is but the shell and sham. . . .

After travelling through fifteen years' display in this city, of musical celebrities from Mrs. Austin up to Jenny Lind, from Ole Bull on to Conductor Benedict, with much fair enjoyment of the talent of all; none have thoroughly satisfied, overwhelmed me but this man. Never before did I realize what an indescribable volume of delight the recesses of the soul can bear from the sound of the honied perfection of the human voice. The *manly* voice it must be, too. The female organ, however curious and high, is but as the pleasant moonlight.

The Astor Opera House brought Bettini to New York in 1850, after Barnum had set an example by bringing Jenny Lind to Castle Garden. A few years later (1853), the contralto Marietta Alboni (1823-1894)

of the great old school of Italian singing, then at the height of her career, was in New York; and Whitman heard her every night that she appeared—twenty times, perhaps. She made an extraordinary impression on him, stirring him as Jenny Lind never had. Her voice swept him off his feet, even more than did Bettini's. In several poems, such as "Proud Music of the Storm," he mentions her by name. "To a Certain Cantatrice" was probably addressed to her.

Later in life he wrote in "Specimen Days," July 4, 1880:

Such are the things, indeed, I lay away with my life's rare and blessed bits of hours, reminiscent, past . . . the elder Booth as Richard . . . or Alboni in the children's scene in "Norma."

In August 20 of the same year he writes:

Of a rare charm and simplicity—like the organ-chant at midnight from the old Spanish convent in "Favorita"—one strain only, simple and monotonous and unornamented—but indescribably penetrating and grand and masterful.

A manuscript remains, written later than 1855, of a newspaper article entitled "A Visit to the Opera with Some Gossip About the Singers and Music." It contains sections on the "Orchestra" and on "Italian Music and Methods." Mention should be made also of the unmistakable testimony of Helen E. Price: "Alboni he considered the greatest of them all, both as regards voice and emotional and artistic power," and of Fanny Raymond Ritter, both cited by Whitman's friend, Dr. Bucke, in his biographical sketch of 1884. Whitman told her, said Mrs. Ritter, that

it would be strange indeed if there were no music at the heart of his poems, for more of these were actually inspired by music than he himself could remember. Moods awakened by music in the streets, the theater, and in private, had originated in poems apparently far removed from the scenes and feelings of the moment. But, above all, he said, while he was yet brooding over poems still to come, he was touched and inspired by the glorious, golden, soul-smiting voice of the greatest Italian contralto singer, Marietta Alboni. Her mellow, powerful, delicate tones, so heart-felt in their expression, so spontaneous in their utterance, had deeply penetrated his spirit, and never, as when subsequently writing of the mocking-bird or any other bird-song, on a frag-

rant, moonlit summer night, had he been able to free himself from the recollection of the deep emotion that had inspired and affected him while he listened to the singing of Marietta Alboni.

II

By far the best evidence of the impression made by operatic music on Whitman is to be found in his verse itself. Several of his poems might well have been composed at the opera, as perhaps they were, for he is said to have written in the street, on the ferry boat, at the sea-side, and in the fields. A passage from his "Song of Myself" reads:

I hear the chorus, it is a grand opera,
Ah, this is indeed music—this suits me.

A tenor large and fresh as the creation fills me,
The orbic flex of his mouth is pouring and filling
me full.

I hear the train'd soprano (what work with hers
is this?)
The orchestra whirls me wider than Uranus
flies . . .

In "Yon Solemn-Sweet Pipes of the Organ" occur the lines "I heard the perfect Italian tenor singing at the opera, I hear the soprano in the midst of the quartette singing." His poem "A Dead Tenor" from "Sands at Seventy" is brief enough and interesting enough to be cited in full:

As down the stage again,
With Spanish hat and plumes, and gait inimitable,
Back from the fading lessons of the past, I'd call,
I'd tell and own,
How much from thee! the revelation of the singing
voice from thee!
So firm—so liquid—soft—again that tremulous
manly timbre!
The perfect singing voice—deepest of all to me
the lesson—trial and test of all:
How through those strains distill'd—how the
rapt ears, the soul of me absorbing
Fernando's heart, *Manrico's* passionate call, *Er-
nani's*, sweet *Gennaro's*,
I fold thenceforth, or seek to fold, within my
chords transmuting,
Freedom's and Love's and Faith's unloos'd can-
table,
(As perfume's, color's, sunlight's correlation:)
From these, for these, with these, a hurried line,
dead tenor,
A wafted autumn leaf, dropt in the closing grave,
the shovel'd earth,
A memory of thee.

"The Music Always Round Me" is another poem exhibiting a passage unmistakably of operatic inspiration:

That music always round me, unceasing, un-
beginning, yet long untaught I did not hear,
But now the chorus I hear and am elated.
A tenor strong, ascending with power and health,
with glad notes of daybreak I hear,
A soprano at intervals sailing buoyantly over the
tops of immense waves,
A transparent bass shuddering lusciously under
and through the universe,
The triumphant tutti, the funeral wailings with
sweet flutes and violins, all these I fill myself
with.

During his Western tour he wrote "Italian Music in Dakota," after hearing "The Seventeenth—the finest Regimental Band I ever heard":

Sounds, echoes, wandering strains, as really here
at home,
Sornambula's innocent love, trios with *Norma's*
anguish,
And thy ecstatic chorus, *Polio*;
Ray'd in the limpid yellow slanting sundown,
Music, Italian music in Dakota.

Perhaps the best and fullest example of Whitman's poetical preoccupation with Italian music is to be found in "Proud Music in the Storm." No array of passages testifying to the impression made upon him by music, especially Italian operatic music, would be complete without citation of it. Some selected passages are:

A festival song,
The duet of bride and bridegroom, a marriage-
march
And with it every instrument in multitudes,
The players playing, all the world's musicians,
The solemn hymns and masses rousing adoration,
All passionate heart-chants, sorrowful appeals,
The measureless sweet vocalists of ages,
And for their solvent setting earth's own dia-
pason,
Of woods and winds and mighty ocean waves,
A new composite orchestra,
Tutti for earth and heaven;
(The Almighty leader now for once has signal'd
with His wand.)
The tongues of violins, English warbles.
Chansons of France, Scotch tunes . . . and o'er
the rest,
Italia's peerless compositions.

Across the stage with pallor on her face, yet lurid
passion,
Stalks *Norma* brandishing the dagger in her hand.

I see poor crazed Lucia's eyes' unnatural gleam,
Her hair down her back falls loose and dishevel'd.

I see where Ernani walking the bridal garden,
Amid the scent of light-roses, radiant, holding
his bride by the hand,
Hears the infernal call, the death-pledge of the
horn.

I hear those odes, symphonies, operas,
I hear in "William Tell" the music of an arous'd
and angry people,
I hear Meyerbeer's "Huguenots," the "Prophet,"
or "Robert,"
Gounod's "Faust," or Mozart's "Don Juan."

He refers in later lines to "mighty
maestros, sweet singers of old lands, so-
prani, tenori, bassi!" and to the "vocalism
of sun-bright Italy."

Opera before Wagner, we need hardly
be reminded, consisted mainly of bright
melodies strung together with recitative
and accompanied by not very complex or-
chestration. Operas were written chiefly to
afford tenors and sopranos opportunities
for arias. Whitman's friends sometimes
tried to interest him in Wagner, he tells
us, thinking that the new music should be
fundamentally congenial to him. "But I
was fed and bred under the Italian dispen-
sation," he comments. "I absorbed it and
probably show it."

III

Passing to the subject of Whitman's dic-
tion, one is struck by his distinctive bor-
rowings from the nomenclature of Italian
music. No other poet ever ventured the ex-
periment on the same scale. Except for
chiaroscuro which he uses in "Specimen
Days" and "the *ambulanza* slowly passing
trailing its red drip" ("Song of Myself,"
33) and "*Santa Spirita*, breather, life," in
"Whispers of Heavenly Death," he uses
no Italian words or phrases that are not
drawn from the terminology of music.
There is often something violent or gro-
tesque in his incorporations from the
French, as when he exclaims of the prairie,
"How plenteous, how spiritual, how
resumé," or when he addresses "Democ-
racy" or "France" as *ma femme*. But his

introduction of Italian terms usually seems
less far-fetched and much more poetical.
Here is a pretty complete array of illus-
trative lines:

. . . the baritone singer singing his sweet *romanza*,
nor that of the men's chorus nor that of the
women's chorus

—*A Song for Occupations*, 4.

Now list to my morning's *romanza*,
So tell I my morning's *romanza*

—*Song of the Answerer*.

I hear *bravuras* of birds

—*Song of Myself*, 26.

Not you as some pale poetling seated at a desk
lisp *cadenzas piano*

—*Eighteen Sixty-One*.

The *aria* sinking,
All else continuing, the stars shining,

—*Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking*.

I too with my soul and body,
We a curious *trio*, picking, wandering on our way,

—*O Pioneers*.

Fingers of the organist skipping *staccato* over the
keys of the great organ

—*Song of the Broad-Axe*.

Bright has the day been, and my spirits an equal
sforzando

—*Specimen Days*.

I fold thenceforth, or seek to fold, within my
chants transmuting,
Freedom's and Love's and Faith's unloos'd
cantabile.

—*The Dead Tenor*.

To flutes' clear notes and sounding harps' *cantabile*

—*Proud Music of the Storm*, 5.

See my *cantabile*! these and more are flashing to us
from the procession

—*A Broadway Pageant*.

The musical term Whitman likes best
and employs most frequently is *finalé*. He
substitutes it, in many connections, for
close, termination, end. It appears in the
title of "Now Finalé to the Shore," com-
posed in his old age, which takes its name
from the first line.

Now *finalé* to the shore,
Now land and life *finalé* and farewell.

Other examples are:

The ever-tending, the *finalé* of visible forms

—*Starting from Paumanok*.

Do you suppose I could be content with all if I
brought them their own *finalé*?

—*Facet*, 2.

I sing the endless *finalés* of things

—*Song at Sunset*.

A word I give to remain in your minds and
memories

As base and *finalé* too for all metaphysics

—*The Base of All Metaphysics*.

The expression "toward my thought's *finale*" occurs in "Democratic Vistas." Later in this work he employs a phrase having musical currency when he writes "both with Science and *con amore*"; and his "No dainty *dolce affetuoso*" in "Starting from Paumanok" is also derived from musical nomenclature.

In many poems, as in passages from "Proud Music of the Storm" he introduces Italian terms associated with vocal and orchestral music:

Tutti, for earth and heaven;
(The Almighty leader now for once has signal'd
with His wand.) . . .

Composers! mighty *maestros*!
And you, sweet singers of old lands, *soprani*,
tenori, *bassi*!
To you a new bard, caroling in the West,
Obeisant sends his love.

His association of himself, in this passage, with singers has significance. This is recurrent with him, while he rarely or never associates his poetry with the books put forth by others. His fondness for the term *recitative* in connection with his own poetry will be touched upon later.

I hear of the Italian boat-sculler the musical
recitative of old poems

—*Salut au Monde*, 3.

Another musical term of which he is fond is *clef*, a term French in origin but deserving inclusion in a record of the technical nomenclature of music appearing in his poetry. In "On the Beach at Night Alone," he remarks, "As I watch the bright stars, I think a thought of the *clef* of the Universes and of the future." "The Clef Poem" in "Leaves of Grass" was intended to "strike the key note not only for his poems but for the universe itself." Illustrations are found in many of the passages already cited of his references to choruses, quartettes, duets, marches, and timbre, and to the various instruments of the orchestra. In "A Song of Myself" occurs the Italian acclamation:

Vivas to those who have failed

In "By Blue Ontario's Shore" he has:

Bravas to all impulses sending sane children to
the next age,

and in "A Thought of Columbus," yet again deriving his terms from his experience at the opera, he writes—

If thou still hearest, hear me,
Voicing as now—lands, arts, *bravas* to thee. . . .
Soul *plaudits* . . .

IV

The inference is surely valid that Whitman's memories of the arias and rhymeless recitatives of Italian opera strongly influenced the character of his own chants. He does not use the verb, to write. He says sing, warble, carol, trill, or chant. His critics are bothered when he calls himself a chansonnier, the very thing, they say, that he was *not*. But, to himself, that was what he was or sought to be. He associates himself with singers, or has in mind the effects of orators or the declamations of actors before the footlights, far more than he has in mind the conventional poetry of libraries. Whitman wrote directly from living impulses and immediate sights rather than from books. During the incubation of "Leaves of Grass" he was stimulated by the memory of the best vocalists and the best operas available at that day. Poetry to him was a kind of passionate musical utterance, tallying the rhythmic progress of humanity. He abandoned himself to it in a kind of world-emotion, as he did to the singing of Bettini or Alboni.

Significant, I think, is his frequent application of the musical term, *recitative*, to his verse, or to poetry in general. Here are a few examples:

Such be the *recitative* I bring to thee
—*Thou Mother with Thy Equal Brood*.
My life and *recitative*, containing birth, youth,
mid-age years

—*On, On the Same, Ye Jocund Twain*.
These *recitatives* for thee, my book and the war
are one

—*To Thee Old Cause*.

Thee for my *recitative*,
Thee in the driving storm, even as now
—*To a Locomotive in Winter*.

In a far-away northern country in the placid pas-
toral region,

Lives my farmer friend, the theme of my *recitative*,
a famous tamer of oxen

—*The Ox-Tamer*.

"Vocalism" is the title of one of his poems, and "Warble in Lilac Time," "These Carols," and "Old Chants" of others. Some examples of his incessant references to his own verse as oral are as follows:

"Then for addition and variety I launch forth in my *vocalism*."—*Specimen Days*.

Democracy! near at hand to you a throat is now inflating itself and joyfully singing.

I would sing in my copious song, *Year of Meteors*.
Among my lovers and caroling these songs, have I sung so capricious and loud my savage songs?

—*Calamus*.

I exultant to be ready for them will now shake out carols stronger and haughtier than have ever yet been heard upon earth. . . .
Caroling free, singing our song of God, chanting our chant of pleasant exhilaration,

—*Passage to India*.

I have not felt to warble and trill however sweetly . . .

For you, O Democracy . . . for you, for you, I am trilling these songs

—*For You, O Democracy*.

I chant the world in my Western song.

—*A Broadway Pageant*.

Come said the Muse,
Sing me a song no poet has yet chanted,
Sing me the universal

—*Song of the Universal*.

Erect, inflated, and fully self-esteeming be the chant; and then America will listen with pleased ears

—*Democratic Vistas*.

I myself as connector, as *chansonnier* of a great future am now speaking

—*The Centenarian's Story*.

And I send these words to Paris with my love,
And I guess some *chansonniers* there will understand me. . . .

I will sing a song for you *ma femme*

—*France, in the Eighteenth Year of These States*.

To reiterate, Whitman's whole conception of poetry, on the side of expression and delivery, seems to be colored by the pose of the singer, or in less degree by that of the actor or the orator, out at the footlights, reaching his audience with his voice. There is even a considerable visual resemblance between the pages of Whitman's poetry and the pages of operatic librettos. To him poetry is always song and

the poet always a singer, a warbler, or a chansonnier. This is the underlying view even in, "I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world." To most Nineteenth Century poets, poetry is something written and it has circulation by being read. One is reminded of Tennyson's "one poor poet's scroll." To Whitman poetry is something uttered. He writes as one seeking to achieve his effects through the living voice.

Some might indeed find in the structure of his more elaborate poems something orchestral and symphonic. There are certainly parallels that suggest themselves. As does a sonata or symphony, his poems not infrequently present a main motive, with amplification, balance, and distribution, repetition and recapitulation. The inner progress is now delayed, now pushed forward; there are auxiliary parts and contrasting movements. In the scale of the composition, in the manner of exposition, and in the working out and building up of mood, there is often something that may fairly be termed symphonic. But, of course, we have to do here only with analogy. The word *symphony* is one which Whitman used but rarely. There is little likelihood that he had this form of composition in mind when he planned his verse. Attempts have often been made to endow poetry with musical structure. Certain French poets and a few contemporary American poets have tried to write word-symphonies, and with them may be placed the author of "London Voluntaries." But it would be error to assume that Whitman consciously attempted the symphonic. The American poet of the Nineteenth Century who sought to make a "symphony in words," who thought that a poem could be put together in the same manner as a composition for musical instruments, was not Walt Whitman but that dual genius—poet and professional musician—Sidney Lanier.

GRAVESEND BAY

BY GIUSEPPE CAUTELA

A SOMNOLENT air of romance pervades the air all along the shore from Fort Hamilton down to Gravesend Bay. For the past hundred years things have not changed much. Only the people have. One hears names of the past mentioned in connection with deeds that are supposed to have made history. This is very vague and meagre. In the swift whirl of time that makes all things sink into oblivion, we see only pallid figures emerge from inconsequential lives.

Some time ago I was taken with the crazy notion to find out why Gravesend Bay was called Gravesend. The name charmed me, and because I lived near it, I saw continually in front of me a ship with broken masts, and sails ripped to shreds, being battered to bits on the beach. I imagined that in years gone by Gravesend Bay must have been a graveyard for ships and sailors. Hence the name. With great fortitude I went to the branch library of my neighborhood and tried to find out through the scant history of Kings county why Gravesend was Gravesend. No one knew. "Oh, well," I said to myself, "this is mysteriously charming. Is anything something if it is not mysterious?" Then I loved Gravesend more than ever. My imagination was open to all sorts of conceptions—graveyard, battered ships and everything.

I was lured to the beach now as to a tryst with a mysterious and beautiful woman. I forthwith began to explore the shore, leisurely, with great expectations. Never have I suffered deeper disillusion. What abandonment, what neglect! Was it true that this was a part of the great city of Brooklyn? Was there back of it that fur-

nace of humanity called New York? Was this bleak shore a part of its port? Old hotels dot the whole way from Fort Hamilton to Gravesend Bay. Some live yet with that despairing wish of life that comes to the dying. Some have died in agony and their skeletons await burial. The Bensonhurst, right by me, is included in a parcel of shoreland bought during the war for exploitation. The armistice halted the enterprise. More romance for Gravesend! When the wind blows and howls through the broken windows and doors of the Bensonhurst, children hurry past, fearing ghosts.

II

Save for a few coal-yards, there is nothing else to arrest the eye all along the shore from Fort Hamilton down. Yet if you lift your eyes from the shore and contemplate the Bay, the vista is really beautiful, charming. If Progress has not yet touched Gravesend, perhaps it is well that it is so. Suppose some ugly modern project reared itself? Sometime ago I got wind of such a thing. The people at the City Hall were really thinking of doing something. Some sort of Riverside Drive. The people of the section, as soon as they heard of this, began talking of increasing property values. They forgot the polluted waters of the bay, wherein their children wallowed in Summer like pigs. They forgot the sewage of New York, which still floats and settles down at Gravesend Bay. Well, there is no better place for any kind of muck to accumulate.

Shades of Walt Whitman, where is your thundering voice? Walt used to stretch

himself on the sands here, naked, in the sunlight. He could not do it now without a certain pity for humanity. He could not fish either. There are no fish. Yet, on clear mornings, how clean the waters of the bay seem! One morning I could not resist the temptation. I plunged into them. Although I have used much hot water and soap since that day, I have been loathing myself ever since.

Twenty years ago Bensonhurst was a Summer resort. New York's élite used to bathe there. There is still a row of bathing houses on the beach, but it requires an effort of the mind to imagine their past splendor. Why should all things human deteriorate so quickly? Looking at them, one begins to ponder how really miserable and flitting life is. An enormous population might be living here. Have administrations been improvident? Man has not done his full duty toward himself, that is certain.

And this is the gate to New York! In no other great city on this earth do you see such utter neglect. No mind, so far, has found a way to make it beautiful. But we know how to be wasteful to the point of bestiality. We insult nature with neglect as we insult ourselves with ignorance. The hand of man has destroyed everything this shore had to make it attractive and restful. The only thing that could not be got rid of is the breeze that comes from the ocean. It's the one thing that makes life bearable after that beastly ride in the subway. Here is a problem, but it's better not to think of it.

Meanwhile, intellectual Jews, from Russia mostly, and a few stray Italians sit and dream in Bensonhurst Park, while their children play and get along famously on the sand and at school. Back of the shore their homes are comfortable and some are even beautiful. Their attitude towards civic activities is rather passive, which is admirable to a high degree, I think. They are too busy. They work hard and try to forget it with their newspapers on Sunday. They like to talk politics abstractly, but they love music, the theatre and the arts. The atmosphere here has

something of their mysticism and poetry. There is a certain somnolence in the air that invites one to rest and meditation. Perhaps it's really the new religion of a new people that is taking root on Gravesend Bay.

You feel the detachment of these folks from the American past. Real history, to them, is beginning now. Runaway brides are no longer shot on the beach, as in days of old. In Summer, on moonlight nights, couples go in rowboats singing the pathetic songs of Russia or the charming melodies of Naples. People forget the problems of the morrow. Work is too intense. Moreover, Coney Island is only a few steps away, and there, now, they have a boardwalk.

Across the bay from Gravesend is Sea Gate. Here wealth has secluded itself. A real estate company has managed to keep the place exclusive. But the main problem is common to both shores. The same sinister waters touch them, save on the ocean side. It is the ocean that saves them. They have a beach there that is yet a beach. But tar, oil and garbage float in for frequent visits.

III

The bay is of no commercial value, and I doubt if it could be made so. The waters are too shallow. Industry makes no claim on it. There isn't a single factory in the whole section, nor is there likely to be. People come here to sleep at night and rest on Sunday. The great expanse of the ocean—almost at your door—gives you the illusion of being miles and miles away from the Babel towers of New York. Sometimes, when there is mist, you sink and float into it, far out, beyond the reach of man and the clutch of reality. The big ships going out, opulent and haughty, awaken in you a desire of travel that is the more beautiful because it is unsatisfied. Coming in too late at night to enter the lower bay, they anchor in the channel, shimmering with lights. Such is the beauty that flits over Gravesend Bay.

I don't know if I should speak of the dignity of a great city. There is certainly no sign of it here. The immigrant will not see it on the neglected shore of Gravesend Bay. But under the moonlight it's a beautiful and forlorn thing. It invites people to love and forget. The waves hardly rustle. They invite to whisper. They make one murmur that nature is the mother that assuages all pain, and for this reason, I think, people do not care if Gravesend Bay in the sunlight looks a bit sad. Sadness, after all, makes one think, and one comes to the conclusion that what we think is best is not always really the best.

Gravesend Bay has given me a sweet indolence, an almost utter indifference to things. The waves here roll gently and timidly. In their whispering I detect a tolerance towards the imperfections of hu-

manity. To encase the scythe of this bay in a high sea wall, with a deep barren promenade, would attract such a herd of people as to make all dreams fly out over the ocean. At night the whole thing would look too cold and uniform, too smooth.

No, let the waste pile up! Let the seaweed roll on the beach and wither and die there. When the wind is high and the sands are blown on the road, you get the feeling of being a wild, free animal in perfect accord with the elements. I like it. I am perfectly peaceful, watching the fishing boats hover about like lost souls. The playful flapping of the sails in the wind reminds me how useless it is to try to sail against it. Why try? But is there, after all, a sweetness in struggling? Perhaps there is. It makes, in the end, for courage—and mirth.

PICTURES IN THE PAPERS

BY WALT McDOUGALL

FROM early childhood my vacations were spent at Oyster Bay. My Uncle John, who lived there, came down in his sloop to Eighty-fourth street, where my Aunt Sarah had a house on the river bank, and sailed back with a cargo of whooping youngsters. This lasted until about 1874. Adventures were not lacking on those voyages: moments of real terror in dreadful Hell Gate, sudden storms and annoying calms, and occasionally dreadful agonies from starvation between meals. There were wide tracts of genuine wilderness on Long Island then, where quail whistled and mud hens made sounds like a reverse gear being stripped. On the oak barrens between the creek and the sound, through which we went to bathe, the barefooted village boys and the sons of Summer residents met and made things pleasant in the informal and piquant manner of boys the world over.

Teddy Roosevelt lived not far away. He wore spectacles and was naturally the object of special attention from the village rednecks, being somewhat supercilious beside. He was willing to engage in combat, but strictly forbidden to do so on account of the spectacles. He was an undersized, nervous, studious boy who did not often join in the rough sports that occupied most of us, but I imagine that in this, also, he was checked by authority. We used to tease him when he sat on his porch and made wool horse-reins on a spool.

One day in New York, when we were both playing near the river in the backyard of a boy named Shieffelin whom I never met in later life, Teddy discovered that I was nearsighted too, though my parents

and teachers were unaware of the fact. There was a halt in our play when an eagle flew over us, high above, but I could not see the bird until Teddy offered me his spectacles. Such things were then rarely worn by youngsters. I instantly perceived the royal bird far aloft and at the same moment became aware of hundreds of details in the general landscape of which I had been hitherto unaware. Teddy informed me that I was nearsighted and generously bestowed upon me a lens from a broken pair which he happened to have in his pocket. I remember that next day in church this new acquisition made the time pass for me in new and intense enjoyment. Thus began a thralldom to opticians that endured until a recent unaccountable improvement in my sight brought me relief.

Roosevelt and I were always friendly and companionable. We were almost the same age and both were garrulous, opinionated and optimistic, and had in common a love for birds, hunting, riding and swimming. But I had never fathomed his passion for chopping down trees. Only for a short period was our friendship disturbed. This was when he became police commissioner and I perpetrated my awful eyeglass-and-teeth caricatures of him. The one that most enraged him was a funny combination of dentist's and optician's showcases, which quite curiously resembled him and of which I was secretly quite proud. I soon heard that he was deeply offended. His indignation was increased when on the day of his accession to office, or rather that evening, a rainy chill night, I anticipated his projected inspection of the force, and without disguise, but adopting a wide

and toothy grin, I, with a reporter, strolled up Sixth avenue, dispersing the cops, visiting police stations, appalling sergeants and lieutenants, and, without exciting the least suspicion, throwing a general scare into the force, simply by dint of a few snappy questions and a broadbrimmed army hat which I as well as Teddy at that time affected. That I resembled him closely enough to deceive those who had seen only his portraits was the secret of the success of this prank, the story of which caused considerable amusement and also some disgust in police circles. It made Roosevelt exceedingly sore and it was not until he became governor and Hugh Hastings, the State librarian, induced him to forgive me, that we entered upon our old relations. I had never dreamed of his taking offense, for no man knew better the value of such advertising and he had none of the false dignity of most great men.

Once I happened to be bicycling in Peekskill and came upon him as he was about to lead a regiment on a hike to Albany. He invited me to go along, but I declined on the score of duty, and he dropped into the grass beside me on the roadside, where we discussed many unimportant matters, plucking blades of grass and chewing them like two schoolboys while the troops stood waiting. Finally, noting the perturbed glances of his staff, he recollected himself and leaped on his horse. Plainly enough, the whole troop was wondering who the dusty wheelman was who had held up the hike for an hour. I met one of the staff years afterward who remembered the incident and he told me that the governor had told him who I was and had added, "If you ever meet him, treat him nice. He's like strong drink. He can sting like an adder!"

Platt and Depew never took offense at cartoons; Penrose sometimes quivered, but Quay was mail-clad. He didn't care how mean or offensive they were and frequently asked for and framed the originals of very scathing ones. Croker was touchy, though he pretended to disregard all newspaper attacks. He found it difficult, I perceived,

to treat me with bare civility when I met him, as I occasionally did. Mark Hanna merely despised a *World* cartoonist, but he frothed at the mouth over Homer Davenport's jabs in the Hearst papers, and used language that he must have garnered in his lumbering days. Ward McAllister once intimated that he would cane me if he ever encountered me, but when I walked up and accosted Richard Harding Davis as he was conversing with the arbiter of the Four Hundred one day he merely pursed up his lips and hurried off. He didn't happen to be carrying a cane that day. Grover Cleveland, whose fortunes Pulitzer early abandoned, and who, like Pulitzer, was a user of strong and extremely sulphurous language, was resentful of depictions of himself as excessively fat, but this was only at the time of his marriage. He once informed Senator Smith, of New Jersey, who jokingly suggested the bestowal of an office upon me, that he knew of a good place for me, and when Smith asked where, the President grunted maliciously, "He ought to be in the penitentiary!"

James G. Blaine, a man of erudition and culture, once acknowledged with more regret than irritation that Victor Gillam's Tattooed Man cartoons had made him writhe, not from mere rage, but from a sense of impotency against such a combination of political malice and humor. He also informed me once that he believed there were good reasons for the *World's* claim that the celebrated Belshazzar's Feast cartoon, which the Democratic State Committee enlarged to enormous size and placarded all over the city, had of itself influenced the election in 1884 sufficiently to account for the eleven-hundred-odd votes that lost him the State of New York. A cartoon, I often observed, occasionally made a difference of, say, ten thousand copies in the daily circulation, and so I always felt that Cleveland owed me a lot.

As a rule, the rudeness of the cartoonist goes unresented by his victims more from a fear that he may do worse than from genuine respect, yet a cartoonist is rarely

made to suffer, no matter how scurrilously he treats his subjects. In fact, I imagine that he is regarded by most public men with much the same feeling that all have for poison ivy. But this feeling, I will admit, has been in the main carefully hidden from me in my contacts with mankind and I have caught only glimpses of it. In Europe, I found, the cartoonist is not given as free a hand, and in Cuba, not long before the Spanish-American War, I narrowly escaped imprisonment by General Weyler because of a few disrespectful little sketches that were reprinted in a Havana paper. I was exiled and came North in mid-Winter to land in a blizzard attired in the thinnest of tropical garments—and the clothing stores all closed because it was Washington's Birthday!

II

Homer Davenport once had an experience that illustrated the British attitude toward the cartoonist. He was a breezy, somewhat illiterate and naturally unpretentious Westerner, to whom sudden fame had brought many friends and a sense of his own importance, and at the summit of this fame Hearst had sent him to England. The day after his arrival he started off for Hawarden to make a life portrait of Gladstone, assuming that British statesmen were quite as cartoon-broken and approachable as the Washington species.

Hearing from the lodge-keeper that the Prime Minister was engaged in chopping down a tree, Homer did not approach the house, but, with the western woodman's keen instinct, trailed his victim to where he was making the chips fall about a large oak. Homer stopped beside the axeman and regarded his efforts with friendly approval until Mr. Gladstone observed his presence and paused. Davenport then introduced himself as the *American's* cartoonist and was pained and embarrassed at discovering that a cartoonist was not deuce-high in that neck of woods; nevertheless, he endeavored to make conversation of a sort to put Gladstone at his ease.

The result was merely a few savage grunts, and after a pause of some length the Prime Minister resumed his chopping. Poor Homer, having no experience of such frigid treatment, was at a complete loss. But, seeing a number of black birds circling above the trees in the distance, he ventured upon a new subject.

"I see you have a lot of crows around here," he remarked as Gladstone paused, and, standing erect, regarded him with a glance that was harder and icier than a cold-storage turkey. The Prime Minister seized his axe and as he strode away hoarsely croaked, "Rooks, sir! Rooks!"

Davenport's naïveté and unpretentious geniality endeared him even to men who despised the paper he represented. One day Brisbane, then on the *World*, said to me, just before luncheon,

"I'm going to raise Davenport's salary."

"You'd better get your own hoisted first. How are you going to do it?"

"He'll be over here in a few minutes. Wait and see."

When Homer arrived Arthur offered him a hundred dollars a week more than he was receiving on the *American*. Homer was stunned but demanded an hour in which to consider. After we had returned from luncheon he called up and declined the offer, explaining that Hearst had gone Brisbane a hundred dollars better. This the wily Brisbane had anticipated when he laid the plot, but a year or so later, when he himself deserted Pulitzer for Hearst, the now imposing salary of Homer's was gall and wormwood to him. Soon it was bit by bit reduced until Homer was working at space rates. Finally, he formed a syndicate with Edward Marshall and myself, but the difficulty of finding Democratic papers wealthy enough to indulge in Davenport cartoons made the venture a losing one and he was forced to make terms with the Hearst papers once more.

Homer was an illustration of how little equipment is needed by a political cartoonist if he has a capable editor guiding

him. Once, when Sam Chamberlain was editing the *American*, he demanded a cartoon in which Yorick was to stand with a skull in hand beside an open grave. Homer blinked in an owl-like manner and asked: "Greater New York? Gosh! Some job!" The same day he asked Fred Oppen, after he had consulted a copy of "Hamlet" for local color, "Who's getting the royalties on Shakespeare's plays now?"

However, Homer, if not widely read, was the first man to successfully breed English pheasants in this country, in an Orange back yard, and that, I think, is more to his credit than many yards of cardboard.

At the present time, when every correspondence-school comic-strip Jeff-and-Mutt imitator calls himself a cartoonist, Davenport would find himself among downright illiterates. The title means one who deals in a certain type of picture, designed to affect public opinion—a pictured editorial, in fact. It has at all times been confined to a limited number of men, and none of the army of strippers except Charles Macauley, who followed me on the *World*, has any more right to be called a cartoonist than he has to be designated a paleontologist. I recall that in our early and busy days George Folsom, my partner, once said to me with a certain anxiety,

"Mac, we've got to hump ourselves and make all the money we can, for it's as certain as taxes that a lot of real artists, fellers who have studied abroad, will be butting into this game and we'll be in the soup."

But in the forty years that have elapsed, one can count on one's fingers the really efficient cartoonists who have been developed.

III

In my years on the *World* and the Philadelphia *North American* my position was almost unique. Only John McCutcheon, of the Chicago *Tribune*, was similarly situated. My post was co-equal with any other on the staff. Nobody dictated what I

should do or how I should do it, and I frequently practically dictated the policy of the paper by making a cartoon in advance of editorial comment, as, for instance, in the case of the Homestead strike, when my picture sided with the strikers instead of with Carnegie before Pulitzer had decided on his policy. Without showing any feeling, he remarked on the position in which I had placed the paper, and within a day or so was pleased to say that my point of view was the correct one. With me, of course, it was not policy, but simply sympathy with the laboring man, and I did not then know that the policy of a modern newspaper is usually nothing more than political or business expediency. It is exceedingly elastic and resilient in emergencies, and can endure the severest treatment without a squeak of agony.

J. P. never placed the least check upon my energies and he never uttered one word of reproof or harsh criticism during all the years I was on the *World*. When I recall some of the caustic comments on others that I overheard and read of the outbursts of passionate protest and profane impatience of his sightless years, as recorded by his biographers, I have a feeling that I was singularly fortunate. I cannot recall that in all the years of my service was a cartoon made by me ever withheld. Don Seitz records in his life of J. P. that I once sent in a scandalous caricature of Col. Jones' wife on the beach at Asbury Park and that it narrowly escaped being published on the very day Jones assumed control of the editorial page. If this be true, and I can not deny it, because I have forgotten all about the incident, it shows that I was a pampered pet. I do recall that when a minister of an uptown church wrote to Colonel Cockerill protesting against an irreligious cartoon I had made, the colonel handed me the letter to read while he answered it. My secret discomfiture turned to elation when I read his answer. It ran,

My dear Sir,—

Will you kindly go to hell?

JOHN A. COCKERILL.

"Drop that in the mail box for me," he commanded as if to convince me that it was not a bluff, and I did so with vast satisfaction.

It is very remarkable how rarely in all those years was a really serviceable cartoon suggested to me by any editor save Pulitzer or Cockerill. Few editorial writers seem to think pictorially. But I received numerous good suggestions from outsiders such as Sidney Rosenfeld, Charley Hoyt, the playwright, Lew Dockstader, Thomas B. Reed, Maurice Barrymore, Billy Scanlon, George Francis Train and, strange to say, John L. Sullivan, who had a certain Irish wit that was unsuspected by most of his acquaintances.

Some years after I went to the Philadelphia *North American* I dropped in on Charles Macauley in my old room at the *World* office, and while I was there Frank I. Cobb, the almost deified editor of the *World*, entered, and in language rude and almost brutal, proceeded to take Charley to task because he had not drawn the tail of the Tammany tiger in the manner he (Cobb) had specified. I did not then know Cobb, who had recently come from the West, but what I thought was evidently expressed by my countenance, for he glanced at me, reddened angrily, and, after appearing to be about to speak to me, thought better of it and withdrew. I asked the agitated cartoonist, in amazement,

"Well! Who was that bucko mate? I never saw that sort here!"

"That was COBB!" whispered Mac, wiping his damp brow.

"Never heard of him!" I said with some heat, outraged by this unheard-of indignity to a sacred cow, a heaven-inspired, thirty-third-degree master cartoonist. "Whether he is plain Cobb or corn off the ear, if he had panned me like that I would have handed him one on the beezer as sure as Eve tempted Adam to his fall. That never happened here in my time!"

It was not until the hectic days of Emory Foster that editors began to dabble earnestly in Art. Foster was a city editor who,

in the mad struggle for novelty, inaugurated the diagram picture, a form of illustration in which the body of the suicide who leaped from the twentieth story is shown in six postures, each more convulsive than the preceding one and all connected by dotted lines like a Butterick pattern. The principal feature is a large white cross marking the spot on the pavement where the descent ended.

Foster's invention of the diagram inspired others to imitation, and no doubt was responsible for the sudden acute dip toward Cubist art and the subsequent parietic forms of self expression. Many of the artists of the time became infected. George B. Luks, now a famous painter, but then a bucolic innocent like Roy McCardell, was captured in the jungles of West Philadelphia during this disturbance or just previous to it, and, dazed by the noise and glitter of a lively town, fell an easy victim to the new art. The time came when he was referring to all of us who drew straight lines and used correct perspective as T-square and tracing-paper artists, and claiming that a deposit of dandruff gave tone to a picture.

The moment a new editor got his desk in order he sent for the head of the Art Department and confided to him his plans for improving the pictorial product. Then he sat up nights devising unheard-of horrors in the way of imposing layouts, and so helped to create the still prevalent myth that artists, like prima donnas, are difficult to manage. I remember when Charles H. Jones, the St. Louis wizard, vamped Pulitzer into putting him into the managing editor's chair. He was a pompous little half portion, and thus an exception to Pulitzer's usual catches, which were tall, lean and with a tendency toward flat feet like himself. Colonel Jones informed me before he had been an hour in office that he intended immediately to do two things: to publish four-column cartoons and to compel the Elevated Railroad to run all night. When, in my confusion, I told him that both these great boons had

been long attained and were now permanent fixtures of New York, he was so astonished that he could be convinced only by ocular evidence.

William R. Hearst, in his daily contact with his fellows, effectually conceals any sense of humor, yet he has been the most successful of all newspaper proprietors in establishing a stable of funny picture makers and in retaining them in docility and contentment for protracted periods. I fancy that Hearst is at heart more deeply interested in his comic art department than in any other of his numerous enterprises, varied and important as they are. But he has not been successful in discovering another embryo cartoonist as effective for the purpose of circulation-getting as was Davenport in his heyday, for his three headliners, McKay, Powers and Oppen, were captured from the enemy in the fullness of their glory and he had no hand in developing their talents. However, it must be a source of gratification to him in his declining years that his tender nurturing of pictorial stars has been rewarded in far greater measure than his political endeavors, for the Katzenjammer Kids, Happy Hooligan, Mutt and Jeff, Crazy Cat and "Bringing Up Father" were all germinated in his hothouse of hilarity and brought to fruition by him with the assistance of Rudolph Block (Bruno Lessing).

IV

Bill Nye's quaintly-worded paragraphs were brought to J. P.'s notice one day and he suggested that I go out to Laramie, Wyoming, where Edgar Wilson Nye was running a little sheet, and take a look at him, but something prevented my journey and Nye was induced to come East by a letter from Col. Cockerill.

He proved to be a tall, well-built man, eight years older than myself, with a lounging gait, blue-gray myopic eyes and a sweet, wry smile. We came to be very intimate—partners, indeed, in weekly articles syndicated by the American Press

Association—yet, close as was our daily contact, he concealed from me his greatest talent. I had seen him in the company of the most expert bibbers of the metropolis in that day—Nat Goodwin, Fred Dey, James Whitcomb Riley, Jeremiah Curtin (then our foreign editor; afterward the translator of "Quo Vadis"), Douglas Jarrold, John Barrymore, Ham Marshall, Bill Gilder, John Cockerill, and the like, and never saw him drink anything but beer. Only after his death did I learn that he was really a very accomplished performer. My daily portrait of him made his face the best known in town. He often gravely assured his lecture audiences that I drew him without hair to avoid work. Once I drew his head on an envelope, stamped it, and he received it within four hours.

Bill Nye and Julian Hawthorne, alike in soul, devoid of affection or conceit, diffident, shy of strangers yet alike compelled to meet them with a pretense of geniality secretly abhorrent, made my room their daily lounging place. Nye was more loquacious than Hawthorne, but as deep and straight a thinker; both were merry souls. After Bill had been out lecturing with Riley (a real actor as well as a poet and finished sign-painter), he began to show the platform tone in his daily speech and we watched with secret joy the transformation of a raw country editor into a cosmopolitan "raccoonter" as Nye termed it. Hawthorne was an extremely handsome man, a perfect athlete, walking many miles daily, and a connoisseur in gastronomy. He had Thackeray's keen delight in bills of fare and wrote about the delectable dishes he discovered in a way that made dyspeptics gnash their teeth. Bill's appetite was almost equal to Julian's, but untrained; he was in the corned-beef-and-class, yet he swiftly adapted himself to the viands at Delmonico's and the Waldorf and used French culinary terms with reckless abandon. Hawthorne would describe a new dish so vividly that the hungry Nye would suggest that we adjourn to Hash and Crook's restaurant in the *Times* Building

and sample it at his expense. Hawthorne told me that once, when a boy, he found fourteen pies in his mother's pantry and ate them all.

He was low-voiced, with a strong partiality for the supernatural; a man, who, with less education, might have been a spiritualist. I fancy that he found in the flippancy of Nye's and my conversation a sort of mental anæsthetic. I have never known two such manly, gentle, undefiled souls, yet both were overwhelmed by heart-breaking disasters. Nye's career was meteoric; Hawthorne's lasted thirty years. Both are already dim memories, mere names.

Mark Twain was decidedly jealous of Nye, who despite the uncouth presentment by which I made his figure known, was both attractive and dignified, his gravity in delightful contrast to the absurd quaintness of his diction. Mark always tried to avoid meeting Nye, and when compelled to by circumstances he was none too genial. For a short time our intimacy, and almost our business connection, was shadowed by one of those peculiar and silly accidents that so often ruin friendships. A Miss Elizabeth Tompkins had thoughtlessly asserted in a Southern paper that Nye's fame was entirely due to my pictures, a state-

ment the absurdity of which was perfectly manifest, but which was copied and came under Nye's eye. Somehow, he was led to believe that I was responsible for it, and was moved to demonstrate that his repute did not rest upon one artist. So he turned over the illustrating of his "History of the United States" to Fred Opper. His sense of injury did not, however, interfere with my illustrating of his weekly article and in time he managed to forgive me for knowing Miss Tompkins, which was my only real offense.

I have always drunk on occasion—in fact, on all occasions—but, fortunately, I never felt the need or desire to get drunk, nor could I comprehend this desire in others. So it was with a shock that I read in the *Sun* one day that Nye had lectured in a Paterson church while intoxicated, and had been assailed with rotten eggs by the outraged congregation on his way to the train. He lived but a few months after this dreadful episode. All unused to criticism, sensitive as a flower, tender of any comment but the praiseful, he withered in the blast. With the publication of the story all his contracts were cancelled and I verily believe he died of a broken heart. I never saw him alive again.

KEEPING THE PURITANS PURE

BY A. L. S. WOOD

WHEN I first saw the Rev. J. Frank Chase, secretary of the New England Watch and Ward Society, he was dictating a furious letter in his office in the building of the Franklin Savings Bank, in Park square, Boston. A miscreant had been caught selling "The Memories of a Young Girl" to the high-school literati of Fitchburg. The offense had been complicated by the sale of inflammatory pictures, and both offense and complication had been duplicated in Worcester. The Rev. Mr. Chase was strongly moved and he dictated strongly. Every outlaw of Quiller-Couch's chapter on Jargon was being flipped into the wiggles of a stenographer's pencil. It was a quasi-legal letter, and a knowing eye was cocked at the visitor as doom was made to settle on the Fitchburg miscreant in a multitude of "in the cases" and "in the matters."

This letter, so dreadfully drastic, and the fact that I had been called "brother" over the telephone, led me to hope for the best in the interview that had been promised. Here, evidently, was a reformer who would live up to the best traditions of the unctuous meddler. As I entered, the Rev. Mr. Chase was smoking a little cigar. ("Between the Acts" is his brand, if any be curious. The pallid cigarette of truthful rice paper still carries an implication of evil in reforming circles. But tan its complexion to a wholesome brown and it becomes fit for the lips of righteous men.) So there, smoking a "Between the Acts," with his feet on his desk, sat the guardian of the purity of the Puritans. I was told as a brother to stand by and be quiet; presently the letter would be done.

The Rev. Mr. Chase is of good height, thick-set and obviously healthy. His round head sports a not luxuriant crop of tousled white hair; his grizzled moustache of walrus design masks a virtuous mouth; his eyes, even when open, hide behind the glaze of glasses. He came into this obscene and godless world in Boston, on March 7, 1872, as the son of Jason Lincoln and Emma (Coutant) Chase, and was baptized Jason Franklin. Early in life, and to his abiding sorrow, he became privy to the words that are spoken and written in retired places where boys congregate. In due course, throwing off this evil, he found himself worthy of Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Connecticut, and there, in 1899, he earned the degree of bachelor of arts. Having a call to the consecrated life, he was ordained a pastor in 1900, and presently filled Methodist pulpits in Essex, West Roxbury and Allston. In 1907 he was called to the secretaryship of the New England Watch and Ward Society, and so abandoned the sacred desk. In 1901, Boston University gave him the rare degree of S.T.B., which means bachelor of sacred theology. During the war he was a member of the First Corps of Moral Engineers—shock troops, obviously. Now at 53, he is only a little discouraged, confessing that he puts more trust in God in his battles against the devil and less in his own righteousness. He is the author of "The 'Dope' Evil," a handbook for moral leaders. The quotation marks are his own.

Wine, women and song, with all their collateral evils, are the province of the secretary of the New England Watch and Ward Society. Song indeed!

"Do you know," he said, "that this campaign of smut has affected even the publishers of sheet music?"

He brought forth a sheet of music. It was entitled "Love's Balm." The lyric was by John Dryden! The publisher, it appeared, had frantically urged the immortality of the poet as an excuse for the song, but the Victorian era that brought forth Mr. Chase was greatly ashamed of its grandfather, the Restoration period; and so Dryden's indelicacy was given as short shrift as the looseness of the unknown author of "A Night in a Moorish Harem."

The major premise of the Rev. Mr. Chase's philosophy is that all excitement of the sexual impulse is evil. His minor premise is that "bad" books excite it.

II

The New England Watch and Ward Society was formed in 1876. That was a hey-day year for righteousness. The moral and immoral were then as easily defined as hominy. The commonwealth, urged on by virtuous men, adopted one of those sweepingly handsome, grandiose statutes that so greatly adorn American jurisprudence. Those early days passed under the consulship of an elder Chase. Jason Franklin is second of the dynasty. The latter picked up the secretarial portfolio in the eventful year of 1908. In that year some devil possessed Mrs. Elinor Glyn to write "Three Weeks" and it came duly to Massachusetts, bound in conventional cloth, and to the attention and disapprobation of the Watch and Ward Society. The publisher dared to contest. The book was taken into court, tried and found guilty. Thus the Rev. J. Frank Chase scored a knockout in his first battle, and has been a man of merit ever since. The "Three Weeks" condemnation was of the utmost importance. The fine, sweeping arabesques of the "indecent, lewd and lascivious" statute were liberally interpreted by Judge Hammond, who presided in the case. The lawyers for

the defense had pinned their hopes on "manifestly," in the phrase, "manifestly tending to corrupt the morals of youth." They contended that "manifestly" meant "obviously." But the learned Hammond decided that "manifestly" meant about the same as "conceivedly."

"I know you wouldn't make a fool of me, Mister," said Mr. Chase, "but I have been re-reading 'Three Weeks' recently. Do you know I couldn't get a conviction against that book nowadays? I wouldn't dare take it into court!"

After his triumph over La Glyn, he launched one of his greatest achievements—the creation of the committee of booksellers of Boston. This committee constitutes a board of censorship or of preventive criticism, as Mr. Chase prefers to call it, urging Graeco-Roman lexicography in support of his choice, and is immensely powerful in the town. Mr. Chase intimates that the exercise of this preventive criticism is found preferable by the booksellers to frequent snoopings through their shelves by agents of the Watch and Ward. He is right, and he has accomplished more than mere submission. The booksellers of Boston now appear to adore the censorship. They exercise it voluntarily, and they have been known to arise on the floor of a publishers' convention and defend it with impassioned eloquence. Here is a Christian champion who recruits Saracens for the duration of the crusade and persuades them to furnish their own munitions!

The Rev. Mr. Chase, in boasting of the power and respectability of the men who sit on the committee, said that John Macy, one time literary editor of the Boston *Herald*, once wrote an attack on the Watch and Ward Society, and that the booksellers of Boston caused him to lose his job. Of Macy's successor, John Clair Minot, he writes in praise as "right-minded and co-operative with the programme of the Boston Booksellers' Committee." More, the committee has, according to Mr. Chase, so worked upon the newspapers of Boston that none of them will print a review of

a book the committee has suppressed. When a book has been condemned in Boston it stays condemned. There is no publicity. No avid young Bostonian with a lewd mind is informed that a volume to his liking may be bought by mail from an unregenerate New York publisher. Not a bubble comes to the surface to betray that some author's puppy has been tied in a bag and dropped in the Charles.

III

The puppy comes to the sack by a circuitous route. All over the State there are unofficial searchers and snoopers. A librarian will dogs-ear, say, a page of "Gold by Gold" and call up a sympathetic book and mucilage merchant.

"Look at such-and-such a page and such-and-such a paragraph."

The bookseller looks and is horrified. He takes the four volumes remaining unsold of a generous first order, and segregates them. Then he informs the Court of Preventive Criticism sitting in Boston, giving page and paragraph. The court reads the recommended paragraphs and finds them to contain Awful Stuff. It is necessary, according to Mr. Chase's rules, for the court to be unanimous. It was unanimous in the case of "Gold by Gold." So into the sack went the book and with it this stone:

Boston, Massachusetts
2-19-1925

The Watch and Ward Society have informed us that they believe that there are passages in the book,

Gold by Gold,
by Herbert Gorham [*sic*],

which will be held by our courts to be in violation of the statutes.

This information is passed along to you as it comes to us, without comment and without assuming any obligation to furnish similar information in the future.

BOSTON BOOKSELLERS' COMMITTEE

The secretary of the Booksellers of Western Massachusetts is then notified and she notifies the dealers of her district. The interdict of the Rev. Mr. Chase thus runs from Boston Bay through the Berkshires.

It will be noticed that it is couched in suave terms. It suggests only that the book quite possibly will be found to be in violation of the statute. But no bookmaker ever laid a tighter open-and-shut bet. Any defiant dealer, for the offense of selling a single copy, at a profit of sixty-five cents, will be compelled to defend a test of the interdict. He will be yanked into police court charged with selling a "lewd, lascivious" book, and the odds against him and for a conviction will not be sporting.

Until 1911 the society led a hand-to-mouth existence. Among the early contributors and life members are to be found men with names that Massachusetts brackets with the names of the Twelve Apostles. In the 1914 report one discovers Ames, Bowditch, Cabot, Coolidge—the Boston Coolidges, not the Vermont family—Eliot, with one L and one T, Hemenway, Hunnewell, Longfellow, Lowell, Quincy, Wigglesworth and scores of others of the elect. In the report for 1924 these names persist. Against them are written such generousities as \$20. In the earlier report a hopeful bequest form was printed. In 1911, the estimable Martha R. Hunt, who had been a life member since 1887, was gathered to God, and it was discovered that the hopeful bequest blank had floated back on the waters with \$101,849.09 in hard cash. Since 1911 many have died, and now the endowment amounts to \$158,549.82.

Back of the Watch and Ward, then, stands the prestige of the Brahmins of the commonwealth, and to it is added the vast influence of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and the jury services of the Mc's and O's of South Boston and points West. "The Irish make notable Puritans," says the Rev. Mr. Chase. The Roman Catholic Methodists and the Methodist-Implacables have been regimented together in the service of Pure Literature—a formidable phalanx, indeed. But the commonwealth itself is not so pure. The rising generation, debauched by the devil, shows an eagerness to buy the wares of the peddler of Fitchburg. One crosses the State line into Con-

necticut and finds "Simon Called Peter" and "Flaming Youth" openly displayed in Hartford—and still the idiot asylums of Connecticut are no fuller than the one at Belchertown, Massachusetts. It is curious. The crowds of Hartford look much like those of Springfield or Boston. A maiden on Asylum street walks as securely, in spite of the unrestricted sales of "Many Marriages," as she might on Main or Boylston street, where Sherwood Anderson is anathema.

The Watch and Ward Society examines magazines as closely as books. The society receives and pays for ten copies of every publication deemed suspect. These are examined by the official snoopers. Copies found suspicious are then sent to another creature of the Chase organization—a committee composed of jobbers who distribute the magazines, together with members of the Watch and Ward. If this committee damns a magazine, a moral lawyer, for a fee of \$100, reads it through and decides whether the society has a good chance to prevail against it in court. The Rev. Mr. Chase says this legal precaution is always taken before he "risks the large endowment fund" in a prosecution. If the lawyer says, "Yes," the magazine is banned in the same manner as are books.

Recently a magazine publisher defied the Watch and Ward and called in independent distributors to vend his condemned wares. Seventeen out of eighteen cases against these distributors resulted in convictions. The circulation manager was extradited and convicted, too. He was sentenced to jail, but the Rev. Mr. Chase humanely intervened in his behalf and a fine was substituted.

IV

The rev. gentleman spoke to me of a bathing scene in Gorman's book. He doesn't object to bathing *per se*, he explained, but only to sociable bathing with boys and girls together, "in the Japanese manner." He also objected to a scene in the shade of a New York elevated railway.

"My boy," he said, "is learning to be a musician with Roxy's Gang. He is in New York and I should hate to think of him having such experiences as those related in 'Gold by Gold.'"

A question about the society's dealings with the ever-leering classics suggested to the Rev. Mr. Chase's mind the Decameron of the late Giovanni Boccaccio. It seems to be the only classic that carries its own Plimsoll line. Years ago the United States Postoffice ruled that if the Tenth Novel of the Third Day is told in English, the Decameron is not mailable, but that if it is printed in any other language it is. This is the story of Alibech and Rustico and the devil who would not stay permanently in hell. The easily remembered rule of the postal authorities was the test by which the Watch and Ward dealt with Boccaccio until recently, when the Boston booksellers, suddenly and strangely contumacious, refused to abide by it and demanded a compromise. The society now permits the latest edition, English, devil and all, to be carried in stock, but it must not be displayed. If a mature man or woman comes into "an institution for the encouragement of literary art," as a Chase report calls a bookstore, and asks for this translation, he or she may have it if he or she has thirty dollars in cash or credit. The Rev. Mr. Chase said that the edition is illustrated with pictures of nude women, but even so the transaction seemed to cause him more grief than anger.

The tale of this compromise on the Decameron brought out a story. The Rev. Mr. Chase said that when he was pursuing learning at Wesleyan the edition of the Decameron to which he had access was printed with the Tenth Novel of the Third Day in Old French.

"In my class," he said, "there were only two men who were able to read the tale—myself and Blank." Blank, he said, is now a professor of romance languages and the Rev. Mr. Chase, of course, is secretary of the New England Watch and Ward Society. The anecdote teaches that there is a

Providence that watches over certain fortunate youths, permitting them to read of Alibech and Rustico in a difficult language, to live uncontaminated thereby, and to fulfill in after life such diverse but philanthropic destinies as teaching youngsters to read the novel in Old French and preventing other youngsters from reading it in English.

Years ago the secretary of the Watch and Ward discovered that the plates for Sir Richard Burton's *Arabian Nights* had been imported and were in the custody of an Atlantic avenue, Boston, printer. The Rev. Mr. Chase said, "He"—the printer—"had married the daughter of a Methodist minister—" The sentence was left suspended in midair. It may have been a note; it may have been editorial comment—but it was not elaborated. Anyway, the Rev. Mr. Chase discovered that the printer had the plates. The cost of importing them was \$25,000. There was no question of the power of the society in the premises. The printing-shop could be raided, the plates seized and someone forced to lose an investment of \$25,000. But something prompted the Rev. Mr. Chase to telephone to a professor in one of the Boston institutions of learning—not Harvard. The professor said, "Mr. Chase, if you seize those plates, you will be condemned by nine out of ten literary men in the country." So the raid was not ordered and the plates went to Denver, where the American edition was issued.

"I had it in my power," commented the Rev. Mr. Chase contentedly, "to prevent an American edition of the *Arabian Nights*. It is not likely, if I had ordered a raid, that anyone else would have risked another \$25,000 to import another set of plates." So much for mercy!

During my interview with him the rev. crusader uttered several astounding literary opinions. He believes that "Jürgen" is one of the worst books ever printed. In fact, he brackets the name of Cabell with that of La Glyn. He knows all the obvious

symbolism of "Jürgen" and has added rods to the lists of staves, swords, scepters and the like. But he made no comment on the Farewell to Helen.

The list of books he has suppressed is, in itself, a curious record of literary opinion. As he gave it to me, it follows:

"Simon Called Peter," by Robert Keable.
 "A Young Girl's Diary," anonymous, with an introduction by Freud.
 The Satyricon of Petronius, translated by Firebaugh.
 The Decameron.
 "Gargoyles," by Ben Hecht.
 "The Art of Love," by W. F. Robie.
 "Sane Sex Life," by Harland William Long.
 "Many Marriages," by Sherwood Anderson.
 "Sex Feeling and Living."
 "Copulation in the Mammalian Order."
 "Cables of Cobweb," by Paul Jordon Smith.
 "Janet March," by Floyd Dell.
 "Flaming Youth," by Warner Fabian.
 "Streets of Night," by John Dos Passos.
 "Antic Hay," by Aldous Huxley.
 "Proud Flesh," by Lawrence Rising.
 "Sailors' Wives," by Warner Fabian.
 "Thomas the Lambkin," by Claude Farrère.
 "Gold by Gold," by Herbert S. Gorman.
 "Numerous Treasure," by Robert Keable.

To this he has since added Maxwell Bodenheim's "Replenishing Jessica." In addition, booksellers are warned not to sell "Impromptu," by Elliot Paul, "The Price of Things" and "Sex Happiness." In a list of suppressed books compiled by a Boston bookseller occurs this notice:

The following books may be sold to members of the legal and medical professions, and upon their prescription:

"The Art of Love," revised.
 "Sane Sex Life and Sane Sex Living," revised.
 "The Sexual Life," by Malchow.

The pleasant scheme that not only suppresses books but also suppresses all mention of those suppressed permits the Rev. Mr. Chase to talk in his reports of "waves of obscenity" and the good work of the Court of Preventive Criticism without the danger of having his tall talk contrasted with his short list. Almost every State in the Union has a statute as umbrageous as that of Massachusetts. But no State can have as perfect a system of Preventive Criticism until it finds a J. Frank Chase.

JIM THE PENMAN

BY HERBERT ASBURY

IT is amazing that our uplifters, who go squawking through the land opening the gates of hell for the sinning citizenry, have never made greater use of the story of Jim the Penman. His is a tale made to order for them, over which they should lick their chops and shout hosannas to heaven, for Jim the Penman was a horrible example if ever there was one. He was at once the most pathetic figure in American criminal history and one of the most romantic. He inherited a million dollars and made another million as a bank president and timber operator, and then gambled both fortunes away; he made a third million as a forger and a confidence man and that, too, went the way of the others over the gaming tables and at the race tracks. He received degrees from Hamilton College and Columbia University, he was a member of the Minnesota legislature and ran a close race for mayor of Duluth; he was a candidate for Congress and a leader of the Minnesota delegation to the Democratic convention which nominated Grover Cleveland for President in 1891; he was a political power for many years—and finally, after he had been arrested fifty times and his fame as Jim the Penman and King of the Forgers had been broadcast to all the world, he put a dramatic end to his career by returning to his home town in rags and becoming an inmate of the county poor-house, built on land once owned by his father.

Jim the Penman's real name was Alonzo J. Whiteman. He was born in 1854 at Dansville, in Livingston county, New York, a member of a family which had been prominent in upstate New York for

several generations. His father was wealthy, with huge tracts of timber land in New York State and in Minnesota and Wisconsin. Young Whiteman's boyhood appears to have been much the same as that of any other small town boy, with perhaps greater advantages because of his wealth, and he showed no particularly criminal tendencies until he was approaching his thirtieth year. Yet even as a youth his passion for gambling was apparent; he would engage in no contest for which there was not a substantial stake, and even with his chums he would not play marbles or spin tops except for keeps. His facility with the pen was noticeable almost in infancy; he could copy exactly any signature or bit of writing, but he never put his gift to any baser use than inscribing his father's name to unfavorable report cards or to excuses for being late at school.

When he was about eighteen he went to Hamilton College, and after graduating there with the degree of A.B. went on to Columbia University, where he received his master's and law degrees. One of his classmates at Hamilton was Phil Knox, son of a clergyman of Elmira, and himself a gambler and a penman of distinction. In later years they were associated in many criminal enterprises, but in college they seem to have kept within the law and the rules of the institution. They gambled, but neither more nor less than did many of the other students, and so far as anyone ever knew they did not cheat.

Perhaps if Whiteman had been permitted to practice law after his graduation from Columbia he would have found in that

delightful profession a sufficient outlet for his criminal proclivities. He did set up an office, but before any clients appeared his father sent him to Duluth to handle some of the elder Whiteman's timber and lumber interests. The boy's passion for gambling was thought to be due solely to the natural wildness and exuberance of youth, and his father believed that he would soon settle down.

For a long time he gave promise of being a sober and industrious citizen. He plunged with energy and enthusiasm into his father's affairs, and joined the current organizations similar, if anything could be similar, to the modern Kiwanis and Rotary Clubs. He lived quietly and sedately, his seething soul in control, and he had been in Duluth hardly a year when his father rewarded him with a gift of \$50,000, probably the first considerable sum of money that the boy had ever owned. This was followed on his twenty-fifth birthday by another gift of \$100,000. When he was twenty-seven his father died, and the estate was divided between the son and a daughter, each receiving about \$1,300,000. Whiteman immediately enlarged his business activities, and within two years was president of two Duluth banks.

He soon became interested in politics, and when he was twenty-six years old was elected to the State Senate, the youngest man ever to hold such an office in Minnesota. Altogether he was a member of the Minnesota legislature for about four years, and appears to have made a creditable record. He left the Senate to run for Congress, but was defeated, and later ran for mayor of Duluth. He lost that contest, also, but made a strong race. His political fortunes were low after his second defeat, but he regained his standing when he became a member of the Minnesota delegation to the Democratic convention in 1891. He always asserted that it was his work and influence which gave Cleveland the nomination, and while the truth of this claim is open to question, it is certain that he had much power. He was for several years

a leader in the politics of Minnesota and the Northwest, and became a campaign orator of considerable promise. He was a politician of the Bryan type, extraordinarily vocal.

II

There is no telling how far he might have gone in politics, but not long after the convention the turning point came in his life. Not satisfied with the size of his fortune, he began speculating in Wall Street and on the Chicago Board of Trade. He was unsuccessful from the beginning, and lost huge sums in stocks and in grain futures, dropping the greater part of his wealth in the collapse of the Leiter wheat corner. In vain efforts to get his money back during the next two years, he lost everything he had; in the early nineties he was penniless. He went to work in a Duluth bank as a clerk at small pay. It was about this time that Knox, his old classmate at Hamilton College, came to Duluth. He had heard of his friend's good fortune, but he had not known that Whiteman's luck had turned and that he had lost everything. Casting about for something that would bring them money quickly, they hit upon a plan to beat the poker game at the Duluth City Club, in which Whiteman had managed to retain his membership.

The nature of the scheme that the two men tried to use does not appear, but it probably involved the use of marked cards or some similar cheating device. Whatever it was, it failed, and a scandal developed that forced Knox to leave the city. Whiteman was compelled to resign from the club. It was then that he embarked upon his first venture outside the law. It was arranged that Knox should go to Mexico and establish a credit for the purchase of diamonds, to be paid for with drafts on the Duluth bank in which Whiteman was employed. The drafts were to be paid until the confidence of the Mexican dealers had been obtained, and then Knox was to make a big purchase, present bogus drafts

in payment and hasten across the line into the United States, leaving the Mexicans to hold the bag. Knox carried out his part of the plan, but Whiteman became careless and allowed one of the early drafts to go to protest, whereupon Knox was arrested and spent two years in a Mexican jail.

Not long afterward Whiteman borrowed a few hundred dollars and went to New York. At that time, apparently, he had not seriously turned his thoughts to crime; he hoped that he might be able to engage in business in New York and rehabilitate himself. But New York was too much for him; it licked him. He could not resist the temptations of the city's night life, which was considerably gayer than in these days of padlocks. He fell in with women and with criminals, principally forgers and confidence men, and soon learned what he could do with his ability at penmanship and his knowledge of banks. From that time on his history is a succession of crimes and of narrow escapes from being imprisoned. He came to be the most expert operator in his line that this country has ever seen, committing crime after crime of the most intricate and subtle character. When he ran afoul of the police, which was often, he used his knowledge of the law to extricate himself. He took great chances, as he did when he gambled and paid thousands of dollars to draw to an inside straight or a bob-tailed flush; if he had applied the same intelligence and cunning to legal pursuits as he did to his criminal operations, he would doubtless have made a fourth million.

During the time that he was known as Jim the Penman and King of the Forgers, with Pinkertons and policemen laying traps for him from New York to San Francisco, he was the directing brain of a gang of forgers and confidence men whose operations have never been excelled in the United States and probably not in the world. The group included such noted criminals as Knox, Witherout, Warren, Boothman, Wickwire and Gordon, and in

ten years they amassed a sum that has been variously estimated at from one to five million dollars, of which Whiteman received and spent the major portion. They turned jobs for all amounts; they swindled hotels out of board bills amounting to a few dollars, and they robbed banks of many thousands. Forgery dominated their work, although various members of the gang used at different times all of the old-time come-on methods by which a dishonest penny might be turned. They even sold green-goods and gold-bricks to the peasantry.

Knox joined the gang when he was released from prison in Mexico, and immediately became Whiteman's right hand man. They tried several small swindles and forgeries, and then chose Pawtucket, Rhode Island, for their first big job. Jim the Penman went to this town and negotiated for a cotton mill, for which he agreed to pay \$60,000. He deposited a draft for the amount, and then immediately checked out \$4,000 against it, his appearance being so honest that the bank officials let him have the money before the draft had time to go to protest. With this sum a few members of the gang went to Pittsburgh and others to McKeesport, Pa., where they made deposits in two banks. They immediately began checking from one to the other, trying to swell the volume of their transactions with each bank and make it appear that they dealt in large sums. But unfortunately for them the McKeesport bank was the correspondent of the one in Pittsburgh, and when the gang attempted to check out a considerable sum the Pinkertons were notified.

All of them escaped, however, and hurried into Canada, where Whiteman represented himself as Thomas W. Lawson, the Boston financier, and negotiated for the purchase of a copper mine at a price exceeding a million dollars. With this as a basis for their operations, the gang sold sight drafts on a Boston bank for huge sums, and then returned to New York. But they found the police waiting for

them. They were arrested, and one man was sent to prison for the job at Pawtucket. Knox was sent to Pittsburgh, where he was convicted and sentenced to an indeterminate term in State's prison. Whiteman was kept in New York for trial on another charge, but the authorities did not have evidence enough to convict him and he was released. He worked alone and with such members of his gang as had escaped the Pinkertons until Knox became eligible for parole. Then he went to Harrisburg, posed as a member of the New York legislature, and pleaded Knox's case so successfully that the Pennsylvania board of pardons released him and sent him to New York with Whiteman.

Once back in New York, Whiteman and Knox reorganized their gang and immediately became involved in frauds against the Nassau Trust Company and other banks in New York and Brooklyn. They realized huge sums from these enterprises, and although they were arrested several times not even the Pinkertons could find enough evidence to send them to jail, and they lived easily and comfortably. But Whiteman continued to gamble as recklessly and as unsuccessfully as he had in his earlier days, and every cent he and Knox stole from banks went to the gamblers in the New York resorts and to the book-makers at the race tracks, for those were the days of wide-open betting on the gee-gees. Whiteman was a hunch player at the races; he ignored form and usually bet on horses that bore queer names. They were queer horses, too, for the most part, running at long odds and finishing in the ruck. It is said that in many years of playing Whiteman was never able to pick a horse that finished better than third, and he always played them straight. The same ill luck pursued him at poker; he nearly always went into a big pot with two pair or with four cards of a straight or flush, but he could not fill. In one evening at a New York gambling house he drew fifteen consecutive times to a flush and never bettered his hand.

III

Whiteman had better luck in his forgeries and swindles, in that he managed to keep out of prison during most of his career. He served only two sentences. The first time was in San Francisco, where he was convicted of passing a forged check. He made an impassioned appeal for leniency, which so impressed the trial judge that he delayed sentence for several weeks, but eventually ordered Whiteman to prison for nine years. In less than a year, however, Jim the Penman was released on a legal technicality, and immediately went back to New York. He had not been there long when he was arrested for swindling the Columbia Bank out of \$580, a trifling amount compared to his usual work. His defense was that his double had committed the crime, and he brought many witnesses, including clergymen, down from Dansville to help him prove an alibi. And not only did the jury acquit him, but some time later he forced the bank to pay him \$1,500 to settle a suit for false arrest.

He was arrested not long afterward for swindling a bank in Boston, but was released when his mother made restitution and persuaded the complainant to drop the charge. He went to the Middle West after that, and was picked up by the police of half a dozen cities. But still his knowledge of the law and of human nature stood him in good stead, and he suffered no inconvenience except a few days in various jails.

But in 1904 he committed the crime that sent him to Auburn Prison and ended his career. In July of that year a messenger appeared at the Fidelity Trust Company's office in Buffalo, bearing a letter typewritten on what purported to be the stationery of an East Aurora, N. Y., business house. It was signed F. H. Hubbard. Enclosed with the letter was a draft for \$9,000 to Hubbard's order, signed by the cashier of the National Hudson River Bank of Hudson, N. Y., and drawn on the Leather Manufacturers' Bank of New York.

"I wish to open an account," the letter said. "I am an invalid and seldom leave East Aurora. Please send me a check book by return messenger."

The letter was in Whiteman's best vein, and its tone was such that it aroused no suspicion, even though Jim the Penman was known to have returned to the East and was thought at the time to be either in New York or Buffalo. The bank accepted the draft, opened an account and allowed Whiteman to check against the draft before it had had time to go through the New York bank. Whiteman and Joseph Boothman, who was associated with him in this enterprise, succeeded in checking out more than \$4,000 before the Fidelity Trust Company learned that the draft was a forgery. The Pinkertons, at that time under contract with the American Bankers' Association, sent operatives after the two men, and Boothman was arrested. Whiteman escaped and was not caught until the following September, when detectives found him as he was boarding a street car in Delmar avenue, St. Louis.

Whiteman protested his innocence, but agreed to return to New York State without waiting for extradition papers. Detective Al Solomon of the Buffalo police and Detective Fields of the Pinkertons were sent to bring him East, and they anticipated no trouble. And Whiteman was a docile prisoner. When the train stopped at Dunkirk, about fifty miles from Buffalo, the detectives and Jim the Penman got off to stretch their legs. They walked about the station platform a bit, and then clambered back on the train. They then went down the aisle to the drawing-room. As they reached the door Whiteman suddenly turned and pointed at a window across the aisle.

"My God!" he cried. "What's that?"

Startled, the detectives turned. The next instant Whiteman stepped into the drawing room and slammed the door. He locked it before Solomon and Fields had recovered from the shock. Then the train started, and

when the detectives finally forced the door the window was open and Whiteman was gone. By that time the train was making fifty miles an hour; it reached the next station in twenty minutes. The detectives hurried back to Dunkirk, but there was no trace of Jim the Penman.

Yet he was there. With that supreme disregard of and contempt for the police which had always characterized him, he made no immediate attempt to get out of town. Instead, he mingled with the crowd about the station for a time, and then went to the Erie Hotel and registered under his own name. He went to bed and slept soundly, and some time before midnight the two detectives, wearied by their search, came into the hotel. They were assigned rooms only a few doors away from that occupied by the man who had eluded them. They still slept the next morning when Whiteman went downstairs, ate a leisurely breakfast in the hotel dining-room, and then caught the first train to Dansville, where his mother still lived.

He remained in hiding in Dansville for several months. He did not go abroad much, but the majority of the people of the town knew that he was there. They maintained a curious belief in his innocence and, convinced that he was being persecuted, made no effort to arrest him and did not notify the Pinkertons or the Buffalo police. Tiring of life in a small town, Whiteman finally went to Mexico, where he stayed for a few months. Then he returned to Dansville. Once more he left, visited Southern cities, swindled a few banks and hotels, and again returned to the parental roof. It was then that the Pinkertons heard that he might be found in Dansville, and not anticipating any aid from the Dansville authorities, sent seven of their best operatives, with six Buffalo detectives, to capture him. They entered the town at night, fearing trouble with the townspeople if they tried to take Whiteman in daylight.

The policemen had surrounded the Whiteman home before anyone in Dans-

ville knew of their presence. One of them knocked at the door, which was opened by Mrs. Whiteman, mother of the forger.

"What do you want?" she demanded.

"Your son!" replied the detective.

Mrs. Whiteman immediately slammed the door and locked it. The detectives heard a buzzer sound somewhere in the house. It was a signal to Jim the Penman, asleep in a room on the second floor. He rose, dressed and prepared to escape and then, finally, Mrs. Whiteman opened the door again and confronted the detectives.

"My son is not here," she said. "You had better go away."

"We know he is here," said the detectives. "We must search the house."

They had no search warrant, but Mrs. Whiteman said she would let them in if they would wait until she and other members of the family had dressed. The detectives agreed to this, knowing that they had the house surrounded and that Whiteman could not get away if he was inside. At last they entered.

"I haven't seen my son for several months," the forger's mother said. "I don't know where he is."

The detectives went through the house from cellar to attic but found no trace of Jim the Penman. They were about to leave when one of them, tapping a wall, discovered that it was hollow. He quickly moved a big painting and found a secret opening which led into a chute. Climbing into this, the detectives made their way almost to the roof; from the outside the chute resembled a chimney. They concluded that Whiteman was hiding there, and one man climbed to the roof, leaving another inside the chute and the others in the yard. As the detective scrambled along the ridgepole Whiteman came out of the chute and stood confronting him.

"We've got you now!" said the Pinkerton man.

Whiteman sneered at him and then suddenly threw himself face downward on the roof. He slid swiftly down to the eaves. For a moment he hung by his finger tips twenty-five feet from the ground, where half a dozen detectives were waiting for him to drop. He let go, finally, and landed ingloriously in a snow drift, out of which the detectives dug him. Then they hustled him into a sleigh and drove over the county line before his friends, summoned by his mother, could reach the house.

IV

That ended the career of Jim the Penman. He was convicted in Buffalo a month or two later and sentenced to eight years at Auburn. The Court of Appeals upheld the conviction and he went to prison. But not long afterward he was adjudged insane and transferred to Dannemora, from which he was released after a few years. Afterward he was heard of in Cincinnati and Hot Springs, Ark., where he was arrested for petty swindles that he would have scorned in the days of his criminal glory. At length he lost his cunning; not only was he unable to swindle anybody, he could not even plan schemes for others to carry out.

And so Jim the Penman finally became a panhandler. He begged and worked his way to New York and found refuge in the squalid lodging houses of the Bowery. For several years he lived there, panhandling and doing odd jobs, and then, money gone, health gone, everything gone, he went back to his home town and humbly asked the authorities to let him live in the county poor-house for the few years that remained to him.

ALABAMA

BY SARA HAARDT

"Here We Rest"

LONG before I graduated from the grammar-schools of Montgomery and learned who the author of "The Song of the Chattahoochee" was I had swallowed as a fact the legend that the word Alabama meant "Here We Rest." Surely it was appropriate, then, that the constitution of Alabama should contain a provision declaring that "Here We Rest" was the official motto of the State and that it should be placed upon the State seal. Once, in oral composition, I gave what was the popular conception of the origin of the motto. It ran like this:

Many years ago a tribe of Indians, the Muscogees, fled from a relentless foe to the forests of the Southwest. Weary of travel, worn and thirsty, they reached, at last, a noble river flowing through a beautiful country. The chief of the band struck his tent-pole or his spear into the ground and exclaimed, "Alabama—Here we rest"; hence the name of the State and river.

All very pretty, but, alas, Alabama does not and never did mean "Here We Rest" in the Muscogee or any other Indian language. The *Montgomery Advertiser* reported the historical facts in its columns on May 31, 1921. I quote:

The imaginary Indian and his spear are but figments of the imagination of the Alabama poet, Alexander Beufort Meek, who, in the 1840's, published a heroic poem in which the mythical chief plunged his imaginary spear into the ground and gave an entirely fictitious meaning to the Muscogee word, Alabama. Meek . . . frankly admitted that the Indian chief and his exclamation were but examples of poetic license.

The accepted history of the Muscogees, or Creeks, is that they originally came from the Southwest, somewhere near the Mexican border, and that after prolonged warfare with a stronger Indian tribe, they moved to the East, stopping for a while near the Mississippi and finally mov-

ing on to Middle Alabama and East Georgia, where they favored the open country with its streams and rivers, so profitable for fishing. . . . One division of these tribes was called the Alabamhos.

Now what does the Muscogee or Creek word, Alabamhos, with its modern spelling of Alabama, mean? The first scholar to essay a definition of the term was the late Professor W. S. Wyman, of the University of Alabama, who, . . . in an article published about ten years ago in the *Advertiser*, said that the word Alabama was a compound word in the Creek tongue and that it meant "vegetation gatherers" or "mulberry gatherers." It implied that the people who bore the name had been pickers of vegetation or of mulberries, which grew wild in this section. The greatest authority in Alabama on the early Indian languages, the late Professor H. S. Halbert, for several years connected with the Alabama Department of Archives and History, . . . was never in doubt as to the meaning of the word, Alabama. It means, he said, "the thicket clearers." It will be noted, then, that there is but little difference in the meanings given by Dr. Wyman and Professor Halbert.

As I say, this editorial appeared in the *Montgomery Advertiser* on May 31, 1921—more than four years ago. Yet the school children of Alabama are still learning the story of the legendary chief who struck his spear into the soil overlooking the river, and "Here We Rest" remains, as the schoolmarms explain it, the *official* meaning of the word Alabama.

II

Industrial Note

Hardly a day passes that the Alabama press does not give notice of the founding of a new industry in what used to be the smaller agricultural towns of the Cotton Belt. Florence and Huntsville, in the northern part of the State, got their booms from the Muscle Shoals project; but it was

forward-looking, go-getting men of vision who issued the invitation to a million-dollar mill to locate in Opelika, and it was a Chamber of Commerce in Tuscaloosa that offered a free factory site to another million-dollar mill to induce it to come down from Massachusetts. Tuscaloosa—historic, aristocratic Tuscaloosa, the first capital of Alabama, the ancestral home of the first families, the birthplace of the university—now extends a welcome to 3,000 factory hands, bidding them to make themselves at home.

It is difficult to imagine it. Tuscaloosa, excepting of course its Main Street business section, has remained one of the most charming towns in the eleven original Confederate States. Its wide streets and Georgian architecture, its luxurious shrubbery, its stately dwellings and rich, outlying fields have given it an air of culture, dignity and leisure; above all, a charm that is like the faintly tarnished but romantic beauty of a distinguished lady. I recall it every Spring, with the dogwood and redbud and wistaria putting out, as one of the loveliest havens this side of paradise. Furthermore, its ruling citizens have always been conservative, fastidious and worldly in the best sense; in a word, distinguished. Until very lately they lifted a scornful eyebrow at the Uplift, Kiwanis and the apocalyptic hundred percenters of the Chambers of Commerce. A man of a town that proselyted was the dirt under their feet. But now the new industrialism threatens the citadel, boosters are beginning to swarm, traffic laws are being enacted, and model homes and model factories are springing up in the suburbs. In another five years, I suppose, the old glow of such lovely towns as Tuscaloosa, Athens, Marion and Eufaula will have vanished and the Pittsburghs and Newarks of the South will rise in their stead. A few old fogies will protest against this onrush of Progress, but the ballyhooing will go on. More factories will accept free factory sites and the Old South will be industrialized.

III

Anniversaries

This year has seen two anniversaries in Alabama: the centenary of Lafayette's famous visit to the Southland and the fifth anniversary of the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment. General Lafayette, after surreptitious raids upon the archives, has been celebrated in effete editorials, in an occasional poem to the contributors' column, and in renewed asseverations that he paused at this or that plantation for rest and refreshment. The fifth birthday of the Eighteenth Amendment, as the Epworth League ladies put it, was really an outstanding occasion. There were speeches, sermons, special thanksgivings, pledges, gentle reminders, pageants, and a complimentary-ticket affair in the Baracca House at Montgomery. The leading celebration took the form of a birthday party at which an enormous cake with pink and white icing and candles graced the center of the table. As each of the candles was blown out, a prayer, and then a speech and an exaltation followed—always by a prominent citizen, one who had seen the celestial light before it was too late. After the singing of "The Rosary" and of revival hymns by a quartette from the choir, it was resolved that Service—even unto death—was not enough: obedience to the law came first. Then there wouldn't be any need of enforcement!

IV

Paradise Regained

On a tour through the back country not long ago I stopped at a crossroads and inquired of an old Negro woman if she knew of a place not too remote where I could get a bottle of wine for a sick friend. "Yas'm," she answered glibly. "Thar's Miss Jennie ovah yonder on the hill an' Miss Daisy jes' this side uv her an' Miss Olivia in th' big white house at th' bend

in th' road. They's put up right smart fur th' church an' I reckon they'll let you hev a little, bein's hits agin' sickness." I chose the big white house at the bend of the road and explained my mission to an attractive-looking woman with shingled hair and a trim neat figure. "Why, certainly," she answered. "What kind do you want?"

While I was stammering to reply she had disappeared and returned again with a tray and glasses. There were scuppernong, dewberry, dandelion, elderberry, peach brandy, blackberry cordial, tomato! "There isn't very much of the dewberry," she apologized, "but I was in Atlanta at the opera when the berries were most plentiful." She walked as far as the car with me and helped me adjust the package in the pocket of the door. "You must stop in again some time," she smiled cordially as I switched on the battery. "If I'm not here Aunt Lucinda will give you what you want."

V

A Certain Cast of Mind

As naturally and inevitably as the Alabama river overflows its banks every January it floods the barn of a certain farmer in Elmore county and ruins his corn crop, the hard earnings of a year of toil. So far as I know, nothing prevents the farmer from storing his corn in another place, or selling it off, or moving his barn to a higher level, but it will take more than a flood to persuade him to do it. He has stored his corn in that barn in the past and he will continue to do so in the future, though he is fully aware that the Alabama river overflows its banks every January, and ram-pages over the fields for miles around. It isn't that he is lazy, for, as he will tell you, he works "as hard as any nigger," but it is just his way of looking at it: a certain cast of mind. Nor is he by himself; he has plenty of company. All the old Confederates were "hard-headed," so to speak: perhaps that fact explains why they made such excellent soldiers.

I remember hearing a story once of a dictatorial old-timer who refused obstinately to give his ground to suit the convenience of the new traffic laws that came in with the appearance of the automobile upon the country roads. He insisted that he would keep to the middle of the road and pull to the left or right—or not at all—as the humor suited him, and if the party driving the stinking gasoline bus behind him didn't like it, why—he knew well enough what he could do! The road was public property and he wasn't for swallowing any man's dust, or crowding into the ditch for him either. For an incredible length of time he got away with it. Motorists gave him up as deaf and deficient, and took their chances of grazing past him on a wide stretch of road. Then, one bright morning, an exasperated driver, tried past endurance with a choky engine, gave vent to a string of oaths that damned the whole outfit, horse, buggy and chariot-tee to the bottom of the Alabama river—and the battle was on. It lasted for five miles up and down grade over the interminable road, and got so tempestuous at times that housewives left their dashers in the butter and flew to the front porches to see what had broken loose. At the end of the fifth mile, the motorist, in desperation, stepped on his accelerator and toppled the buggy into the ditch. "Road hog!" he yelled triumphantly as he pulled around a buggy wheel that spun round and round like a top in the road. "Reckon that'll teach you a lesson! Maybe you'll keep to the right of the next car that comes along!"

"I'm damned if I do!" was the heroic reply. "Not while heaven stays happy!"

VI

History in the Making

When "The Birth of a Nation" was shown in the Cradle of the Confederacy some ten years ago, a patriotic organization invited the veterans from the Soldiers' Home at Mountain Creek to witness it in a body.

They arrived at the theatre in their gray uniforms, marched stiffly down the aisles, and sat in a strained silence as the lights were darkened. All was peaceful until the first Ku Kluxer flashed in sheet and pillow case across the screen. Then they broke loose, screeching the rebel yell, stamping, pounding with their canes, throwing their hats in the air, drowning the orchestra in blood-curdling appeals to the Almighty. It later appeared that all the veterans had been Ku Kluxers in their day and were proud of it. They had followed the fiery cross heroically, tarred and feathered more than one ————, and stood by General Forrest to the very last. All manner of bloody tales went the rounds. "The Birth of a Nation" itself was mild to them, not half the story. One old soldier led a party of sight-seers to the cemetery and pointed out a dark vault in the side of a hill as "the regular campin' ground of the Klan in this neck of the woods"; another exhibited a Ku Klux ring on a gnarled third finger and dramatically refused to "part his lips" when he was pressed with eager questions and bids for it. When at last they departed in glory for Mountain Creek, the ancients left a trail of blood-and-thunder yarns behind them that would have filled a book.

I was too romantic in those days to write any of them down, but a few years later, when I was engaged upon a piece of research on the Ku Klux in Alabama and eager for primary sources, it occurred to me to write to some of the old men for their stories. Accordingly, I diligently set to work, writing personal letters in every case, explaining fully who I was—I knew many of them by name at least—and the patriotic nature of my work, and enclosing, for their convenience, a stamped and addressed envelope. I waited a reasonable length of time, but received no replies. Mindful of the vagaries of old age, I then sent out a second set of letters, enclosing stamped and addressed envelopes again. Then, after no response—not a single reply!—a series of post cards. At last, one morn-

ing, when I had hopelessly abandoned the cause of research, I received one reply. It was from a lady school-teacher, very precise and snippy, the daughter—so tradition had it—of a once gallant aide to the Grand Dragon. She declared that her father knew absolutely nothing about the Ku Klux in Alabama, either past or present, and that he did not care to discuss it under any circumstances. Very politely but firmly, she requested that I "desist" from annoying him with any further correspondence. And I have.

VII

June Flight

Incredible as it may seem, I do not believe that the poet has yet been born to the Southland who has done full justice to the delights of her landscape. The picture that most Northerners call up at mention of the South is one showing a pickaninny astride the back of a friendly alligator, devouring his dripping rind of watermelon. The background, always blurred, suggests an unbroken vista of green cotton tops merging into a hinterland of tinted clouds.

The first glimpse, in contrast, that the traveler gets from his train window is so crassly a disappointment that he is usually ready to turn northward before sundown. Too often the land is flat and depressing, the vegetation ragged and sickly and the horizon obscured by heavy clouds of red or gray dust. The fields outlying the dingy, one-story towns are pitifully barren, or else choked with rank, scraggly weeds. Sometimes the train rolls for miles over a stretch of sandy land with scarcely enough vegetation to keep a cow in pasture through the humid days of July. "My God!" I heard a passenger exclaim once, as the train plowed through such a wilderness. "What a country! Why, you couldn't even have a good fight on those fields—you'd bog up in sand up to your knees." But if that traveler had returned and visited the same scene in the sweet cool of twilight

or under the glamorous light of a riotous moon, he would have gone away transported with delight. No country, however pleasing, presents its most beautiful aspects under the glare of a hot sun. The South, like many a lovely lady, is loveliest in the darker half of the day; then, by some subtle sorcery, it suddenly begins to suggest more beauty than it will ever be possible to realize on this earth. A giant pine silhouetted darkly against the remote blue of a fading sky. The spicy odor of bays on a mysterious, swampy breeze. The ghostly halo cast up by a late moon from below the horizon.

The essence of Southern moonlight, like the essence of attar of roses, is simply indescribable. It is of a radiance unearthly yet brilliant, tender yet fearful, voluptuous yet ethereal. It has, in some strange way, dimension, fragrance, spirit, and it is no more like the moonlight of Maryland or Ohio or Massachusetts than night is like day. But the visitor who looks for unbroken splendor the next morning will be sadly disappointed. The real charm of the South, of Alabama certainly, will not be found in a breath-taking sweep of grandeur, a landscape of romantic perfection, but in sudden, bright flashes of beauty, the more poignant because of their contrast with the general drabness. A stately cottonwood, with flashing, murmurous leaves, bowing politely to the wind. A yellow, lazy stream creeping with all the grace of a slim moccasin between shadowy banks. A bank of Mexican primroses against the sterile gray of a barren field. It is such flashes as these that remain clearest in the memory long after more pretentious scenes have faded away. At the moment of recognition they give breath to a startling joy that is more vivid than pain.

Every June I board a train headed South. As dusk falls, and my train pulls out of Atlanta over the West Point route, I strain for that first glimpse of low-lying fields under a ripe, glowing moon. But, then, I was born and raised a Southerner.

VIII

Postscript on the Race Problem

The race problem, argue the Southern dailies, has never existed except in the minds of perverted Northerners. The migration of Negro labor from the Black Belt since 1914 is purely an economic matter and, as a result of it, says the *Montgomery Advertiser*, "there has come about a steady, almost rapid adjustment that has become quite as interesting as the activities of the boll weevil." The Negro, in fact, has not only migrated North but from county to county and even more decidedly from precinct to precinct. For the past three years, in particular, the light sections of Alabama have taken on a darker hue, while the counties of the Black Belt, where there have always been more Negroes than Anglo Saxons, have shown a marked decrease in Negro population. The Negro who has stayed in the South has, in the local phrase, already amounted to something on his own hook. Either he has proved his worth and demanded wages commensurate with it, or he has established himself in business, often in a profession, and acquired an income more than sufficient for even his gaudy needs. In his off hours he struts as a leader, "a big dawg," with more than one axe to grind, and wouldn't exchange places with Booker T. hisse'f.

The towns, of course, have not been as hard hit as the country; nevertheless, there have been shiftings and stirrings among the domestic help. The old mammy is practically extinct and even her middle-aged daughters are dropping out to make room for the more efficient younger women who boast an education—"as fur as high school" at least—and are quick and eager to catch on to the new ways of doing things. Wages are out of sight, but they have almost eliminated that piratical figure of old, the pan-totin' cook, who carried enough scraps in her dinner pail to feed a regiment. The neat, uppety young

colored woman who serves in her place, diked out in a regular uniform like a maid in an undertaker's parlor, would not lower herself by carrying a pan. She is not such an adept at making buttermilk biscuit or blackberry bog-up as her grandmother: she despises and considers herself distinctly above the "nigger" class. She wouldn't be seen in a cook-apron any more than she would mix her bread dough with her hands. In her own home she is even more particular, and consequently the average Negro house of today is clean, well-kept and comfortable. The squalor and filth in which the last generation of Negroes lived is no longer tolerated. There are white linen cloths on the tables, rag paper on the walls, and wire netting protecting the doors and windows. Life among the best Negroes is civilized, dignified, and yet unrestrained and merry. Of a Summer evening, when the minstrels—still uncorrupted by the saxophone—wander up and down the streets and the floor lamps are all lighted in the front windows, the atmosphere is cheerful and inviting. And, under a glowing moon, the homey cottages, the flower gardens and sloping greens have a certain beauty.

There is among the better class of Southern Negroes of today an increasing sense of solidarity and self-sufficiency. They are going about their affairs in a thorough-going fashion, they are financing their own enterprises, establishing their own markets. In their cabarets and parlors they dance to graphophone records of their own making, powder and rouge with their own beauty concoctions, and step from the curb into rejuvenated sedans and coupés of a dubious make but undeniable swift locomotion. The other day a Negro lawyer argued his case before a Montgomery county jury and, if a persistent rumor is to be believed, a Negro Ku Klux was recently organized with the definite purpose of chastising delinquent citizens, ladies off color especially, for mixing too freely with the white people, to the detriment of their own race!

IX

The Eighth Lively Art

Hardly a week goes by that some evangelist doesn't hold forth to capacity houses in every town throughout the Solid South. Clergymen of all the go-getting denominations rush out in the heat of the day to nail up tabernacles with a seating capacity of 5,000, while ladies of the various aids serve hot lunches to the workers, "making a gala occasion of the structural work." Bob Jones, Gypsy Smith, J. A. Edwards and a hundred others thus campaign endlessly against sin, while ladies swoon, ex-saloon keepers send their sons to the mourners' bench and stricken jellybeans and flappers forget to hold hands during the singing of "America the Beautiful" and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Afterwards, while the excitement is still running high, a party of masked men plant burning crosses before the doors of Jewish suspects, and others near the statue of Robert E. Lee as a warning to motorists that petting parties must cease in that neighborhood. The typical evangelist, usually a pugilistic individual with a brawny, corn-fed opulence, puts his art upon a high efficiency basis. In addition to his old tricks, his special matinées for *Ladies Only* and his evening sessions for the gentlemen, he employs all the latest inventions of man. Witness:

"The Unbeatable Game," the screen production by Evangelist Bob Jones, of Montgomery, will be at the Grand Theater Monday and Tuesday. This movie is the first of its kind to be screened in the world, and already the public is looking forward eagerly to seeing it.

The sermon was preached to men and women separately, so it will be shown upon the screen, with no children under fourteen years of age present. Pointing out sins and their results, thundering at the doors of your heart with situations that move to swift climax upon climax, this great production will hold you spellbound for two hours. It bears power, pep, punch, and a moral lesson.

With such relaxation at regular intervals, it is no wonder that the Methodists turn to their squabbings over their uni-

fication plan with renewed vigor. Only the Episcopalians, and to a less degree the Catholics, remain cold, snobbish and above the turmoil. The honors, it appears, must ever be divided. Political spoils and remunerations to the more numerous Methodists and Baptists; social eminence to the Episcopalians.

X

The Star on the Steps

In my early days I used to spend the hot afternoons of mid-Summer in the shadow of the Confederate monument on the Capitol lawn or wandering through the cool, marble corridors of the Confederate Wing in the company of the old guard whose official duty it was to initiate sight-seers into the past glories of the Confederacy. Montgomery could be sweltering under a blanket of humidity, but there was always a breeze on Capitol Hill. In the Confederate Wing, where the guard, with especial reverence, took care not to miss the polished brass cuspidors, and under the high ceilings of the Senate room, which was transformed into a museum between legislative sessions, there was an illusion of historical remoteness, of complete detachment from the ills and mortifications of the living flesh. The trickle of voices past opening and shutting doors sounded as impertinent as the buzzing of a fly in the tomb of a king.

The old guard, wearing the Confederate gray and the bronze cross of the U. D. C., stalked up and down past the blurred portraits, forgetting his limp as he gesticulated forcefully with his cane, shaking his head mournfully all the time, wiping away his dripping perspiration with a gesture that would have done credit to a Demosthenes. There was the forbidding, ghastly jaw of a mastodon, arrow heads, tomahawks, a grinning skull, even, but these he did not deign to notice in the presence of the Ku Klux mask, with real eyelashes,

and the oil portrait cut to shreds by wanton Union swords. He talked on and on: Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Gettysburg, the burning of Atlanta, Appomattox, Wilson's raid in Montgomery. . . . When at last the sun was behind the trees and it was cooler outside, he wandered to the great columned porch where, on the top step, the Sophie Bibb Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy had placed a star marking the spot where Jefferson Davis stood when he took the oath as the first president of the Confederacy. In the moment before I scampered away he drew himself up proudly and reminded me that the Capitol had never surrendered to Union soldiers—and never would—so long as there was a Confederate veteran to draw the breath of life! At the edge of the Capitol lawn I often encountered the old gardener, "knocking off for the day," as he phrased it, gathering up his bags and trowels. "Well," he would call, "has Captain Bennie been readin' you the riot act again?" And, as I nodded, "He's a great one!"

But there are no such opportunities for the young Confederates of today. The Capitol, it is true, is still there, as gleaming and imposing as ever, with the trees and pyramids of cannon balls in front, but there are signs posted conspicuously on the lawns, "Keep Off the Grass," and there are few trespassers. Old Captain Bennie is dead and gone, and while a guard in Confederate gray still paces the corridors, he does no more than salute the friendly visitor; he seems tired and glad when he can escape to the bench on the porch and doze peacefully through the long afternoons. There may be others to carry on the tradition when he drops out at last, but they will be even older and even sleepier, and too near the borderland to do more than dream.

The time is fast approaching when the Capitol of the Confederacy will fall into Union hands!

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Architecture

THE POISON OF GOOD TASTE

By LEWIS MUMFORD

A LITTLE while ago an architect defended the Roman Catholic churches in America by saying that until the Catholics began to imitate the Episcopalians their buildings had never been handicapped by good taste. It is a perfectly sound paradox, and there is a great deal to be said for it; for we are now living in a period when certain national brands of good taste have been formulated by our architects, and no building without their particular stamp is considered decent and respectable. The result is that force and originality of treatment are disappearing from our buildings, and a decent mediocrity, like that of a respectable cemetery, is falling over our streets. There was, perhaps, more promise for American architecture in the uncertain turmoil of the late 'eighties than there is at the present moment, although the earlier period left only a handful of buildings that are worth preserving, but the number of positive eyesores erected during the last decade is, I believe, fewer than at any time since, say, 1840. A couple of generations ago the American architect dared to boast that his buildings were unique; and his boast was true, with this qualification, that no buildings so ill-proportioned, so badly modeled, so inconveniently designed had ever been planned or built this side of the moon. The disruption and villainous taste of the scroll-saw period, however, delivered the American architect from a slavish adherence to established forms; it gave men like Louis Sullivan and H. H. Richardson the opportunity to create new patterns which would weld together in harmonious units our homes, our railway

stations, our grain elevators, our banks, our schools. The Auditorium Building and the Monadnock Building in Chicago, the Pittsburgh jail and courthouse, the old De Vinne building in New York were some of the experiments towards a fresh and living architecture that were made in the late 'eighties and early 'nineties. I cite none of these buildings because of their perfection, for it would be absurd to think that unique problems in material, function and design could be solved in a single decade; all I say is that these buildings show clearly that American architecture was moving towards an interesting goal. None of these buildings was refined; none was marred by good taste; but each of them displayed a certain courage and strength which were capable of giving an æsthetic answer to any problem in building that the age offered. Richardson's masonry was clumsy and overemphatic; but the lessons he had learnt in building his churches, libraries, and townhalls were equally applicable to office buildings and factories; and he was ready to apply them.

Unfortunately, in a period of experiment no one can guarantee success in advance. Where there is no formula, where there is no cut and dried method, the chances are that a new building will look a little queer and bizarre; indeed, to get used to a fresh form requires a deliberate readjustment; and the more original the treatment the more difficult the readjustment. Moreover, the chances of making a fool of oneself and becoming enthusiastic over a monstrosity is much greater than it is if the architect keeps close to established patterns. So the fear of being ridiculous, fostered no doubt by such gentlemanly fellows as Messrs. Hunt and McKim

and White, took hold of the American business man sometime in the 'nineties: he decided to play safe and go in for the correct thing; and this snobbish fear happily coincided with the precepts of the Beaux Arts school which were being copied in our American schools of architecture. The classic in one of its numerous forms struck the safe and sane note in American architecture, and the presence of classic columns and cornices, with perhaps a little classic sculpture of the mausoleum school, was an æsthetic guarantee. None genuine without the label! It is true that the Gothic revival persisted feebly during this period; Gothic itself was standardized and reduced for the most part to some studious version of the most grammatic Gothic period, the English perpendicular; and except in Churches and Colleges an even more preposterous version of the style, "industrial Gothic," served as the sterile alternative to the classic orders.

There was one further reason that the classic took on so swiftly and completely, apart from its deep social fitness for a period of imperial exploitation. The formula for classic exteriors, the scale, the proportions, the kind of ornamental detail, had been definitely established by a host of European buildings; these constitute, as it were, so many stock patterns, and the formula can be laid on almost any interior plan. Where ground rents are high and where only a little time can elapse between the buying of the land and the erection of the building, it is a great advantage to the architect to have his design half-finished: it allows him to concentrate what energies he has upon the mechanical perfection of the interior. The original architects, like Louis Sullivan, who were trying to work out new solutions for new problems, who were trying to express in original forms the fine qualities of our civilization, demanded too much time for their work. What chance did they have of practicing their art in a period when the plans for a twenty-story office building may have to be completed within six weeks; yes, even

in less than six weeks! The less character a building had, the less nicely it was adapted to its site and its original function, the more easily could it be turned from one purpose to another; the more easily, too, could it be gambled with and passed from hand to hand. The very qualities that make a building priceless are those that would keep it off the market! It was not merely that originality might result in bad taste; worse than that, bad taste might in the end produce a little originality; and this was a consummation devoutly to be avoided. The healthy barbarians of Chicago were slow to catch on to this principle; and for a while they partly tolerated Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright; but in recent years buildings like the Wrigley Building and the Chicago *Tribune* Building have caught the safe mediocrity of the *Times* Building and the Standard Oil Building in New York. The fact is that the genteel tradition in American architecture is now as much a national brand as chewing gums and motor oils.

In our skyscrapers, it is true, gentility does not generally pay above the second or third floor; and so the rest of the building is treated with a hard logic which makes it well adapted to its primary purpose, that of creating and extracting ground rents; but on our smaller buildings, particularly on our libraries, municipal buildings, courthouses, and more pretentious country mansions the genteel tradition has laid a heavy hand. Distinguished as the late Bertram Goodhue was, he would probably have lost the design for the Academy of Sciences building in Washington had he treated it in his later free manner; indeed, his modification of classic details was a minor scandal, and it would probably not have been tolerated in a less eminent architect. What is the result? The result is that no cultivated person cares to waste two winks of an eye upon our "fine buildings"; the only places where something positive and interesting is in sight are a few small office buildings, an occasional public school or an apartment house.

The final comment on our genteel tradition was expressed by a German architect who showed me the snapshots he had taken on his travels about the country: except for a few grain elevators and warehouses, they were all photographs of the backs—the unornamented parts—of our buildings!

What excuse does the American architect make for his forests of Ionic and Corinthian pillars, for his miles and leagues of cornices, for his endless platitudes in design, for his interminable *clichés* in ornament? Well, the genteel architect bristles at the aspersion cast on his originality; he points out that his buildings *are* modern: the floor plans are different from those of a Roman temple or an Italian palace; the materials and the mode of construction *are* those of our own day; and as for the orders and the ornament, are they not, he superciliously asks, as justifiable as the established parts of speech we use in framing a sentence? It is a feeble defence. The point is that all these things are modern in spite of themselves, particularly in spite of the architect. He has not had the time or the patience or, alas! the imagination to think freshly in his new materials. He uses steel, for example, as a convenient dodge for solving an obsolete problem in stone construction, whereas if he loved his steel or his concrete, if he gloried in his technique, he would be prepared to work a new rhythmic wonder comparable

to that of the medieval cathedral builder who worked in stone. As for the notion that the five orders are the parts of speech, it is a joke. If there is any parallel at all between architecture and literature, the only things that correspond to the parts of speech are the forms which are common to all modes of architectures—walls, lintels, arches, beams, shafts. The use of the five orders today, the use of the classic forms as a whole today, would have its equivalent in literature if Mr. Sherwood Anderson attempted to translate "Winesburg, Ohio," into Ciceronian Latin, and found himself occasionally lapsing into English in spite of himself for the lack of any Roman equivalent in phrase or thought. This applies of course to all the other archaisms of style: the Gothic, for instance, is the equivalent of "meseems" and "grammercy" and "odds bodkins" in ordinary conversation.

Gentility undoubtedly has its uses; but it is mere humbug for the architect to pretend that these uses are æsthetic. In architecture, we are not Romans or Greeks or Florentines; and worst of all, we are not even Americans. Or rather, we *are* Americans; and we are only too ready to exhibit our snobbishness, our timorousness, our haste, and our distrust of the imagination. We are not yet convinced that art is a good business risk; whereas everyone knows that gentility pays.

Biology

AN ENQUIRY INTO THE ECOLOGY OF *HOMO SAPIENS LINNAEUS*

BY EMMETT REID DUNN

TO ANY individual animal who faces, and all must face, a world already crowded with others of his kind, there is offered a series of choices. First, he may struggle for his place in the sun; if he is successful in this struggle he may stay in his ancestral swamp until God or arteriosclerosis calls him to his reward at a ripe old age; if he is unsuccessful he must pass

immediately to that reward, or seek fresh ponds and marshes new. For the unsuccessful, migration is the alternative to death at home. But migration beyond the limits of his natural environment brings the individual face to face with new conditions. His native adaptability was insufficient to enable him to compete successfully with his fellows; it is now a question whether it is sufficient to enable him to meet the requirements of a new habitat. He may be as inefficient abroad as he was at home. If so, he fades quietly from the

screen. But if he adapts himself to the new conditions (by altering his habits or his structure) he prospers.

The means by which this alteration in habits or structure is brought about are not fully understood, and for our purposes it suffices to state that it may occur and has occurred countless times in the past. But many or most animals who trespass beyond the limits of their own environments merely swell the death rate of their species. Year after year, in search of space and food, animals enter and strive mightily to occupy and hold regions whose conditions cannot be met by their powers of adaptation. Frogs breed in shallow ponds, seed falls upon stony ground, birds from the South brave the terrors of the New England sleet, all in a vain search for suitable ground upon which others of their kind are not already strongly entrenched. Vaster enterprises are not infrequently begun. Early in the Spring of 1888 countless numbers of the Siberian sandgrouse left their native steppes and, traveling steadily westward, reached even England and Ireland. There they attempted colonization on a large scale, and instead of the violent opposition on the part of the aborigines which might have been expected, they were aided and abetted by a special act of Parliament. But it availed them naught. None were left by 1890 and none ever returned to the Siberian steppes. But occasionally the smaller forays are successful, and within historic times at least one invasion on a grand scale has completely succeeded. The brown rat, coming in a great horde from Asia, swam into our ken across the Volga river in 1727. In less than 200 years he has conquered the entire world, and put to shame the armies of Attila, Genghis, Tchaka, and Babbitt.

So far we have considered the environment as unchanging and the unsuccessful individual as forced to go forth and change or die because of a pressure of population. But the environment is never stable for long periods. The face of the earth changes;

but yesterday the hills around me were covered by the ice of glaciers, and perhaps tomorrow the inert cold will return. When the pond dries, or the swamp is flooded, when the ice advances or the jungle comes in, those animals whose surroundings change around them are confronted with stubborn choices. Either they must change in habits or in structure or in both to fit the new environment, or migrate to find the old conditions, or migrate along with the old conditions. To those who stay and cannot change death comes as surely as it did to Casabianca in a similar situation.

The two sets of phenomena just described prevent the attainment of stability in the animal world. Overcrowding and changing environment continually interfere with whatever Utopian notions our lower relatives may have. Peace and quiet, law and order, are but pious aspirations among the *Muridae*, the *Fringillidae*, and the *Leptodactylidae*. It remains to transfer our attention to the *Hominidae*, who gather in herds, as does the bison; whose mental agility, expressed in easily changing habits, allows them to go into many environments without physical change, as does the brown rat, and to use features of the environment in place of altering their structure, as does the butcher bird; and whose same mental agility, expressed in a different fashion, allows them to alter the environment somewhat to suit themselves, as does the beaver. It is in the combination of these three matters that man's superiority consists. The fact that he dwells in societies has very little to do with making his actions in the face of overcrowding or of changing environment different from those of other animals. And though his ability to change his habits rather than his structure is of vast importance, it does not affect his reactions to the two pressures which I have been discussing.

But the greater mental agility which distinguishes man from the brutes has unquestionably given him greater control over his environment than any of them possesses. He is able to some extent to

alter it. We are not all Joshuas to stop both sun and moon, nor have we yet the assumed ability of Iroquoian rainmakers, and in spite of the triumphs of Jeffersonian democracy we cannot yet increase the diameter of the earth by even a unanimous vote. But we protect ourselves against cold and heat, we make light when there is none in the sky, in many ways we ameliorate the harshness of our natural surroundings, and when these means fail, we create for ourselves an imaginary environment, either on this earth by means of art, music, literature, and the drama, or in the skies by means of religion, and when even imagination halts, a few c. c. of ethyl alcohol have been known to so change our views of environment that "then the world was none so bad, and I myself a sterling lad."

Granting all this, let us assume that man, with his partial control of environment, finds himself unpleasantly elbowed and crowded by others of his kind; out of a job and no work to be had. It is apparently fashionable to deny such unpalatable possibilities. Malthus is nowadays ranked amongst the prophets of Baal by the optimistic Elijahs of the Uplift. But any unprejudiced survey will reveal the phenomenon of overcrowding playing the same unpopular rôle in human affairs as it does in the affairs of other animals. The population of Ireland in 1659 was 500,000. In 1810 it was 8,000,000, an increase of 1600% in 150 years, and this increase was followed by the Irish famine. The case of Russia, where the temporary derangement of a complicated system resulted but recently in the terrific mortality of the Volga famine, shows once more how closely population presses upon the limits of subsistence. A simpler case may free us from the current philosophy of the Uplifters that this is the best of possible worlds, where every prospect pleases and only man is vile. The Polar Eskimo has no enemies in his own territory, is exploited by neither Czar nor landlord, and capitalism means as little to him as his method of reckoning relation-

ship does to us. A race of hunters, the Eskimos are strictly limited in numbers by the available supply of game. Come seven years of abundant seal, they wax fat and multiply, the young men take wives, the old men beget children. Comes then a lean year, there is not enough blubber for all, and though they share and share alike in true communal fashion, the weaker die. Nor is there any recourse in retreat to regions provided by nature with more game, for to the South are the equally hungry and more numerous and more warlike Indians.

In general, when overcrowding makes its appearance in a human group there ensues competition. Competition implies success and failure. They who run in a race run all, but not all receive the prize. The successful man, like the successful frog, gets his place in the sun. He has succeeded, and what more can he ask? The environment suits him and he suits it. He is, as one might say, a Conservative. The unsuccessful man may, and frequently does, starve; he may, and frequently does, emigrate, perhaps to prosper by finding himself more naturally fit for the new environment than he was for the old, or perhaps to be as sad a failure abroad as he was at home, and to make a nameless grave on a foreign shore.

Or he may exercise his human prerogative, and turn on this environment in which he is a failure and attempt to change it, and become a Radical, or even a Revolutionary. Inasmuch as the human environment of civilization appears to most failures as a set of laws under which the rich get richer and the poor get poorer, he may try to have the laws changed, the members of the New York Stock Exchange declared outlaws, and their wealth confiscated and turned over to the more deserving, *i.e.*, himself. He will, as far as he can, have the wealth accumulated by the minority taken over by the majority, not caring to determine in advance whether or no he will be any further from starvation than he is now. The émigrés afford another ex-

ample of this human reaction, but with a somewhat reverse English. Their onslaught upon environment takes the form of modifying the new so that it more resembles the old, and so the younger son dresses for dinner in Aneitum, and the missionary introduces certain Nordic customs into Polynesia, and the seamen introduce other Nordic customs, and thus the South Seas are made safe for democracy, to the great glory of God and the greater detriment of the Polynesian.

Thus, under changing conditions there are offered to men the same courses of action which are open to animals, together with one new one. Actual change of the animal in habits or in structure to fit the new rules is rare, and so also with men change is resisted to the utmost, and migration to or with the old conditions is the favored solution of the problem. Seen from this angle, there is little ecological difference between the Huns of Attila entering Europe when the desiccation of Central Asia had deprived them of their grasslands and the French Huguenots entering America when the revocation of the Edict of Nantes had deprived them of their religious liberty. Some of the nomads may have tried to keep their herds in the barren plains; some of the Huguenots may have held to their Protestantism in France; doubtless both attempts led to temporal disaster. Some of the nomads may have become agriculturists and practiced irrigation in the Takla-Maklan desert and some of the Huguenots may have embraced Catholicism. So far this agrees with the animal reactions and the human attempt to modify nature is little in evidence. Probably in both cases desperate attempts were made to keep the old environment and to resist the oncoming of the new state of affairs. Who knows how many incantations were resorted to by the *shamans* in a vain effort to keep Asia wet? Who knows (save some doctor of philosophy) what intrigues were resorted to by the Huguenots in a vain effort to keep France safe for Protestantism?

But there is one special case wherein *Homo sapiens*, because of his modifying influence upon environment, acts in a manner paralleled by no other animal, but rather in the manner of plants, for these also influence environment. This influence, when exercised in an unintelligent fashion, may be the reverse of beneficial to the individuals which exert it. The special case to which I allude is that of the Pioneer, over whose picturesque corpse so many tears have been shed. This is a case of an animal suited to an impermanent environment, and an environment which is changed by the animal's own exertions into one in which he can no longer exist. The Pioneer is suited to frontier conditions—those obtaining at the border line between two environments. These conditions are special and peculiar, and only a special and peculiar human type fits them. They are also evanescent, for the frontier moves in one direction or another, depending on the force of the two human environments in question, and the frontiersmen move with it. Eventually, it disappears, as it has done in this country, and the Pioneer also disappears, for largely or entirely because of his exertions it is made safe for that very civilization which, by a peculiar irony, is unsafe for him. His own virtues then become vices and he is usually totally lacking in the special virtues of civilization.

The two environments have so far been considered as occupying mutually exclusive territory, with the frontier as debatable ground between them. But it is perfectly evident that one environment can change into a different environment uniformly rather than by progressive encroachment, the change affecting all parts simultaneously. In this event the frontier would be equal in extent to the whole of the environment and frontier conditions would endure during the period of change. Such a change in human environment is commonly known as a Social Revolution, and the remarks made concerning the more usual type of environmental change apply

equally well to this one. There is little real difference between the Pioneer of Rotarianism and the Pioneer of Revolution. Madero and Boone, Kerensky and Carson, are ecological homologues.

In all this where does the virtue lie? So many of our actions and so many of our ideas are consciously or unconsciously directed towards keeping our environment as it is or towards making it over into one more consonant with our desires that it is very hard for anyone to believe that his basic motives are the same as the basic motives of others who perchance desire a different environment. The Conservative and the Radical, seen as intelligent animals, differ not a whit. Each is for his own advantage. The bank president strives to uphold a state of affairs in which he is successful. The bank robber strives to break down a condition in which he is unsuccessful. We sympathize with one or the other, and the direction of our sympathy is guided by our opinions as to our own prosperity in the environments typified by the two opponents. The Conservative wishes to maintain matters as they are because he prospers thereby and fears or knows he would not prosper otherwise. The Radical bends his energies to change an environment which does not suit him (and which he, perhaps, does not suit). He hopes to obtain one which will suit him. Whether or not he succeeds is not germane to this discussion, the object of which is to make clear the ecological implications of his not wholly disinterested endeavors.

Any intelligent choice between such opposed forces should depend entirely upon the personal situation. Are you oppressed? Then rise, in the name of God! and trust that the other gentlemen of the Left will rise with you. Are you contented? Then sit tight, and those who are likewise contented and protestingly pay income taxes

will probably sit tight with you. Are you at ease among the Blond Nordics? Then you should see your advantage in their aims, even if somewhat anæsthetic to the beauty of their methods. Are you one of the Chosen of God? Or do you blush unseen by reason of your dusky hue? Then you write letters to the *New Republic* and the *Nation* protesting against racial discrimination at Harvard. Do you repeat Allah-il-Allah at the prescribed intervals, and face Mecca at midday? Then there is no reason why you should be saddened at the weakening of the British Raj, or at the entry of Kemal Pasha and his Kurds into Smyrna. In short, there is much to be said for anyone who espouses any scheme whatever which he knows, believes, imagines, or hopes will conduce to his own honor, glory, or material advancement, or who opposes all counter revolutions which aim at his degradation or impoverishment.

In practice, many or most of the schemes we are called upon to assist are visionary in the extreme, and the more intelligent will of course avoid the tilting at windmills and the bowing the knee to Rimmon which form such prominent features of the present landscape. Overcrowding and changing environment are the twin opponents of all panaceas and all Utopias. The wide reaching changes in climate are unpredictable and irresistible. Fortunately, they take place rarely and slowly. But overcrowding alone is capable of upsetting the best laid plans for general improvement and uplift. And overcrowding is usually denied, seldom seriously considered, and no practicable means for combating it have ever been devised. Until it is done away with, and the possibility is dubious, everything done in the general interest is merely temporary alleviation, a treatment directed towards the symptoms and not towards the disease. Meanwhile we have the world to live in.

A PRAIRIE TOWN

BY JAMES STEVENS

IN THE Spring that followed my fifth birthday I went to live with my grandmother in Moravia, a town of five hundred population in southern Iowa. Moravia itself was a farm town, but only four miles away to the north were Foster and Hilton, coal-mining towns, and a gaudy industrial life. The best farms about Moravia were in the level lands along the eastern and western roads. South of the town was a hilly country, with streams foaming through its little valleys, and woods of hickory and elm on its hills. Many kinds of wildflowers grew there in the Spring among the young grass; and the fresh greenery of unfolding leaves on the boughs, and the tickling smells of the stirring earth, and the exhilarating air, washed by April rains, made the hills magical in that season. In the Summer the creeks offered swimming pools in cool shade. In the Autumn crowds of boys went out on Saturdays, with bags over their shoulders, and rescued hickory nuts, walnuts and hazelnuts from the squirrels, their pestiferous rivals. In the years when the nuts grew scantily on tree and bush these creatures were intolerable in their piggishness, and every true boy would play hooky to rout them. In the Winter the hill country was the best for sleighing and tobogganing; the best skating ponds, however, were out in the flat farm lands to the east and west.

The tranquillity of the usual country town of that time and region was not in Moravia, though it was far from being openly sinful, like the coal-mining towns. The Methodists, the Christians, the United Brethren, and the Cumberland Presbyte-

rians had churches there; and out in the hill country was a Primitive (Hardshell) Baptist meeting-house, and a Methodist chapel. But it was only a few miles from the chapel to the sinful Soap Creek country, where the soap-crickers rioted and danced and played poker. With the soap-crickers on one side, and the coal-miners on the other, the righteous neighborhood of Moravia (the town was founded by the Moravian sect) had a hard time of it; and even the most pious boys didn't have a fair chance. Three railroads ran through the town, so there were many section men and other railroad employes lolling about, and hobos were always dropping in. Quite often farm boys would go over to work in the mines, and they were usually spoiled when they came back. Sometimes a gang of them would drive over from Foster, bringing kegs of beer with them—our town had no saloons—and then they would gather up their friends and have a beer-bust in some out-of-the-way place. All this made a pretty risky environment for me, as I was not naturally a good boy.

During my very first Summer in Moravia I learned to chew tobacco; and no doubt I did many other things which greatly worried my grandmother. At any rate, she started me in school when it opened on the first Monday in September, though I was a year too young for it. I could already read a bit, however. The old folks used to shake their heads and say it was powerful strange that the boy was smart, and yet so pesky mean. My earliest memories of grown people are mainly concerned with their wonder and admonishments about "the 'tarnal contrariness of thet child."

School had a good influence on me at first; not because of the study and the schoolma'm's discipline, but because of the boys, all of them older than myself. It was Sam Trub, a fat boy of seven, who first taught me to respect the authority of power. Whenever it was his will for me to do so, I had to stop by his place, sit down on the sidewalk, and tell him stories. I had to run errands for him. I dared not wear my Bryan button when he was around, for his grandfather, a Civil War hero, was what my Virginia grandmother called "a black Republican." Sam Trub's people were all strict Methodists, and he ridiculed my Hardshell Baptist connections at every opportunity. Whenever I rebelled against his dominance, he would upset me on my back, straddle his bulk over my belly, and tickle me. I was fearfully ticklish, and I had a great terror of Sam. He was a pious, church-going boy, and he brought me to Sunday-school. He also ordered me to chew no more tobacco, and during the whole eight months of school I did not touch the leaf. For a year and a half I lived in dread of him. I was docile in school, I attended Sunday-school regularly, and in the Summer of 1899 I marched in a procession shouting for McKinley—all because my fat young master so willed it. But in the Autumn of that year, as I shall relate, I was freed of Sam Trub.

II

In August Wild Jim and his partner came to Moravia. They were dressed in buckskins, with fringes on their sleeves and breeches, and they wore gaudy silk bandannas around their necks, and amazingly wide and lofty sombreros on their heads. Handbills advertised that Wild Jim would do some fancy shooting in Lathrop's field, and that his partner would then break any colt to the saddle in ten minutes. All the boys were excited about these heroes of the West, and the grown-ups talked a lot about them, too.

There was a big crowd on hand to see

Wild Jim do his shooting. Big marbles—the kind with curling colored stripes which boys called "glassies"—and empty cans were thrown into the air, and Wild Jim missed hardly a shot. When he had finished his exhibition he made a speech in which he told how much greater a scout he was than Buffalo Bill, and how his shooting surpassed Wild Bill Hickock's; "only," said Wild Jim, "I was never the kind of a feller to go around shootin' folks like Hickock did, an' I ain't the kind of a feller to go showin' myself off in a miserable, unchrischun circus, an' braggin' all over about the scoutin' an' Injun-fightin' I done, like Cody. Mind you, I ain't sayin' a word against Cody; I learned him a lot, an' I know there's quite a bit to him. But I quit him an' let him go his own way when he started showin' off. That wasn't the style to suit an honest an' straightforward ol' plainsman like Wild Jim. What I'm doin', gents, is sellin' the story of my life here; writ in a plain, simple way, it is; all fac's an' no brags. I been mixed in a heap of deviltry, an' knew the time when I'd as soon kill a man as look at him. I confess it all here, as a warnin'. I live a Chrischun life now; an' to prove it I offer you this fifty-cent book for twenty-five cents; one quarter of a dollar; or, as we say in the wild an' woolly West, two bits. Step right up, if you want to read the honest-to-goodness hair-raisin' fac's about Wild Jim an' life on the plains."

He had waved his hands and pranced around like a politician when he talked, and there must have been a hundred men in the crowd who bought his book.

Book-selling done, Wild Jim and his partner returned to the hotel, where a farmer had an unbroken three-year-old tied to the hitching rack. The two Westerners went into the hotel, and the crowd waited. It grew impatient, as the partner failed to show up with his saddle. Finally, old Wilber Trub, Sam's grandfather, raised a yell for him, and the crowd took it up. Then Wild Jim came out and made another speech. He flattered the town, saying he

had not been in so Christian a settlement in ages. He flattered the men, saying he had never seen a crowd anywhere, not even in the wild and woolly West, which could appreciate fine shooting as this one did. He certainly hated to leave them, said Wild Jim, and his partner felt the same way; but business was business, and they had to catch the 4.30 train, and if his partner took time to break a wild horse to ride, they might miss it. So he just wanted to thank the Moravia people again, and he hoped they would all keep good, Christian feelings for him and his partner.

Wilber Trub was a steward in the Methodist church, but he had no good, Christian feelings about him just then. He ran around to the back of the hotel, yanked a rail off a fence, and carried it out on his shoulder, shouting, "Fakers! Let's ride the fakers out of town on a rail!" The other old soldiers always followed Wilber's lead, and there were many of them in the crowd. They started parading back and forth behind him, and then he led them up the hotel steps. Before they reached the door Wild Jim's partner came out, his saddle slung over his shoulder. Wild Jim did not show up to make another speech. The partner really looked mean and wild, having a lean, yellow face, and a heavy black mustache above a thin goatee; but he never said one word all the time he was in Moravia. He strode sullenly through the crowd, helped to blindfold the colt, and swiftly saddled him. I have come to suspect that the partner was the real Wild Jim, and that the orator of the pair was some circus or vaudeville marksman with a talent for showmanship.

Anyhow, the partner was a real rider, and he soon quirted the colt into a bucking gallop that carried him into the main residence street of the town. His evil-tempered rider then put him over a dozen fine lawns and flower gardens that had no fences around them. The colt returned at a weary trot; and the partner dismounted, snapped the cinch loose, and carried his saddle into the hotel, without a word or a look for

anyone in the crowd. It made us boys shiver just to look at him, and we were sure that old Wilber Trub was the bravest man in the country, to stand on the hotel steps as he did and glare at the wild Westerner. And as Wild Jim and his partner got into the hotel hack to leave, old Wilber shouted at them: "Wild West, or no Wild West, you'll never git the best o' Moravy, let me tell you!" When the hack was gone the people all crowded around Wilber Trub and shook his hand.

None of the citizens whose lawns were ruined complained very much; everybody was glad that Wild Jim and his partner hadn't got the best of our town. Wilber Trub was quite a hero for a time. And Sam—well, no boy could have any peace around him at all. He actually went so far as to make me go along the street where the farmers were gossiping one Saturday afternoon, and yell over and over, "Hurrah for Mr. Wilber Trub, the man who scared Wild Jim!"

III

Old Wilber ran a furniture store, and, despite his Methodism, he sometimes indulged in very unsanctified merchandising. This practice of his cost him his glory soon after he had acquired it, and reduced his grandson to humility. The old soldier had been a gay fellow among the girls in his youth, and he still had an eye for a pretty lady. A young widow came to his store one afternoon to buy a little red wagon for her son. She demurred at the cost. Old Wilber, so the town gossip ran, suggested that there were more ways than one for a young widow to get a little red wagon from Wilber Trub. Unluckily for him, the widow's sense of humor was stronger than her sense of outrage when she heard his proposal. She did not reject it with scorn and keep the shameful secret; she merely laughed at old Wilber, and then told the joke to all the Methodist ladies she met.

On the following Saturday night there was a show in the opera-house. The actors heard of the joke on the Methodist stew-

ard, and, regarding Methodist stewards as their natural enemies, they made the most of it. At the end of the first act of their melodrama two comedians came out before the curtain to entertain during the wait. One of them began to blubber and bawl,

"Oh! Oh! I've lost my wife; lost her for keeps!"

"Well, well!" said the other. "That's too bad. When did she die?"

"She ain't dead. But she's gone to Wilber Trub's to get one of his little red wagons!"

This rascal had a handkerchief which he had soaked in water. He pretended to cry into it, and then wring out streams of tears. How the soap-crickers, farm hands and coal-miners roared! More than one good churchman, indeed, also snickered over the affair, though the opinion was pretty general among the church people that the sinful element had exaggerated the story, or had even lied outright about it, to cast odium on a Methodist steward. The widow had been under suspicion for some time; and it was considered a brazen thing for her to come right out and tell of old Wilber's proposal as a joke. It was very likely, said the Methodists, that she had tempted him, and he had not yielded, and she had told the story to get even.

This might have been so. At any rate, the old soldier went about his business as though the gossip did not exist, and no one ventured to taunt him openly. But the dignity and authority of his position in the town were greatly reduced. His poor grandson was now the most scorned and despised boy in my class at school. The bigger schoolboys, sons of section hands and other laborers, made life wretched for him; and he got so that anyone had only to say, "little red wagon," in the most unconcerned way, and he would look pale and sick and seem to shrink in his clothes. Sam never tormented me any more, and finally I got up courage to make myself completely free of him.

One day I went around to Buckmaster's barn. A gang of the boys had Sam Trub

cornered there, teasing him about his grandfather's little red wagon. He just stood leaning against the barn, looking down at the ground, and kicking up dirt with his toe. I joined in the teasing, and he took everything I said without reply. After a while I got still braver, and I slapped his face and invited him to fight. He put his hands over his face and ran away as fast as he could go. After that I was just about as mean to Sam Trub as he had ever been to me. I abandoned his Sunday-school, and I cursed the Republican party in his presence. Once, aided by the drayman's son, I forced him to take a chew of tobacco. This experience ended disastrously for me. The leaf sickened Sam, and in his woe he tattled. I was denounced to my grandmother and got a lusty switching, losing, beside, a fresh plug of tobacco.

But most of my days were carefree and peaceful then, and my life ran along uneventfully until I was nine years old. Then I was converted at a big camp meeting. No doubt my conversion was mainly a manifestation of my natural contrariness; for my grandmother was a Hardshell Baptist and did not believe in children getting religion. She herself often went to hear the Methodist minister preach, as the Baptist meeting-house in the country had no regular elder, and she had encouraged me to go to Sunday-school, but she would not take my religious notions seriously. When I became fully aware of this I set about to become a very religious boy.

After my seventh birthday I had developed quite an appetite for reading, an appetite which had to be satisfied mostly by my grandmother's books—the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Swiss Family Robinson." I must have read the two last books a dozen times each, and I became very familiar with Genesis, Exodus, and Revelation, my three favorite books of the Bible. I never tired of the story about Joseph and his brethren; and I remember that I was always greatly puzzled by the part about Potiphar's wife, thinking of her as a terrible liar who did her best to get

Joseph to go around lying with her. The Presbyterian minister lived next door to us; and I used to talk to him about Joseph and Potiphar's wife, assuring him that I was going to be like Joseph and never lie around with anybody. I declared that I would always stick to the truth, just as Joseph did. One day I overheard him telling some churchmen about my interpretation of the story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, and then I was more puzzled than ever, for they all laughed about it. With all this reading, the Holy Spirit began to work in me, and even before the camp-meeting began I had returned to Sunday-school, and had quit chewing tobacco once more without urging from anyone.

The Lawson brothers were two very successful revivalists of that time. They were young Methodist preachers and had some education, but in their preaching they ignored the teaching of the seminaries and stuck to the Peter Cartwright tradition. Peter Cartwright was the founder of Methodism in the prairie States; his fame there, in the Civil War era, equalled Lincoln's; and his name was still venerated in Iowa when I was a boy. Dozens of stories about this roaring, heavy-fisted prairie parson were familiar to everyone. In prairie towns like Moravia the camp-meeting remained a respected institution. The Lawson brothers, like Peter Cartwright, thought that meeting a failure where saints failed to swoon and shout, and sinners did not roll, roar and prance. Jesse Lawson was a barrel-chested, black-maned pulpit-thumper, and, strictly following old Peter in every respect, he would use his sledge-like fists on any irreverent soap-cricker or coal-miner who scoffed aloud at his meetings. Luke Lawson was a plump and kindly man; there was no light of battle about him. He had a soothing, caressing baritone voice which always seemed about to break into sobs when he sang such hymns as "Come to Jesus." When Jesse had got the congregation into a shouting, hysterical condition with his thundered threats of hell-fire, Luke's healing and comforting voice

would go out over the throng, dropping on the tormented sinners the balm of a sweeter promise. Their yells and screams would subside; weeping, they would press yearningly towards the mourners' bench. Jesse and Luke made a rare team.

IV

The Methodists, the Presbyterians and the United Brethren held this camp-meeting in union. The big tent was raised up in a maple grove. It was early Spring, and the farmers drove in to attend. Basket dinners were served in the tent. Everyone seemed excited and happy, eating, gossiping, swapping stories, and fist-fighting when preaching was not going on. There was more fighting around such a camp-meeting in those days than in the saloons. The sinful element was always made resentful and bellicose by the harsh and violent manner in which it was denounced, and the saints were never reluctant to do battle for the true faith. Jesse Lawson wore several scars.

I remember the camp-meeting as a festival, with everyone having a glorious and exciting time. Some of the night meetings lasted until midnight, and the sanctified would often remain in prayer and song until dawn. The Lawson brothers achieved a great triumph in Moravia. Even some of the most case-hardened soap-crickers "went forward." There were many hallelujahs among the saints when Parvin Repp, the most notorious and amusing liar of the Soap Creek country, was taken unawares one night and carried to the altar. Parve, as he was called, would pack the office room of the livery barn every time he came to town. His stories of his attempts at suicide had been retold until they were familiar to everyone in town. Time and again, he said, he had tried to kill himself for fear of his wife's wrath over one of his errors. Always he failed miserably. Once he had absent-mindedly taken her best calico apron and made rags of it to use in oiling his harness. Not until it was in bits did the thought occur to him that Cynthia,

his wife, would be powerfully angry about losing her pretty apron.

"There was nothin' else fer it," said Parve, "but to go drown myself. So down I went to ol' Chariton River; an' it had been rainin' fer quite a spell then; an' so much water had come up over the bottom lands thet I couldn't git to the river nowhere at all. So back home I had to go an' take the whalin' thet was comin' to me."

Another favorite yarn of Parve's narrated his conflict with Cynthy over her Plymouth Rock hens. They were fine, fat hens, and she was mighty proud of them, insisting that they have the freedom of the barn. One Winter day Parve brought his team in after some hard hours of breaking down cornstalks and gave the horses a rich feed of oats. Cynthy's hens flew into the feed-trough and scattered the oats in every direction. Parve went for them with an ear of corn and knocked all life out of one of them.

"I knew thet Cynthy would everlastingly go after me fer this," said he, "so I thought the best way out was to make an end of everything. It was around twenty-five below; so I tramps out into the orchard, climbs into a Ben Davis apple tree, with a mind to freeze myself to death. But do you know, it was so tarnation cold thet I couldn't stay there five minutes! Shiverin' an' a hobblin', I had to make it on to the house an' take my lickin'."

After Parve had come to the mourners' bench and confessed his lies and vowed never to speak anything but the truth again, there was no question about the completeness of the Lawson brothers' triumph. At the end of the ten-day meeting a host of saints, including more than two hundred converts, marched to the Milwaukee depot and sent the revivalists away with shouting and song. They carried the glamor of festival away with them. I remember the saints going homeward after the train had gone with the aspect of a crowd dispersing after a burial. Backsliding began among them at once.

My own conversion had brought with it a desire to preach; and it lasted long

enough for me to select a text and compose a sermon. The text was from Revelation. These are the words of it, as I remember them: "And he took the book and ate it; and in his mouth it was sweet as honey, but in his belly it was bitter." I made a warm sermon from this text, comparing man's sins to the book. On earth, I declared, sins were sweet to the taste, as was the book in the saint's mouth; but after death, in hell-fire, sins were terribly bitter, as was the book when it had been swallowed. I practiced on this sermon until the church people began to talk about it. One Sabbath afternoon I preached it to the Juniors' Union from the pulpit of the United Brethren church. The minister said that I was sure to be a first-rate preacher some day, and he advised me to keep right on.

But the Spring days marched on, with an ever-increasing music and glitter; they flew the bright pagan banners of the prairie May; and then school days ended and frolicsome June smiled and danced around me. The fields were lush and green with timothy, clover and corn, the woods were melodious with singing birds, the waters of the ponds were warm and caressing, the town lots were noisy with ball-players. Such a time was the Winter of the saints' discontent. Later on, in the toil and moist heat of the prairie Summer, Methodism would flourish again; but now all its powers of resistance were needed for mere survival. I was drawn back to ball-playing with unsaved boys in the afternoons, and to hanging about the streets and lingering in the livery barn at night.

My complete backsliding occurred at a Saturday afternoon ball game. I had already been nicknamed Preacher at school, and most of the Moravia men knew about my oratorical powers. The visiting team was late; and while the crowd was waiting someone suggested that the boy preacher give his sermon. Well, I thought, here's a chance for me to do some real good; I've been backsliding quite a bit, and maybe if I preach my sermon right power-

fully I'll have a return of grace. So I cut loose bravely and preached my best for about fifteen minutes. I had a grand and frightful ending for my sermon, in which I made a fearful picture of hell, showing the sinner tasting the final fiery bitterness of sin. When I got to this ending I yelled at the top of my voice and shook my fist in the finest revival style.

Suddenly I noticed that the crowd, which was made up mostly of the sinful element, was all doubled up with laughing. I broke off, feeling that I had made an awful fool of myself. But Buck Schrock, the pitcher of the Moravia team, thumped me on the back and roared that he'd be eternally gol-derned if I didn't have old Jesse Lawson down to the life. "Yes sir, bub; you got him acshully to the life. Dod-derned if I won't be your steward an' take you up a collection." So he did; and I got a dollar and thirty-five cents, as almost everyone put in a dime or a nickel. I felt pretty badly at first, thinking I'd done something wicked in giving the sinful element a chance to laugh at the Rev. Mr. Lawson. But I kept the money and bought some pop for my boy friends after the ball game, and that evening I went up town and bought half a pound of Star chewing tobacco. I was lost, and I knew it; and something told me that such being the case I might as well have as good a time out of being lost as I could.

For a nine-year-old boy, I made a lot of money out of preaching at ball games and around the livery barn that Summer. The church people talked about me considerably; some of them thought I should be stopped, but others were sure I would do some good. I was popular with all the boys, for I bought the good ones pop, and the bad ones could always come to me when they wanted chewing tobacco. I enjoyed that Summer as I have never enjoyed another one, though my sins increased and my heart hardened as the greenery of the prairie fields vanished in the sun and Autumn came with its harvest of grain and fruit.

V

When the school term began I was on hand, but I had reached the stage where I went to school rebelliously. I chewed the leaf in class, using the inkwell on my desk for a cuspidor. I became enamored of Frank and Dick Merriwell, Nick Carter and Diamond Dick; and in the shelter of my geography I read the weeklies in which the adventures of those heroes were published. I resisted punishment, leaving the room by a window one time to avoid being whipped by the schoolma'm, and returning to the school in the custody of the town marshal.

In the Spring a railroad gang came to Moravia to replace a condemned wooden trestle with a dirt fill. The gang had a steam shovel and other machines, a delight to see. I made friends with the men who ran the work train, and they would let me ride back and forth with them. The watchman who kept up the fire in the locomotive at night also took a fancy to me; and nearly every night I would sit in the cab with him for hours, hearing him tell his plans and dreams. He would assure me that "one of these days you'll see a big Compound steamin' down the track, an' I'll be pokin' an' scatterin' coal in her ol' fire box." When his talk became monotonous I'd dream my own dreams, pretending that the work train locomotive was hitched to the Overland Limited, and that I was a veteran engineer, taking the train through the wild western mountains; roaring around curves, fighting off train-robbers, staying with the engine in the great wreck which was no fault of mine. Twice I spent the whole night in the cab, scandalizing my grandmother's neighbors. I played hooky for two straight weeks, hanging around the work train, and riding freights to Foster and back. I swaggered before my grandmother and boasted that I would get a job in the mines.

"I am going to send you West to your father," she told me quietly one day late in April. "I've written him, and he's ex-

pecting you. So we'll get ready for you to go right away."

I shouted and danced over the promise of this unexpected adventure. It began in three days—days which, in my impatience, I thought would never pass. Then one night I was in a Kansas City train, a ticket and a baggage check pinned in my inside coat pocket, a vast card, bearing directions to the conductor, sewed on a coat lapel. I sat stiffly in my seat thinking excitedly of the storied West. Idaho was only three days and three nights away. The land of cowboys, Indians, desperadoes, and magnificent heroes like Diamond Dick! As the train pulled out I began to feel a little doubt of the pleasure of living in such a dangerous land. I pressed my face to the window and caught a last sight of the scanty lights of the prairie town. Then I leaned back in my seat and thought about the life I was leaving. It seemed pretty good. Apples and melons and clover . . . fields of timothy and corn . . . ponds of water and oaks and elms in bluegrass pastures . . . preaching and basket dinners in the maple grove . . . story-telling in the livery barn. . . .

A ten-year-old boy is driving three horses hitched to a disk, guiding them back and forth over the alfalfa field of an Idaho valley farm. A month out of Iowa, he is already used to the realities of western life. He is in a pioneer country, where boys as well as men must work. He has learned to carry duties and responsibilities. He must guide his team straight; he must hold a tight, steady line, and watch carefully, for Cyclone, the broncho, is apt to break and run. The disk must be oiled every hour. The team must be watered and fed at noon and night. This ten-year-old worker has an importance that delights him, and it is the more pleasurable because it is so new. His thoughts stray curiously to his last days in the prairie town. What a fool that Iowa kid was, anyway! Preachin'—holy smoke! Playin' hooky an' runnin' around with a gang of tenderfeet kids that wouldn't know a hackamore from a latigo! Readin'

Diamond Dick, an' thinkin' *that* was the West! Gosh-a-Friday! . . .

The disk-driver pretends for a moment: he sees Brownie McCune, Hod Marion, Dobie Lathrop, Gene Horner—all the important boys of the prairie town—come tramping up the road that winds through the sagebrush. They are just out on an idle jaunt. What a different fellow is this driver of three horses to the Preacher they knew! How they stare in awe as he tolerantly explains his difficult job to them!

The disk-driver sighs as the familiar figures vanish, and he feels a little lonely. Gosh! hasn't he changed sudden? How in the name of all and everything did it come about, anyway? His memories of his long train journey tell him nothing; his main recollection is his argument with a Methodist conductor who tried to snatch his plug of Star away from him. Then he'd met his father and his other folks in Idaho. He had got acquainted with the valley boys at their first meeting. He had awed them by pulling out his plug and taking a chew in front of all the grown people, and then offering it to the other boys. He told them it was Kansas City chewing tobacco, and the best going; nearly all the people back East chewed Kansas City chewing tobacco, he said. He had got on famously with the valley boys, but the country itself was harder to get used to. The houses and barns seemed unnaturally small among the towering Idaho hills, and those hills themselves had oppressed him with the sense of their monumental size. Then he was put to work. . . .

Suddenly the country and its life seemed perfectly natural to him, and the prairie town and his old life there were obscured in a mist that dropped before them as the curtain falls on the act of a play. The driver of three horses on a disk was dimly conscious that something like a miracle had happened, and he troubled his mind with some wonderings about it. But he was not troubled long, for he felt life moving and saw it shining all about him, and he was still a boy.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Science.—More buncombe is practiced in the matter of what is called scientific research than in any other field of human enterprise, saving only antique furniture, Russian caviar and politics. We are thus currently entertained by a plenitude of scalings of inaccessible mountain peaks, expeditions to the North Pole, crossings of the Atlantic in twenty-foot sail-boats, dinosaur-hunting trips into African jungles, explorations of Egyptian grave-yards, Hindustan butterfly quests and airplane circlings around the Woolworth tower which have little or nothing to do with true science and which result in no more important contributions to the sum of scientific knowledge than movies for the news reels. Most of these expeditions, investigations and experiments are heavily backed by suckers or by idiots with a scientific bee in their belfrys. Last year alone, it is estimated that the total outlay for such pseudo-scientific monkeyshines approximated six millions of dollars. Vastly more might be done for science if the suckers and posturers would put their money in savings banks and keep out only enough to buy Alexis Carrel a couple of boxes of good cigars.

Reason No. 3.—Among the reasons promiscuously assigned for the falling off in enlistments in the Navy, I notice that what is perhaps as good a reason as any other is conspicuously absent. Although the truth is not a pleasant one, it remains that the sailor boy has come under a cloud and that this stigma is responsible for the disinclination of young men, who would otherwise be glad to enlist, to do so. The cloud that I allude to, obviously enough,

is that which reflects upon the gender of the sailor boy's morals, which, incidentally, has grown to such proportions that it is today one of the favorite bases of burlesque show and barroom jests, and which has contrived to cast suspicion upon the class as a whole. That this suspicion is largely unwarranted is, equally obviously, true. For one sailor derelict in the matter of what may be termed 100 per cent American (if not always Anglo-Saxon) sex morals, there are unquestionably a dozen or more who are as gamogenetically upright and praiseworthy as so many guinea pigs. But the good have suffered with the bad, and as a result the sailor boy of the moment is often the target of a cruel humor which he in no wise deserves.

The New Art of the Movies.—Hearing that the moving pictures had made enormous strides forward in the last year, I drugged my senses with a quart of synthetic *eau de vie de Danzig* the other evening and betook myself to a large and gaudy cinema-sink to view the wonders and glories of the new artistic dispensation. The opus was one of that great film favorite's, the M. Zane Grey's; its title, "The Rainbow Trail." The first caption flashed on the screen was as follows:

For Twelve Long, Weary Years
Sherrard Had Traveled The
Desert Looking For His Uncle

Two minutes later found me around the corner again looking at a good old-fashioned artistic dog-fight.

On Letters.—Every man should specify in a codicil to his last will and testament that under no circumstances are his letters, to whomsoever written during his lifetime, to be published after his death. The only conceivable exceptions should be such vain fellows, of whom there are a few, as deliberately compose letters with an eye to their posthumous publication. These letters, of course, are not actually letters at all, but purposeful literary documents—posturing, insincere, and of the popinjay all compact. They are no more letters, properly speaking, than Grant's Tomb is a deviled ham sandwich. The letters written by other men are, however and nevertheless, generally equally unrevelatory so far as the men themselves are concerned. And where they do reveal the character and nature of their writers, they usually have so little claim to literary value, or any other sound value, that their publication disgraces the respective corpses. A man may tell the truth about himself and his acquaintances in a few letters during his lifetime, but the letters he customarily writes illuminate him with a very dim honesty. For once that he tells the truth about the way some man has swindled him, he fails ten times to tell the truth about the ways he, in turn, swindled other men. For once he writes a letter saying what he actually thinks, he twenty times writes letters saying merely what he knows will please the recipients of those letters. A man's letters, in short, represent less himself than more or less necessary evasions of himself.

Even in the doodlish department of love-letter writing, a man's epistolary confessions seldom have much sincerity. Where sincerity creeps in to any considerable degree, the love-letter descends very largely to rubber-stamps, expressions and terms of endearment as old as John the Baptist, and so is not worth publishing. A man generally writes his love-letters, if he compromises his dignity so far as to write them at all, not for their truth, but for their sound—and they hence give us very much less accurate news of his character and

nature than, say, his laundry bills. Now and again a poet's love-letters are worth publication, yet this is not because they are letters, but because they are literary compositions converted into letters only by the grace of a postage stamp and the circumstance that some post-office clerk has canceled it with some such message as "Don't Forget Ashtabula Old-Home Week."

Morals in Art.—To speak of morals in art is to speak of a clergyman in a bawdy-house. This is perhaps why the argument for morals in art is considered by its numerous sponsors to be so credible.

The People's Archduke.—As a spokesman for the average man's point of view—artistic, political, sociological, ethical or therapeutical—I take it that there is no more eloquent and convincing writer in America than the estimable E. W. Howe, of Atchison, Kansas. Through the medium of his famous *Monthly*, the praiseworthy Ed reflects, no doubt pointedly and accurately, the attitude of tens of thousands of fellow Americanos who, though they think and feel as he does, have not the articulateness to embalm their cogitations and emotions in words. A study of Mr. Howe's opinions and reflections therefore provides as good a picture of the average mind and philosophy in action as one can find in this year of our Lord, Calvin Coolidge. What is the nature of these opinions and reflections? I make bold to record it from a close scrutiny, line by line, column by column and page by page, of the *Monthly*. Here it is:

1. The other night I heard as good a symphony concert as I have ever heard in my life, and I have heard most of the symphony orchestras: New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Berlin, Vienna, and the London Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Arthur Niksch [sic], the Old Master—and the orchestra came from Minneapolis, Minnesota.

2. Rupert Hughes' book, "Why I Quit Going to Church," is no better than Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason." Indeed, in the controversy with critical bishops, priests and pastors, Mr. Paine handles them rather more cleverly than does Mr. Hughes.

3. The grand writing men frequently refer to the Splendor of the Great Poets. They say it to be nice; there is no such splendor.

4. Frank Harris writes laboriously; he should not have adopted writing as a profession, as he has no special ability in that direction.

5. Oscar Wilde was beyond anything I have ever known or heard of in depravity. He was all the time living a life that the vilest animal knows nothing about.

6. Virtue is nearly always rewarded.

7. I believe that morality is the easiest thing taught.

8. Pick out ten of the smartest . . . men in the country and seven of them are lawyers.

9. No other American has written so well as Emerson. I know of no "great thought" accepted by Nietzsche that Emerson did not express in a cleaner way, and without loss of poise or wit.

10. In literature, we often hear of "style." That's all there is to literature. As a man has it, or lacks it, he is genius or dullard, but neither of them have new ideas.

11. Gout is caused by heavy liquor drinking; rheumatism by heavy eating of rich foods.

12. A good business man in his hours of relaxation is usually entertaining, original, witty.

13. When a show or a book is half way good, it goes big.

14. European writers are so simple and truthful.

15. Anyone who knows anything knows there is more real knowledge of literature on Wall Street than in Greenwich Village.

16. One very naturally expects simplicity and decency from a New Englander, but these qualities are surprising in a real New York City man.

17. If you can, point to anything a Socialist ever created except a . . . book or a speech reeking with unfairness.

Trademarks.—A study of American humor should not fail to include a treatise on the trademarks that American merchants select for their goods. Many of these trademarks possess an intrinsic jocosity beside the richness of which the best Ford or monkey gland joke must hang its head in shame. The processes of reasoning whereby the merchants in question have arrived at them as apt and suitable emblemata for their wares is difficult to make out, as they often are no more accurately descriptive of the said wares than so many bootleggers' labels. A well-known cathartic water is thus called Pluto, after a Greek mythological god chiefly famous for his rape of a sweet chuck hight Proserpine, while another cathartic is named after the Roman mythological figure, Castor, who was chiefly famous for his dexterity in handling horses. Again, a certain brand of tooth-picks bears the name of Edward VII,

who once kicked a man off the terrace at Monte Carlo for offending his vision with a molar-poker. Still again a beer has been dubbed Phoenix, which beer, if one were to accept the Oriental mythological term, would promptly confer immortality upon its imbiber. Still further, a well-known skin cream bears the trademark, Pompeiian, its christener being doubtless unaware that Pompeii was ruined by eruptions. A hundred such trademarks may be readily called to mind. I expect any day to hear of an American manufacturer who puts out a rat-trap called "Liberty."

Religion.—In even the least intelligible and harshest religion there is a touch, however small, of beauty. Faith, be it soever ill-founded and vain and ridiculous, has always its measure of beauty. There is something beautiful in even a dog's faith in a Methodist master or a skunk's faith in himself when confronted by a professional moralist.

Criticism.—Criticism is the art where-with a critic tries to guess himself into a share of an artist's fame.

Suggestion for a Biography.—A book I should like to read—and doubtless there are thousands of ex-youngsters of the 1880's and early 90's who have the same feeling about it as I have—would be a biography, or better still an autobiography, if he is still living, of the man known as Burt Standish, author of the famous Frank Merriwell *literatur*. Who was this Standish; whence came he; what was his history? For week after week and year after year, he poured forth in gaudy-covered brochures the trials and conquests, the adventures and amours, the deeds of derring-do and hair's-breadth escapes of the eminent and well-remembered François, hero and idol of perhaps half the kids of the Republic in the years when Cleveland, Harrison and McKinley held the throne. I doubt, in all seriousness, if there was an American writer of twenty-five and thirty years ago

who was so widely known and so widely read by the boys of the time. His readers numbered millions, and included all sorts of young men, rich and poor. For one who read Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn" or "Tom Sawyer," there were ten thousand who read Standish's "Frank Merriwell's Dilemma, or the Rescue of Inez" and "Frank Merriwell at Yale, or the Winning Last Quarter-Mile." For one who read Thomas Nelson Page's "Small Boys in Big Boots" or Judge Shute or Archibald Clavering Gunter—or even, for that matter, Horatio Alger, Oliver Optic or Edward S. Ellis—there were five hundred who weekly followed with avidity the exploits of Standish's magnificent Franz. The little candy and cigar stores of that day, the chief distributing centres of the Standish *opera*, had longer lines of small boys with nickels in their hands every Friday than Barnum's or Forepaugh's circus could ever boast.

The exact number of Standish's works on the illustrious Merriwell, I don't know; but my guess is that it ran well over 15,000. Merriwell was one of the most profitable publishing ventures, I am told, that the country has ever known, and Street and Smith, his impresarios, made a fortune out of him. Standish, unlike many of the other so-called dime novel writers of his era, was a highly moral fellow; he never wrote a suggestive line; his tales always pointed a Sunday School moral; and hence the papas and mamas of the Republic did not curtail his sales by threatening their little

Emil with a good licking if they ever caught him reading "such stuff" again. So, as Diamond Dick and Frank Reade and Nick Carter and old Cap Collier lost in favor with the comptrollers of the family treasury, the favor of Standish and his Merriwell grew and the coins flowed into his pocket from hundreds of thousands of boys from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Surely, such a fellow is just as deserving of a biography as the department store owners, safety-razor manufacturers and ham actors whose lives currently line the library shelves. His influence on American young men was vastly greater than any of these, and the man himself, together with his story, is surely of considerably more interest. Standish was one of America's most peculiarly eminent practitioners of the art of fiction. His curious song deserves to be sung.

Apologia Automatica.—Not a month passes that I don't do something that makes me seem a fool in my own eyes and makes me want to take myself out into the street and kick myself around the block. That I don't do so is due to the consolation I find in the fact that most other men are idiotic just as often as I am. On the occasions when I make a hanswurst of myself, I therefore woo back my self-esteem simply by looking around me at my brothers in dunder-headedness and by comfortably recalling what a fool every man, past or present, who has my highest respect has periodically made of himself.

NOTES & Queries

Queries and answers should be addressed to The Editor of Notes & Queries, and not to individuals. Queries are printed in the order of their receipt, and numbered serially. An answer should bear the number of the query it refers to.

QUERY NO. 35

The Australian word *wouser* ought to be in the American language. It means a kill-joy, and especially one who tries to put down joy by legislation. It fits our American Prohibitionists, vice-crusaders, Sabbatarians and other such pediculæ perfectly. But what I want to know is who invented it, and what is its etymology? It is used universally in Australia, a country full of Methodists. During the war it got a start in England also, but has apparently gone out. I wonder why it has never been adopted in the United States. We have the damndest wowsers ever heard of, and more of them than hell itself.

D., Greensboro, N. C.

QUERY NO. 36

Who wrote the ancient Cockney song:

She was poor but she was honest,
And her parents was the sime,
Till she met a city feller
And she lost her honest nime.

It's the sime the whole world over,
It's the poor that gets the blime,
It's the rich that gets the pleasure;
Ain't it all a bloody shime!

I have been told that this was William E. Gladstone's favorite song—that is, favorite secular song. In hymns he had other preferences.

WILBUR BARNES, *Oklahoma City, Okla.*

QUERY NO. 37

A friend of mine, who has done considerable research in early New England history, recently startled me by saying that there is convincing proof that Benjamin Franklin for a number of years sold indecent books. Is this true?

I. L. WHITTIER, *Salem, Mass.*

QUERY NO. 38

Will any of your readers be so kind as to supply the missing line and tell me from what poem the following is an excerpt:

Like a drowning man needs water,

Like a bald man needs a comb and brush
That's how I need you.

A. S. K., *Philadelphia*

QUERY NO. 39

The word *chicken*, to designate a puella, seems to be going out of the American vulgate. What I'd like to know is when and how it got in. In "The Married Man's Litany," published in the *New Hampshire Spy* for June 10, 1788, I find the following:

From visiting bagnios, those seats of despair,
Where *chickens* will call you "my duck" and
"my dear,"

In hopes that your purse may fall to their share,
Deliver me!

But here, obviously, the word was not used in the recently current sense. A *chicken*, eight or ten years ago, was surely not a harlot.

GEORGE M. STERN, *Buffalo, N. Y.*

QUERY NO. 40

New York's favorite dish, as established by the recent questionnaire, is corned beef and ——. President Coolidge's invariable reply to his missus's, "What'll we have for lunch, Cal?" is (*cf.* the New York

World for June 28, 1925), "Oh, I guess a little crisped salt pork with cream gravy wouldn't go bad." Now, this dietetic inquiry into the tastes of simple palated people is interesting, and I would like to know if any of your readers can tell me the favorite dishes of (a) the Hon. Willie Upshaw; (b) Gimp Gallagher, who drives a night hawk after two A. M. and whose station is at Fifty-third and Broadway; and (c) Senator Smoot.

BRILLAT BINSWANGER, *New York City*

QUERY NO. 41

Some while ago I read a book "by an unknown Disciple"—a kind of fifth and modern Gospel. I wondered who wrote it. More recently I have been reading many of Frank Harris' "Contemporary Portraits." The style and the ideas made me think, until suddenly it occurred to me: can Frank Harris be that "unknown disciple"? Does anybody know?

J. H. K., *New York City*

QUERY NO. 42

In two German magazines of the year 1839 I find reviews of a book by "Mrs. Marriet" with the title (retranslated) "A Wonderful (*wunderbare*) Story and a Famous Story-Teller." In this story, as I gather from the reviews, Goethe, while the guest of a Lady Gravensen at Treptow, near Berlin, tells how, as a young man, he roved the American prairies and lived among the Indians. What was this book, and who was the author? Certainly "Mrs. Marriet" cannot have been Florence Marryat, daughter of Captain Marryat, for Mrs. Marryat was not born until 1837.

ALBERT VAGT, *New Haven, Conn.*

QUERY NO. 43

I am preparing a reading list of science in fiction and shall be grateful to get titles of novels and short stories from your readers. I want references to stories which are (1) based upon a scientific theme like

those of Verne and Wells; (2) which contain as a leading character some famous man of science, like Merejkowski's "Romance of Leonardo da Vinci" and S. Guitry's drama "Pasteur"; and (3) which show the effect of some scientific discovery or advance in technology on the life of the community, like Hergesheimer's "Three Black Pennies."

EDWIN E. SLOSSON, *Washington, D. C.*

QUERY NO. 44

I find the following headline in the celebrated *Chicago Tribune*:

MIDWAY SIGNS
LIMEY PROF. TO
DOPE YANK TALK

I am a poor man, with two wives and twenty children to support, but I'll be glad to give the complete works of Walter Pater to anyone who can tell me what it means.

GRAMMARIAN, *Evanson, Ill.*

QUERY NO. 45

Are any of your readers collecting American neologisms? If so I offer the verb *to slenderize*. I find it in the advertisement of a contraption called the Newstyle Buttock-Reducer and Slenderizer. "Women," says the advertisement, "must slenderize." I also note that the movie folks have begun to speak of the spoken drama as the *speakies*. Tit for tat! The press-agent of one Jesse L. Lasky, who seems to be a movie magnate, calls him a *filmgineer*.

SCAVENGER, *Xenia, Ohio*

QUERY NO. 46

What is known about the origin of the common word *pep*? I have seen the statement that it is a clipped form of *pepper*, but I don't recall ever hearing *pepper* used in the same sense. It seems to me quite as likely that it came originally from *pepsin*, a common constituent of quack medicines, especially those sold for that tired feeling. I may add that I advocate a complete

bilateral orchidectomy, without anæsthetics or benefit of clergy, for persons who use such words as *pep*, *flu* and *beaut*.

LARRY MCGANN, *New Orleans*

QUERY NO. 47

Lord Dunsany has written a story around the line:

But he, he never came to Carcassonne.

I believe the poem from which the line was taken, concerns an old peasant who longs to reach Carcassonne, but dies before he does so. Can anyone tell me the title and author of the poem, and where I can find it?

QUERTY MCGILL, *Brooklyn*

QUERY NO. 48

Can anyone give me the words of a poem by Charles Kingsley beginning, I think:

Are you ready for the steeplechase?

Loren, Loren, Loree?

You are booked to ride Vindictive

For all the world to see.

This poem does not appear in any collection of his poems that I can find.

HENRIETTA T. PEARCE, *Atlanta, Ga.*

In reply to the request of R. L. O'F., for short poems, I submit the following, which is a condensation of a sonnet by Ronsard:

Time flies.

But no!

Time stays.

We go.

EDWIN E. SLOSSON, *Washington, D. C.*

R. L. O'F. may like this monosyllabic sonnet by Comte Paul de Resseguier, for his collection:

Épithaphe d'une Jeune Fille

Fort

Belle

Elle

Dort!

Sort

Frêle

Quelle

Mort!

Rose

Close—

La

Brise

L'a

Prise.

ALLAN MURRAY PRICE, *New York City*

ANSWER NO. 4

If O. B. Montgomery can procure a copy of Remy de Gourmont's "Natural Philosophy of Love" he will find, among other things, all about the psychological origin of modesty. There is one chapter dealing almost wholly with the subject; but to quote briefly from page 177:

The modesty of animals is a fancy. Like modesty among humans, it is merely the mask of fear, the crystallization of timorous habits, necessitated by the animals being unarmed during coupling.

M. M., *Akron, Ohio*

ANSWER NO. 5

The expression Maryland Free State was first used about three years ago by an anonymous contributor to the *Baltimore Evening Sun*, who wrote an article with

Answers

ANSWER NO. 3

As a contribution to R. L. O'F.'s collection, how is this:

On s'enlace; puis, un jour

On s'en lasse: c'est l'amour.

GARLAND SMITH, *Athens, Ga.*

Perhaps this zoölogical skit, of unknown authorship, should be added to R. L. O'F.'s collection:

Moles

Live in holes

And are blind—

I don't mind!

E. R. DUNN, *Northampton, Mass.*

that title in which he solemnly proposed that the State of Maryland secede from the Federal Union and go it alone. There was no clue to the identity of the writer save his initials, G. A. D. The article was never printed, but with that unscrupulousness characteristic of their kind, the editors of the *Evening Sun* appropriated the idea and have used it in their columns ever since. Chiefly because Prohibition, as the rest of the country knows it, is non-existent in Maryland, and also because even the Federal Court there has been conducted in such wise as to retain to a greater extent than elsewhere the respect of the citizenry, the people of Maryland have taken to the phrase, and the idea back of it. The flag of Maryland, which dates back to the foundation of the colony by the Barons Baltimore, is now displayed on feast days instead of the Star-Spangled Banner, and there is a movement on foot to persuade loyal Marylanders to stand at attention when "Maryland, My Maryland," the anthem of the commonwealth, is played or sung.

G. A. D., *Baltimore*

Maryland used to be called the Free State, but the name is no longer appropriate. Recently a country Raulston down there began giving jail sentences, under an obsolete State law, to bootleggers already punished under the Volstead Act—that is, he began violating the plain constitutional prohibition of double jeopardy. Nothing was done about it. A few Marylanders raised a feeble protest, but the Raulston continues on the bench. To hell with the Maryland Free State!

LEO ZALONSKI, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

ANSWER NO. 6

Theologicus may have his thirst for infernal information satisfied quite easily. Money being the *sine qua non* of Christian church membership, it therefore follows that the Episcopal Church, being the richest of all Christian sects in America, saves about 95% of its people from hell. They

have the money for spiritual fire insurance. The poorest sect is probably the Amish, an ultra-Calvinistic crowd inhabiting the rural parts of eastern Ohio (where I hail from). They probably save only 10%. As for these hopeless cousins of mine, the French, they are largely agnostics who confiscated the Church's wealth, so they evidently go straight to hell when they die, more especially since even the Catholics and Huguenots among them drink frequently, every day!

JAMES FRANCIS THIERRY, *Paris, France*

ANSWER NO. 7

Your correspondents seem to be unaware that a new vitamine, provisionally called F, has been found in Pilsner beer by Dr. Alois Vradlacka, at the University of Prague. Its properties seem to be somewhat similar to those of Water soluble B and Water soluble C. That is, it prevents both scurvy and beri-beri. One of Dr. Vradlacka's pupils, Schneider, found that on a diet consisting only of Pilsner and sausage, with no greens whatever, rats flourished. Whether or not the new vitamine is also to be found in other brands of beer is not yet known. It seems to be present in Pilsner in extraordinary quantity. Half a gill a day was sufficient to maintain very large rats (*Mus decumanus*) in perfect vigor. It had been known for centuries that the rats at Pilsen drank a great deal of beer, and were of extraordinary size. To avoid any possibility of error due to the use of a selected strain, Schneider imported brown rats from Armenia, where beer is not brewed.

AMERICAN M.D., *Vienna*

ANSWER NO. 9

If your correspondent, I. Q. 62, will direct his question to Dr. H. C. Goddard of the Department of Psychology at the Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio, he will no doubt receive an authoritative and detailed account of the origin of the word *moron*. The word first came into use in the

United States, having been manufactured by Professor Goddard and his fellow workers at the West Chester State Normal School at West Chester, Penn., to define that class of the feeble minded whose intellectual development (according to the Binet System) is that of a child between the ages of 8 and 14 years. It takes its origin from the Greek and is freely translated "wise fool." Goddard and his co-workers hit upon this term as being descriptive of the type. With them it had a definite and restricted meaning, but now the looseness with which it is being employed indicates that it will soon become a descriptive term generally applicable to anyone who disagrees with you. I think the word originated somewhere around 1900-1906, but if your correspondent will write to Dr. Goddard he will undoubtedly be precisely and correctly informed. What I am telling him rests solely upon the recollection of a lecture I heard Dr. Goddard deliver at the Vineland Training School for Feeble-Minded at Vineland, N. J., some 12 or 15 years ago.

J. G. WILSON, *Vineland, N. J.*

The Standard Dictionary says that *moron* means "a kind of salamander." Obviously, the kind that can get through college without being put back further than the mental age of a child of 12.

JAMES H. BRANSOM, *Utica, N. Y.*

ANSWER NO. 12

"Mother, may I go out to swim?" was written by the Rev. Joseph Pilmoor, D.D., who came to America in 1769 to convert the heathen New Yorkers to Methodism. He failed, and later became an Episcopalian, and rector of St. Paul's Church. He wrote the poem for a school-book of the period.

HISTORICUS, *Greenwich, Conn.*

ANSWER NO. 13

It is an object with me to encourage original research among my students. One of the young gentlemen assures me that "in 43 B. C. during the reign of Augustus Caesar, Jesus Christ, the founder of Christianity, was born."

LELAND H. JENKS, *Amherst, Mass.*

ANSWER NO. 18

Donald O'Keefe has been correctly informed. The ladies' rather graceful tribute to Teddy, so far from indicating lack of patriotism, has inspired others to pay similar homage to the Chief Executive. I understand that an appropriately cool garment, to be known as a Calvie, will shortly be put upon the market.

ERNEST BOYD, *New York*

ANSWER NO. 23

I lack the precise facts, but I remember reading somewhere that *highbrow* was coined by Will Irwin twenty years ago, and that *lowbrow* followed it by inescapable analogy.

D. F. JONES, JR., *Santa Fé, N. Mex.*

Apache was invented by Emile Darsy, a reporter for the Paris *Figaro*. That was perhaps thirty years ago. The Paris streets, at the time, were ravaged by battling gangs of hoodlums, and Darsy borrowed the names of Indian tribes to designate them. His use of *Sioux*, *Pawnee*, etc., seems to have made no impression, but when he tried *Apache* the name stuck. Presently it began to appear in official reports by M. Lepine, the prefect of police. Then the Paris correspondents of the American and English newspapers adopted it, and now it is good English as well as very respectable French.

LEXICOGRAPHER, *Princeton, N. J.*

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

De Gustibus Americanis

ALTHOUGH it is unquestionably true that American taste on its higher levels has shown a considerable advance in the last fifteen or twenty years, it is equally true that that taste on its second, third and fourth levels has in the same period of time shown an amazing decline. I doubt, in point of fact, if the taste of the average American has ever been at such low ebb as it is today. What has brought this state of affairs about, I have—doubtless contrary to your anticipation—not the faintest idea. But that it exists, even a most cursory survey of the present scene makes evident, and that the immediate future contains rosier symptoms, only one long skilled in the legerdmain of optimism can persuade himself.

The American landscape presents currently the spectacle of a slaughter-house of taste unequalled, in degree and magnitude, anywhere else in the civilized world. The view is of an unbroken succession of abattoirs, each bursting with the profits of its depravity. The newsstands throughout the land are stacked daily, as never before, with hundreds of periodicals beside which the cheapest and most vulgar magazines of twenty years ago were symposia of transcendental æsthetics. Scores of gaudy brochures which profess to recount the true bedroom and hayloft experiences of Swedish servant girls, stenographers, chorus girls and Y. W. C. A. workers; dozens upon dozens of small magazines with such names as "Hot Puppy," "Oh Baby!," "Peppy Pips" and the like, which publish jokes and stories that deal with *crim. con.* and the delights of the key-hole; manifold whiz-bangs which, under the cloak of moral indignation, retail lascivious scan-

dals; countless so-called art portfolios made up of photographs of stripped chorus girls with apparently accidental smudges of printers' ink carefully registered in such spots as to cause stampedes of prurientos to the newsstands from miles 'round; imitations of risqué French publications with rear views of fat women and front views of thin ones; innumerable so-called snappy magazines whose covers announce such titles as "Why Myrtle Did It," "After Eight Cocktails" and "Roll Over on Your Side, Dearie"; scores of others with covers showing terrified blondes in the coils of boa constrictors, with seven-foot cowboys charging to the rescue; dozens of still others with such titular google-fillips as "Love Secrets," "Marriage Secrets" and "Secret Secrets"—of such is the flood of literary and graphic sewage that presently waters the culture of the country. Twenty years ago, the magazines that entertained the average Americano were, at their worst, those which muckraked the Standard Oil Company, exposed the frenzied finance of Wall Street and published pictures of Lulu Glaser. Today, the magazines that entertain the average Americano are those in which a choir soprano tells what the sexton tried to do to her after buying her two frosted vanillas, in which retired ladies of joy and politicians give away their dead friends and protectors of other days, and in which the "art section" is made up of nude photographs of non-descript, but shapely, little girls who have left the hay and feed towns of the Middle West, entrained for Hollywood in quest of fame and millions, and ended up as five dollar a day (and ten dollar a night) mermaids, nymphs and sirens in the aquatic movie master-gems.

The moving pictures themselves have

made tremendously successful strides forward in the last few years in corrupting further the nation's taste and intelligence. It is now some four or five years since I observed, in a paper called "The Hooligan at the Gate," that it would not be long before the cinema bilge would so soak into every nook and corner of the land that the æsthetic content of the mind of the community, then estimated at about one-half of one per cent, would soon be reduced to .0000001 $\frac{1}{10}$ per cent. What was predicted has happened. The torrent of movie scum has swept all vestiges of taste, or what conceivably might some day have developed into taste, from the countryside. It has, with the bursting of its garbage-dam, carried with it what was left of the dramatic theatre in all save four American cities, until today what is known in theatrical parlance as "the road" is practically non-existent. With the exception of these few remaining cities in which respectable drama can still get a hearing and make enough to pay its way, there isn't a town in the Republic that has enough taste and intelligence left in it to allow a first-rate play to last out the week. A dirty bedroom farce, an all-star fake, a leg show, a dramatic gimcrack or a piece of trumpery featuring a conspicuous mummer—these are here and there able to draw audiences outside of New York, Chicago and one or two other centres, but anything of merit, save occasionally a Walter Hampden Shakespearian troupe, doesn't stand any more chance than a Ku Kluxer in Liberia. The movies, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every one thousand of which are the veriest dramatic ditch-water, have slowly drowned the dramatic taste of the nation until today all that is left of it is a gurgle and a few bubbles. Indeed, so thoroughly have the movies done their job that the American taste is no longer able to appreciate even a respectable moving picture. "The Last Laugh," a worthy piece of work so far as moving pictures go, thus could hardly make enough money outside of New York to pay for Will Hays' cigars.

Supporting the cheap magazines and moving pictures in their campaign to moronize the country, we have now the radio. The roofs of houses from the Atlantic to the Pacific presently take on the aspect of so many sailless schooners. And nightly the front parlors of the proletariat resound to the strains of alley jazz pounded out by bad hotel orchestras, to lectures on Swedenborgianism by ex-veterinary surgeons, to songs about red hot mamas and Beale Street melancholias by hard-up vaudeville performers and to the names of the notables who have just come into Reuben's delicatessen restaurant. Where, a few years ago, a family living in the hinterland occasionally after dinner read a book or at least looked through an album of "Famous Masterpieces of Painting," it presently glues receivers to its ears and is thrown into wild æsthetic transports by some Harlem coon's *recitativo* on his *Heimweh* for Alabamy or some two-a-day De Pachmann's interpretation of Mozart on a saw. There are two radio broadcasting stations, one in New York and one in Philadelphia, that have made an effort periodically to give their customers something better in the way of music than that which, for its finest effect, must be played on kitchen utensils and cowbells and something better in the way of educational talks than lectures on hygiene by press-agents for new mouth-washes, but I understand that they have found the going rough and, in self-preservation, have been forced to fall back more and more on the gibberish and cater-wauling that the aerial connoisseurs admire.

As first aid to these several agents in the brilliant debasing of the American public, there has entered lately the tabloid newspaper. A tabloid newspaper, you need not be told, is a newspaper reduced in size, sense, taste and decency. The majority of these newly born journals are simply so many cheaply illustrated *Broadway Brevities* given over to the two C's with which the English are wont to describe a certain yellow 'un published by the eminent Lord Riddell.

They are, the most of them, scandal sheets pure and simple masquerading as newspapers behind an occasional editorial on the League of Nations and an occasional photograph of General Pershing dedicating a new lodge of Moose or of Cal Coolidge shaking hands with Al Jolson. Their pages are given over to stories of rape in the Baptist belt, sensational divorce cases, news of drug peddlers, advice to stenographers on sex and love, dream charts, horoscopes, numerology tables showing how a man may become a Rockefeller by changing his name from Moritz to Guido and how a woman may become a Ninon de l'Enclos by reducing the number of letters in her Christian name from six to three and thus becoming Mae instead of Lizzie, and other such journalistic *entre-mets*, the whole promiscuously illustrated with badly reproduced cuts of women escaping from fires in negligée, prize-fighters in jock-straps and congressmen and chorus girls sailing for Europe. These journals, spreading rapidly from city to city, are cutting more and more deeply into the circulation of the old, reputable papers as the lowered public taste licks its chops over them. And they are serving admirably to drag that taste lower and lower still to the bottom of the dump.

That the public taste, while now lower than it has ever been, is thus steadily getting lower and lower, there can be small doubt. The theatre, true enough, is but one of many microscopes through which to view the bacilli, but it, too, may serve its purpose in throwing its gleam of illumination upon the scene. In such a case, of course, it is always the answer of the bravo-dispensers to point ironically to the estimable MM. Collier, Cibber and other such indignantos and apologists of centuries bygone and mockingly to observe that the theatre has consistently been going to the dogs ever since ushers began showing Greeks to the wrong seats back in the fifth century B.C. But the fact remains that while the theatre of New York City is better today than it ever was, the

theatre of the rest of America has never, so far as popular taste goes, been in worse shape. The ledgers in the Erlanger and Shubert offices offer ample testimony to the sad fact that never before has a decent piece of dramatic writing experienced such tough sledding out of New York as it experiences today. In the season that began on September 1, 1924, and ended on June 1, 1925, just one admittedly good play managed to survive a comparatively brief road tour. All the others, without exception, failed to draw sufficient audiences to keep them going and had to be recalled and thrown into the storehouse. The theatrical taste of America at the present time is for "Abie's Irish Rose," which is the worst of the popular plays that have prospered most greatly in the American theatre: which is twice as bad as "Way Down East," three times as bad as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," five times as bad as "Ben Hur" and ten times as bad as "Charley's Aunt."

When the average American goes into a theatre today, his taste is not for respectable drama, but for trash. That trash may take the form of a moving picture, a vaudeville show or anything else just so long as it makes no call upon him for imagination, an appreciation of beauty, even a modest amount of intelligence or an artistic sensitiveness above that of a bologna sausage. The vaudeville business has never been so prosperous as it is at the present moment, and this applies not only to the so-called big-time vaudeville but to the despised small-time as well. Throughout the land countless new vaudeville theatres, as costly and vulgar as the movie palaces, have sprung up on the graves of dramatic theatres and nightly discharge their reinforced batteries of concentrated guano against what is left of native theatrical good-breeding. Where Mansfield once held the provincial stage, a Charleston hoofer now takes a dozen bows. Where Sothorn was once brought before the curtain, a trained duck now brings down the thunders of applause. Where fine drama once reigned, there is now but an endless succession of

alley-oop Dutchmen, virtuosi of "Pagliacci" on the accordion, jugglers of Japanese parasols and skits in which the line, "You can come home now; the sheriff's dead," is followed by the speaker's receipt of a kick in the pants.

The current low ebb of the Republic's taste in general may be ascertained by taking, as an example, a single typical city. Since it would perhaps be unfair to take a city whose taste is already suspect to any considerable degree, let us take one like, say, Boston, which is commonly regarded as the seat of New England culture. The dramatic taste of this city has been sinking year by year until today it is on a level with that of a mill-town. Only hip shows and suggestive bedroom plays longer do any trade; anything first-rate in the way of drama plays to empty houses. Things have got to such a pass, indeed, that the booking offices no longer send any first-rate plays to Boston. But the cheaper movies flourish there like fancy women in Norfolk, Va. For the better-grade moving pictures, the town has no use, but for the flappedoodle of the screen it supplies enormous audiences. In the way of literary taste, an investigation made recently by a reporter for the New York *World* and published in that paper on July 12, is rich in illumination. This investigation showed that the books in greatest demand at the Boston Public Library at the present time are those with Wild West and detective plots. The persons who lead in the demand for these books are—I quote the person in charge of the fiction department—"doctors, lawyers, teachers and business men," that is, not the riff-raff, but the better class of Bostonians. Among the books barred by the Boston Public Library are Dreiser's "Sister Carrie" and "Jennie Gerhardt" and W. S. Maugham's "Of Human Bondage." Among those welcomed to the extent of five copies apiece are Elbert Hubbard's "Message to Garcia," Thomas Dixon's "The Clansman" and Zane Grey's "Riders of the Purple Sage." The *World* investigator found further that the non-fiction

books most in demand on the request slips were those dealing with, again I quote, "typewriting and will power." The taste of the patrons of the so-called Open Shelf Room of the library is, the investigator learned, at present overwhelmingly for the "confession" species of books. The tome which enjoyed the largest circulation for the period of six months directly previous to the inquiry was "The Confessions of the Czarina."

Outside of the library, Boston's two favorite authors are O. Henry and Harold Bell Wright, with Robert Cortes Holliday and James Oliver Curwood as runners-up. Boston's favorite poet, a careful canvass showed, is Robert Service. Only two copies of Thomas Hardy were sold in Boston in the six months from January 1 to July 1. A canvass of the newsstands disclosed that the favorite weekly was the *Western Story Magazine* and the favorite monthly, by long odds, *True Stories*.

What is true of Boston is true of most of the rest of America. The stars in the nation's flag have slowly but surely turned into so many Elk's badges. The taste of the nation has become the taste of its shoe dealers and barbers.

II

The Sideshow

Every merchant of words is more or less a Peter Whiffle. Though he confect a hundred books, there are always a hundred more that he at one time or another has planned to write but that he never has written and never will write. Thus, though I have thought about doing it for years, I know that I shall never write a book on the American sideshow. Yet to me there is no more beckoning subject, for the circus, carnival and street-fair sideshow has in it, as I see it, a wealth of material for the delectation of all gourmets of the rich and juicy in American buncombe.

The sideshow is, in certain of its manifestations, a typical American institution, as

native as Sitting Bull, Cal Coolidge and reinforced underdrawers. It is no more like the French sideshows that periodically embellish the *foires* in the Boulevard de Clichy or the German sideshows that one encounters on Charlottenburg sandlots on the equivalent of American circus days or the English sideshows of, say, Wembley, than the Boston Symphony Orchestra is like the Swiss Bell Ringers. It isn't that the performers are always different from those in the other sideshows; as a matter of fact, at least one-third of the performers are importations; it is that, in the manner of presentation, in the way of elaboration, in the ingenuity of its unearthing of bogus phenomena and in its bulk and size it differs from the transmarine sideshow as P. T. Barnum differed from the operators of the Cabarets Du Ciel and De L'Enfer.

The history of the American sideshow begins in the dark ages of the earliest medicine-shows, years before the circus, as we know it today, came into existence. The first sideshow, I have been told, was shown in southern Ohio and had as its nickel-luring attraction what was said to be the only Negro Albino in captivity, the said Negro Albino being actually nothing more peculiar than a small colored boy in a blond wig. Another favorite freak of those dawning sideshow days was the "Peruvian Giant." There were no less than a dozen such Peruvian giants attached to as many medicine-shows, all of whom were recruited less from Lima, Peru, than from the farming districts near what are now Lima, Ohio, Lima, Illinois, and Lima, Iowa, to say nothing of Peru, Indiana. They were yokels topping six feet and several inches and given added stature with boots containing six-inch lifts and hats two feet high.

My book that will never be written would trace the sideshow from these primitive beginnings through the early one-ring circuses and small country fairs, on through larger circuses and county fairs, on, further, through the hundred and one Midways before and after the Chicago World's Fair,

and down to the larger carnival shows and five-ring circuses of the present time. And it would present a panorama of the great American fake in its most transcendent glory. There would be, for example, the story of Joe Gandersberg, the paralytic recruited from a hospital in the Pennsylvania Dutch region, who for fifteen years was the sideshow's most famous "ossified man." There would be the story of celebrated Bosco, the snake-eater, otherwise Herman J. Oberschlager, of Mülheim on the Mosel, an estimable husband and the father of twelve children, who supported his family by eating daily several hundred bananas inserted in frankfurter skins painted to look like rattlesnakes. There would be the story of Mme. Marcel (Mrs. Sig Waddell), the "mental marvel," who could uncannily tell in a flash exactly what Sig himself (made up to look like a rube and who mingled casually with the other customers) was thinking of and what the number in the case of his watch was. There would be, too, the stories of Sir Sidney Albertson, "the European sword swallower"—"a scion of nobility, with the blue blood of the Norman conquerors in his veins"; of Big Chief Tonawanda, otherwise Baldy Reynolds, "the demon fire eater"; of Dr. Desmond, "the armless wonder" who, after throwing the hick constables off their guard with trick mirrors that made him look apparently armless, would subsequently earn a pretty penny from the jakes at three-card-monte; of Belle Dupont, "the handcuff queen," with superimposed wax hands and wrists from which she slid back her own under cover of a black cloth to the wide gapings of the bogtrotters; and of Mlle. Fanny, the greatest of all "fat girls," who tipped the beam at 210 pounds *au naturel* but who made 360 with symmetricals lined with pig iron. Then, too, there would be the story of Monsieur Vavu, "the glass eater," otherwise Pete Smiley, the brother of Two-Alley Smiley, the old county fair impresario, who could eat any number of seidels made out of white rock-candy; of the

Negro Zup, the forerunner of the present Zip at Coney Island, who was billed as "the missing link," but who was actually a graduate of a Savannah, Georgia, high-school and who, for all his success in looking as vacant and ignorant as a congressman, earned considerable money on the side by acting as a traveling correspondent for a well-known theatrical journal of the time; of Kubla Khan, "the tattooed man"—"cousin to the Shah of Persia"—whose real name was Brettkauser and who had been a sailor on a Lake Erie Put-in-Bay pleasure boat; and of Prof. Hobart Snyder, "the lightning calculator," who—like Ed Wynn—always rubbed the figures off the blackboard before anyone could tell whether his calculations were accurate or not. And then, still further, there would be an account of Ben-Ali, "the physical marvel in feats of strength," who could easily lift with one hand a 100-pound weight conspicuously marked 500-pounds and who could bite an iron crowbar in two, said crowbar having been previously sawed in half and joined together with hard licorice candy; of the famous "What-Is-It?", the answer to the query being Scotty Buckley, a crook of those days who got himself up as a "wild man of Borneo" during show hours and who thereafter, having fooled the gendarmes as to his presence in the locality, plied a profitable trade in first- and second-story work; and of Prof. Frascatini, "the world's greatest ventriloquist," whose dwarf son, aged six, was secreted in the Prof.'s volu-

minous robes, acted as his second voice and often proved a sorry trial to his papa during the hay-fever season.

My book would contain a chapter telling how the prices of sideshow freaks and adjuncts change even as the stock and bond market changes, and what causes these variations. It would surprise my readers to know, for instance, that Bartels, at 45 Cortlandt street, New York, a leading exchange in animals for sideshows and circuses, today offers six-foot boa constrictors for as little as ten dollars apiece, and ten-foot ones for as little as thirty. A first-class baboon may be had for seventy-five dollars and an excellent capybara for the same price. There would also be a chapter on the devious ways in which customers have been and are lured into the sideshows, another on the way in which the attractions are hocus-pocused into apparently new guises with the changing of the years, another on the history of amour among the sideshow freaks—a chapter whose most interesting item consists in the fact that the son of a one-time famous "snake eater" and of an equally famous one-time "missing link" is at this moment the mayor of one of the largest cities in the South, and still another on the peculiar signal codes used by certain crooked sideshow managers and their freaks to tip off to doctors of swindlerei suckers with likely rolls of bills.

My book would, forgive me my assurance, be a lallapalloosa. It is a pity I shall never write it.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

A Reverend Novelist

THE LOVE COMPLEX, by Thomas Dixon. New York: Boni & Liveright.

THIS is the story of Donna Sherwood, a designer of cretonnes and print cloths, employed by "a large manufacturer at a salary of \$7,000 a year," and of her mad, sub-diaphragmmic love for Leopold Banning. When we first encounter her she has not yet met Banning, and so his dreadful inflammation of her hormones is still in the future. At this time she is respectably engaged to Dr. Alan Holt, a young medical man, and Holt is torn between his desire to marry her and his yearning to complete his investigation of "the new gland of the Unconscious Nervous System." This gland, it appears, has eluded all previous anatomists. It is both a gland and "a new nerve center," and has extraordinary powers and properties. It is "like the coil of a radio receiver," and "under the influence of acute worry it may pour into the blood a poison so deadly that life itself could be threatened." For two long years Holt searches for it, and meanwhile Donna waits for him. Finally, he finds it, and is famous overnight. The massed scientists of the world join in hailing him. He is called to a lectureship on the Sympathetic Nervous System at the Polyclinic. He is elected an associate of the Rockefeller Institute, at \$5,000 a year. At once he rushes to Donna's house in Gramercy Park and proposes that they go through the legal formalities instantly. "Our combined salaries," he says, "will be \$12,000 a year. Going some for two youngsters under thirty—eh, what?" But Donna stays him. "Marriage," she says, "is too solemn a thing for such haste. To

me it is a divine sacrament, whether the ceremony is performed by a priest or a magistrate. It's for eternity. I want an old-fashioned wedding somewhere in a little church with those who love us standing near."

"But, dearest!"

"I waited for you two years, didn't I?"

"Sure—"

"You can wait a few weeks for me, can't you?"

The delay, alas, is fatal. It is the cause of all the criminal and physiological phenomena that follow. Before Holt can answer Donna's logic a pistol shot is heard, there is a shuffling sound on the sidewalk, and on looking out they see a man stagger and fall. They drag him in and deposit him on a couch, and Holt quickly examines him. There is a bullet wound behind the left shoulder blade. Holt rushes off to get his surgical instruments, and Donna proceeds to make the stranger comfortable. At once she is conscious of a sinister fascination. She feels herself drawn toward the wounded man "by an inner resistless force." The impulse "to touch his flesh" becomes "an obsession." The more she resists it, the more violent it becomes. Presently she is frankly pawing him. He wakes, gasps "What on earth's the matter with me?", pulls himself together, gets up, and then insists upon leaving at once. Donna protests that he must wait until the doctor returns, but he waves her away. At the door he turns politely and says, "I'd like to come back in a few days and thank you again for your kindness—if I may."

"Please do—yes," replied Donna.

"Thank you," says the stranger.

If you have any acquaintance with mod-

ern psychology you can guess what follows. Poor Donna is instantly beset by every known complex, and by all the hormones and glands so far discovered. Her mind becomes a seething cauldron of libidos. The stranger—who is the Banning aforesaid—looks like her late father; she is thus at the mercy of the Oedipus complex. He radiates the foul sexual magnetism of a movie actor or fashionable rector. He has slick city ways and an oily tongue. His touch is a thrill; his kiss is a mule-kick. He is mysterious and romantic—a war hero, and now engaged, as he says, in tracking down Bolsheviks for Uncle Sam. Donna scarcely resists. In a few days we find her in an automobile making 55 miles an hour, with Banning at the wheel. They are on their way to Kingston, N. Y., to be married. Ahead lies a lonely camp in the Catskills. There they are to spend their honeymoon.

Holt, of course, does not let her go without a struggle. He not only loves her vastly; he is also a scientific man, and can thus understand what has happened to her. He tries to save her by enlightening her. "Your interest in this man," he explains, "is one of the simplest illusions of the Unconscious Mind, produced by your father's image. Your father was the first man in both your conscious and unconscious life. You idealize him. You meet a man who suggests his personality, and because you loved your father, imagine that you love him. The greatest tragedies of married life are based upon such mistakes." But Donna merely sneers at a "Thank you," and Holt is forced to take another tack. He investigates Banning, finds that he is a celebrated criminal, and brings forth the damning evidence. But Donna remains unmoved. Holt is thus reduced to employing Strong Stuff. "Your sudden obsession," he exclaims, "has nothing to do with love." "With what then?" demands Donna. "With the flesh and the flesh alone—I!" The idea staggers her, but she rises quickly. "It was love at first sight," she argues. "There is no such thing," re-

plies Holt, "as love at first sight. Strip the dime novel romance from the thing and it stands naked. A mere sex impulse, fierce, savage, blind—beast calling to beast!" But can science contend with the glands? It cannot. Donna hastens to her undoing. At Kingston she and Banning are married. Far up in the Catskills, in a lonely camp run by bootleggers, is the scene of the profound scientific events that follow.

The psychological currents in this part are not quite clear, for in addition to all the familiar glands the new gland but lately discovered by Holt seems to be working. Worse, Holt does not give up, but follows Donna and Banning into the wilds, and there renews his arguments. There follows a complex and gigantic conflict. Banning, inflamed by moonshine, prepares to start the honeymoon forthwith. Holt, present without Banning's knowledge, sneaks into the loft of the camp, and takes a heavy dose of bromides. And Donna? Poor Donna is torn to tatters—at first merely emotionally, and then physically. She begins to suspect that her husband, after all, must be a criminal—that Holt is right about him. She accuses him. He confesses; nay, boasts. The war, it appears, made a cynic of him; he is now an enemy to society and specializes ironically in the stealing of Liberty Bonds; one year more, and he will have \$500,000 worth. Suddenly Donna is filled with loathing. His cynicism quenches the conflagration within her. Her glands freeze. "You are not the only man who went to war," she exclaims scornfully. "Thousands of others passed through the same fiery ordeal and came out of its furnace pure gold. . . . I've listened to your tirade, not because I believed you, but because you asked it. Your cheap philosophy doesn't hide your lack of character!"

The hot words make Banning furious, and he comes to a sinister decision. The woman is his and he will have her. "You're my wife," he thunders. "I didn't invent marriage. . . . You're my woman—

mine for life—you said it, didn't you? . . . It's bedtime for you—I'll join you when I've had a couple of drinks." Her body "grows rigid." "I'm not going—" she begins. Banning cuts her off. "Oh, yes you are. Somebody's got to be boss in every house." She lifts her head defiantly. "I suppose so," she says, "and for that reason I've made up my mind to die before I submit to you!" What follows I summarize briefly. Banning is "an expert boxer"; he gives her a crack on the chin, and she takes the count. When she revives she grabs a stool, and smashes it over his head. He grips her by the throat; he pinions her arms; she hurls him across the room. Suddenly her groping hands encounter the cold steel of a breech-loading gun on the wall—the bootleggers' defender against Prohibition agents. She aims it at Banning; he seizes it and grapples with her. She is hurled across the room and hits the fireplace with her shoulder. And then Banning begins to "play his trump card." He grabs her by the legs and hauls off her shoes and stockings. When her bare feet touch the cold floor she feels "a surge of anger and dawning panic." Banning keeps on. He pulls off her waist, her skirt, her underwear. She stands naked before him, but "without shame, without fear" and holding his gaze "in a steady stare of hate." She disdains to yell for Holt. He is snoring upstairs, full of the bromides before-mentioned.

The end is less scientific and instructive. Though she is now stark naked, Donna nevertheless eludes Banning. He returns to his guzzling with the bootleggers—who have been conveniently waiting in the barn during the combat—and is presently very drunk. When he recovers it is found that he has a fatal knife wound in the chest. Holt, recovering from the bromides and coming downstairs, accuses Donna of inflicting it. Donna accuses Holt. They argue violently, but neither can convince the other. Holt then prepares to operate to save Banning's life, but the patient dies on the table. Suddenly and unexpectedly, the chief bootlegger's wife confesses that

it was she who stabbed him. There is uneasy talk about calling the police, but the murderess puts an end to it by jumping off a cliff 400 feet high. "If you'll take me back," says Donna, "I'm going to be a very humble girl." Holt opens his arms. The glands of all present are restored to normalcy.

I commend this lush and thoughtful work to all students of American *Kultur*. The author belongs to the new scientific school of novelists founded by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton. He is not only privy to every novelty of the laboratories; he marches a step ahead of the actual scientific men, most of whom lack imagination. In his very first chapter, for example, are two marvels that official science is not yet aware of—a man who suffers from tuberculosis of the spine for years and yet manages to keep it secret, and a doctor who dies of a malignant disease "contracted from a patient." But more important than his scientific attainments is the fact that Dr. Dixon is a Baptist clergyman. The Baptists are not commonly regarded as artists. One hears of them chiefly as engaged in non-æsthetic or anti-æsthetic enterprises—ducking one another in horseponds, scaring the darkeys at revivals, acting as stool-pigeons for Prohibition agents, denouncing the theatre and the dance, marching with the Klan. But here is one who has felt the sweet kiss of beauty; here is a Baptist who can dream.

The Historian and His Job

THE NEW HISTORY AND THE SOCIAL STUDIES,
by Harry Elmer Barnes. New York: *The Century Company*.

IF THIS work had no other good quality it would be remarkable alone for its immense erudition. The author seems to have read everything that relates to his subject, however indirectly, and his pages are full of succinct and instructive summaries of what he has read. His purpose, in brief, is to show how the historian, once a literary man working in a sort of vacuum, has

gradually woven into the fabric of his chronicle the facts about the development of human society that workers in other fields have unearthed, and how those facts have altered our whole view of the past of mankind. They have come from psychology, from anthropology, from sociology, from economics, from political science and even from ethics, and they have completely transformed the purpose and nature of history. What has been learned by political scientists about the origin of the state must be taken into account by every student of national history hereafter, and what has been learned by anthropologists about the so-called prehistoric period must be regarded no less. Above all, sociology has made important contributions to historical theory. Man as a social animal precedes and survives man as the citizen of a state, and what he thinks and does in the latter capacity is largely determined by what he thinks and does in the former. The new history recognizes the fact, and so it ceases to be a mere record of political vicissitudes, and becomes a rounded and intelligible account of the lives of peoples.

The old history, as everyone knows, was almost wholly political. It was a biography, not of peoples, but of states. It recounted the rise and fall of dynasties, the fortunes of conquered and conquerors, the growth of governments, and the issue of wars. What went on outside the palace and the camp concerned it very little, and sometimes not at all. A battle served as its ideal of a salient event; it viewed the long progress of man, indeed, as but little more than a series of epochal battles. The inevitable effect of this attitude was that it overlooked completely some of the chief factors in the historical process. The succession of a paltry king became a matter of the first magnitude, and the opening of a new trade route, the rise of a new religion, or the appearance of a new invention was put into a footnote. This old-style history was, by its nature, chiefly anecdotal and without significance. It accumu-

lated vast stores of facts, but most of them were trivial. Meanwhile, it neglected altogether what must be, in the end, the chief concern of all history: it deduced no laws from the experience of the past that were of any plausible application to the problems of the present. In other words, it was entirely unscientific. As literature it often took on a notable value, but as a serious contribution to man's knowledge of himself it was usually worth next to nothing.

Dr. Barnes traces with great skill the gradual rise of a more scientific attitude. There were foreshadowings of it, indeed, in the days of the Greeks, and it began to be clearly visible in the Eighteenth Century. But it had to wait for the development of the physical and social sciences to prevail finally against the historians' older habit of mind. An historian writing, a hundred years ago, about, say, France, had to begin perforce with the beginning of written records—that is, with the beginning of purely political history—, for of what went before nothing was known. But now the history of the French people goes back in a clear line to the mists of remote antiquity, and it is obvious to everyone that their doings in historical times, and even in our own time, have a direct relation to the doings of the Gauls who laid the foundations of their civilization, and of the Paleolithic men who preceded the Gauls. Transient political phenomena, and even wars, concern the new historian less and less; he knows how small their effects are. What he has his eye on is the growth of ideas, and he has learned from the psychologists and sociologists that ideas are often but little influenced by political accidents. During the Taft administration the Ford automobile was introduced in the United States. The historian of the old school, writing of that time, would have devoted a volume to Taft and a footnote to the Ford. But the new historian knows that the appearance of the Ford has had vastly more effect upon the ideas and progress of the Ameri-

can people than all the acts, official or otherwise, of Taft—nay, that it had more effect than the total lifework of a whole herd of Tafts.

Dr. Barnes' book is largely devoted to describing and estimating the concepts that the sciences have introduced of late into history, and especially such sciences as psychology, anthropology and economics, which concern themselves directly with the mind of man. As I have said, his learning is immense. He has exhausted the literature in half a dozen widely separated fields, and brought it into relation with his main subject. His text bristles with names, and his footnotes are thick with book titles. But he somehow manages to save his narrative from mere pedantic stodginess; it is, in fact, always readable, and frequently brilliant. He holds some of his ideas a bit violently; he is not above denouncing roundly those who bring up what he views as bad objections to them. Sometimes, perhaps, he slaps on labels a bit recklessly, as is natural in a man trying to cover so vast an area, but that is not often. His book, it seems to me, accomplishes its main purpose admirably. It synthesizes a great mass of facts that seem, superficially, to be quite unrelated, and brings into coherence and accord the work of widely scattered inquirers. It makes an excellent introduction to any book of history, old or new.

The English Language

WORDS AND IDIOMS: STUDIES IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, by Logan Pearsall Smith. London: Constable & Company.

MR. SMITH is not a professor of English, but one who loves the language and delights in it: his book is thus free from pedantry and full of a hearty gusto. The thing that interests him mainly is what the philologists called semantics—that is, "the study of the meanings, rather than the forms of words." How do new words get into the vocabulary, and how do their meanings become fixed? He traces the proc-

ess, in typical cases, with great diligence, and is full of odd and amusing facts. His first, and one of his best chapters is on English sea-terms. The majority of them, it quickly appears, are not English at all, but belong to a sort of common dialect of the sea. *Anchor*, in its far-off nonage, was sound Greek; *poop* began as classical Latin; *frigate* was originally Italian; *to furl* was Arabic; *tackle* was Low German; *buoy*, *taffrail*, *sloop*, *cruise*, *avast*, *bow* and *deck* were Dutch. *Pilot*, today, seems a thoroughly English word, yet it did not supersede the old English *lodesman* until the Sixteenth Century, and then came from the degenerated Greek of the eastern Mediterranean. Mr. Smith fails to mention the fact that a number of familiar English sea-terms originated in America, for example, *schooner*. Occasionally, he falls into etymological errors. Thus he says that *carvel-built* is a surviving derivative of *caravel*. Ernest Weekley has shown that this is not true. *Caravel* goes back to the Late Latin *carabus*, a small skiff, but *carvel* is from the Dutch, and is properly applied to any vessel whose planks lie edge to edge, and do not overlap.

One of Mr. Smith's most interesting chapters is on the English words that have got into the Continental languages. Two or three leading categories may be observed: words relating to political institutions, words relating to sport and society, and words dealing with food and drink. Some of the terms listed by Mr. Smith are not English at all, but American: for example, *kodak*. The list of Americanisms that have got into practically all civilized languages might be greatly extended; I offer *caucus*, *linotype*, *interview* (in a newspaper), *cocktail*, *knickerbockers*, *moron*, *celluloid*, *telegram*, *telephone*, *cake-walk*, *to lynch* and *jazz* as specimens. *Jazz* is now perfectly good German, and is pronounced *yots*. The *rights of man*, first heard of in the world at the time of the American Revolution, are now *droits de l'homme* in French and *Menschenrechte* in German. Christian Science, in the latter language, is *christliche*

Wissenschaft; Mormonism is *Mormonentum*; spiritualism, the third great American invention in eschatology, is *Spiritualismus*. Now and then an English word and an American word do battle: for example, *lift* and *elevator*. In this case the English word seems to have won. But even *lift* now has formidable rivals, in most countries, in native words, and in Germany *Fabrstuhl* is knocking it out. In the same way *Fernsprecher* is displacing *telephone*. The Allgemeine Deutsche Sprachverein, a sodality of 100% Germans, combats English and American importations with great vigor, and even proposes that such nautical loan-words as *bunker*, *dock* and *steerage* be abandoned. But the Germans will be stumped if they ever try to invent a native substitute for *cocktail*, just as the 100% Americans were stumped when they tried to find an American name for *sauerkraut*. In such matters chauvinism strikes snags. Imagine the sufferings of a committee of Ku Klux philologists told off to devise white Protestant Nordic substitutes for *spaghetti*, *goulash*, *kosher*, *delicatessen*, *yokami* and *kimono*!

Mr. Smith's longest chapter is devoted to English idioms, and he remarks the curious fact that no attempt at a complete collection of them has ever been made. His own lists are full of gaps. In that of "words habitually used together for the sake of emphasis" he overlooks "alive and kicking," "dead and gone," "up and coming," "heirs and assigns," "lord and master," "whole kit and b'iling," "rag-tag and bobtail," and "for good and all." In his "emphatic repetitions" there is no mention of the excellent Americanism, "fifty-fifty." In his list of alliterative phrases he converts "hemming and hawing" into "humming and hawing." I also

miss "liver and lights," "soul and body," "chick nor child" and "house and home." He has a brief reference to the pungent similes that abound in English, but has apparently never heard of Frank J. Wilstach's monumental dictionary of them. (There was an excellent specimen for Wilstach's next edition in *E. W. Howe's Monthly* for May: as modest as a dog in love.) Much of Mr. Smith's space is naturally given over to verbal phrases, in which English is especially rich. Some of these go back to the Greeks, e.g., to cry wolf, to blow hot and cold, to add insult to injury. But others come out of the immensely vivid and racy speech of today. There is, indeed, a constant reinforcement of the common store. The schoolmarms labor valiantly to knock all life out of the vulgate, but they fail miserably, and to God's greater glory. Here, I believe, the American dialect shows far more bounce and vigor than the English of England. It rises to new situations with finer zest; it is immensely more resilient and picturesque. The news that Dr. Louise Pound, of the University of Nebraska, has set up a new journal, *American Speech*, for its study is excellent indeed. Dr. Pound, trained at Heidelberg under Johannes Hoops, is one of the most competent philologists in America, but her learning is anything but stodgy. She and her pupils have carried on almost the only serious study of current American that has ever been attempted. Now she has the aid of Dr. Kemp Malone, of the Johns Hopkins, and of other scholars, ordained and lay. The material is endless and ever so tempting. *American Speech* should quickly atone for the long neglect of the national vulgate by the great majority of American philologists.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

HERBERT ASBURY *is on the staff of the New York Herald-Tribune.*

MARY AUSTIN *is the author of the chapter on aboriginal literature in the Cambridge History of American Literature, and has written many books and articles about the Indians. Her Indian play, "The Arrow Maker," is well known. She is at present living at Santa Fé, New Mexico.*

JAMES M. CAIN *is a newspaper man, and has been a frequent contributor to THE AMERICAN MERCURY.*

GIUSEPPE CAUTELA *is an Italian, and up to three years ago had not written a line in English. His first novel, "Moon Harvest," has just been published. He lives in Brooklyn.*

EMMETT REID DUNN, PH.D. (Harvard), *is associate professor of biology at Smith College. He specializes in ecology.*

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN *is a native of Massachusetts. He was educated at Clark, where he studied history under Harry Elmer Barnes. For two years he was a teacher of English in a small mid-Western college, abandoning that work in June last. He is a frequent contributor to the reviews.*

SARA HAARDT *is a native of Montgomery, Alabama, where she is now living. She is a graduate of Goucher, and was an instructor there for a while. She is the author of a novel, "Career," soon to be published.*

DuBOSE HEYWARD *is a South Carolinian and was the organizer of the Poetry Society of*

South Carolina. He is the author of "Skylines and Horizons" and "Carolina Chansons," the latter in collaboration with Hervey Allen.

JACQUES LECLERCQ *formerly wrote under the pseudonym of Paul Tanaquil. He is now living in New York.*

WALT McDougall *is the dean of American cartoonists, for many years on the World.*

LEWIS MUMFORD *is a lecturer on Architecture and American Civilization at the New School for Social Research. He is the author of "Sticks and Stones."*

LOUISE POUND, PH.D. (Heidelberg), *is one of the editors of American Speech, a journal devoted to New-World English, the first issue of which is appearing this month. She is professor of English literature at the University of Nebraska.*

WINIFRED SANFORD *was born in Minnesota, and educated at Mount Holyoke and the University of Michigan. For a while she was a school teacher. She now lives in Texas.*

GEORGE STERLING *is the well known poet. He was one of Ambrose Bierce's most beloved disciples.*

JAMES STEVENS *is the author of "Paul Bunyan," a collection of lumber-camp legends. For many years he was a laborer in the Northwest.*

A. L. S. WOOD *is on the staff of the Springfield (Mass.) Union. He was born on Long Island, and has been on newspapers in New York and Virginia.*

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Editorial NOTES

The call issued in this place several months ago for a Kentuckian able to explain what has happened to his once proud and puissant State is still unanswered. It is accordingly renewed. By what process was Kentucky captured by the Methodists, Baptists and other such riff-raff? Forty years ago the State was the scene of a spacious and charming civilization. Its people drank good whiskey, raised good horses, ate good victuals and made love to very pretty gals. Even ten years ago it was still measurably more civilized than any other State south of the Ohio, save only Virginia and Louisiana. But now it is fast descending to the level of Arkansas and Tennessee. All its distilleries are closed, there is a war on against its race-tracks, and its legislature came within one vote of passing the idiotic Tennessee anti-evolution law. Worse, there seems to be no protest by the civilized minority. The *Louisville Courier-Journal*, Col. Henry Watterson's old paper, is actually supporting Prohibition. What has happened in Kentucky? Is there a Kentuckian left who can describe and account for the catastrophe? If so, the columns of THE AMERICAN MERCURY are open to him.

Protest, *De rebus theologicis*, from Mr. Burt Hommel, of Lewiston, Pennsylvania:

A word, if you please, on the plight of the Devil. I notice in reading the *Droll Stories* that Balzac occasionally neglects to capitalize synonyms for God. Whether this is intentional or not I do not know, but it fetches to my mind the fact that the name of the Devil, when written today, is scarcely or never capitalized by modern writers. This is unfortunate; at least, so it seems to me. Why, if God always brings

Continued on page xxviii



The telephone door

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Editorial NOTES

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down a capital G, should not Satan also have a big D? I move, therefore, that you editors labor henceforth with the philologists and grammarians, in anticipation of the suggested change. Or else have Jehovah decapitalized also.

Apropos of Mr. Ward Greene's recent "Notes for a History of the Klan," a customer in Chicago sends in the following:

The present Klan is an outgrowth of Kappa Alpha, a Southern college fraternity, founded about 1868 at Washington and Lee to perpetuate the original Klan. Later it had injected into it many of the tenets of Scottish Rite Masonry. The Emperor Simmons, of Atlanta, was a member and national officer of Kappa Alpha, and took advantage of the anti-Jewish hysteria following the Frank trial to set up the present Klan. Kappa Alpha is still the highest degree in the order.

The following belated but waspish remonstrance comes from one subscribing himself P. H. Emerson, B.A., M.B. (Cantab.), 5 Lascelles Mansions, Eastbourne, Sussex, England:

My attention has been called to an article of a Mr. Seligman on Alfred Stieglitz in your issue for May, 1924. Permit me to say that the statement that Mr. A. Stieglitz was the first to be awarded the Progress Medal of the Royal Photo Society for artistic photography is quite inaccurate and false. I was awarded that medal in 1895 for "the artistic advancement of photography," and Stieglitz and Seligman both know this. The critics of New York are making themselves absurd in the way they are and have been booming Stieglitz, who never did first class artistic work. When my history of art photography, which I am writing, appears, you will see it all set forth there, and meantime I refer you to my "Naturelike Photography," third edition, published in New York, 1899. I am sure you do not want to mistreat people. Seligman has no qualification as an art critic, for he once wrote me jering at Sargent's work, and said a circus rider is a better artist.

Polite protest from Dr. Paul De Kruif:

In my article on Jacques Loeb, in your July issue, I spoke of him reading "Candide." Your

Continued on page xxx

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XXX

Editorial NOTES

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praiseworthy printer made it "Candida." Now my enemies will scornfully point out that I had Loeb reading "Candida" twenty years before it was written. Hurrah!

Caveat filed in a celebrated case by Mr. Philip De Wolf, of Providence, R. I.:

Will some one please tell me what Culture is? This question is inspired by several parts of Mr. Thompson's "Why I Live Abroad," in your May number, specifically, and by many articles in the critical reviews.

First, those who use the term "culture" most, usually call themselves critics. That's all right; they may be, but what must one be to deserve the title of critic? Critics don't always agree, and each one seems to be equally entitled to his own opinion,—as are the great majority of us who don't call ourselves critics, but just the same have opinions.

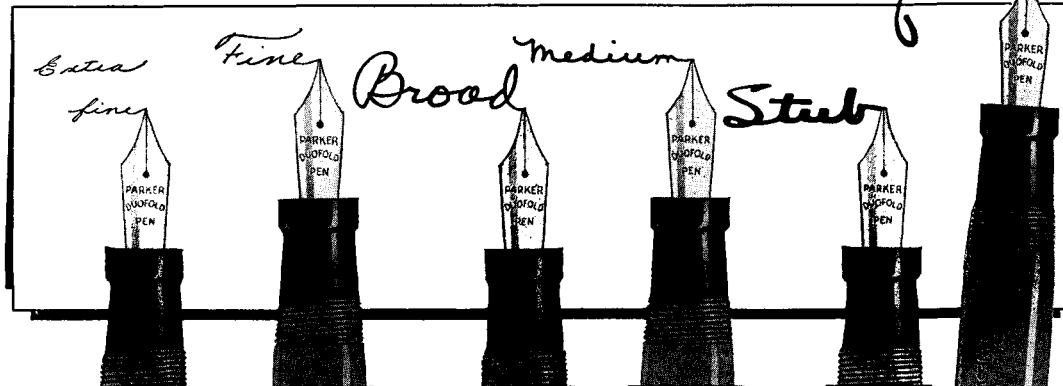
I am a chemical engineer by profession. I know that under certain conditions (and I know what the conditions are) a molecule of SO_3 will combine with a molecule of water to form sulphuric acid, that a definite quantity of heat will be evolved, and all others will check me. This is not a matter of opinion, but of fact.

Why say a person is uncultured because he does not care for certain kinds of music, and does for others? The social standing of my ancestry, in New England and South Carolina, on both sides, has been as good as the best for three centuries, but I don't care for the theatre, and never go when I can get out of it. I do care for chess, and mathematics; I love all the beauties of nature, from a driving rain three and one-half miles up in the Andes to sunsets on the Mojave desert, or a green turtle sunning himself in the Caribbean. The wind in the shrouds is beautiful to me, and I could listen to Kreisler as long as he could play, but one evening at a Boston Symphony concert was spent with my watch in my hat, hoping it would be over, as it finally was. I love flowers; I love beautiful, graceful furniture. I have written one book, on a technical subject, and several articles, but I believe in Prohibition and do not think it an unwarranted attack upon private rights, or "liberty," any more than the suppression of the opium traffic is. I get my principal joy, after my home, out of sailing a boat, and next to that, out of scraping, sandpapering and painting to get her in commission. I read,

Continued on page xxxii

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Editorial NOTES

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and enjoy discussing, general politics, economics, science, sports—most subjects,—but I hate a crowd. Am I utterly uncultured?

And on a slightly different line, Mr. Thompson says, "We do not care to be slapped on the back by casual acquaintances of our class." May not the fault be, not with America, but the class to which Mr. Thompson belongs, for I agree with his apparent disbelief in the dictum that all men are created equal? In my forty-five years I don't recall anyone ever slapping my back, nor do I ever expect anyone to, and I don't consider myself unpopular.

Briefly, doesn't "culture" consist in being interested in the things the writer (or talker) is interested in?

A learned friend of the medical faculty favors the Editors with a protest against a statement made in Clinical Notes in April, to the effect that there is no scientific medical literature upon the anatomy, physiology and pathology of the human face—that its care and embellishment remain in the hands of quacks. He reports that the following volumes are authoritative:

Paschkis, Heinrich: Kosmetik für Aerzte; Vienna, 1901.

Eichhoff, P. J.: Praktische Kosmetik für Aerzte und gebildete Laien; Leipzig and Vienna, 1902.

Joseph, Max: Handbuch der Kosmetik; Leipzig, 1912.

Truttwin, Hans: Handbuch der kosmetischen Chemie; Leipzig, 1920.

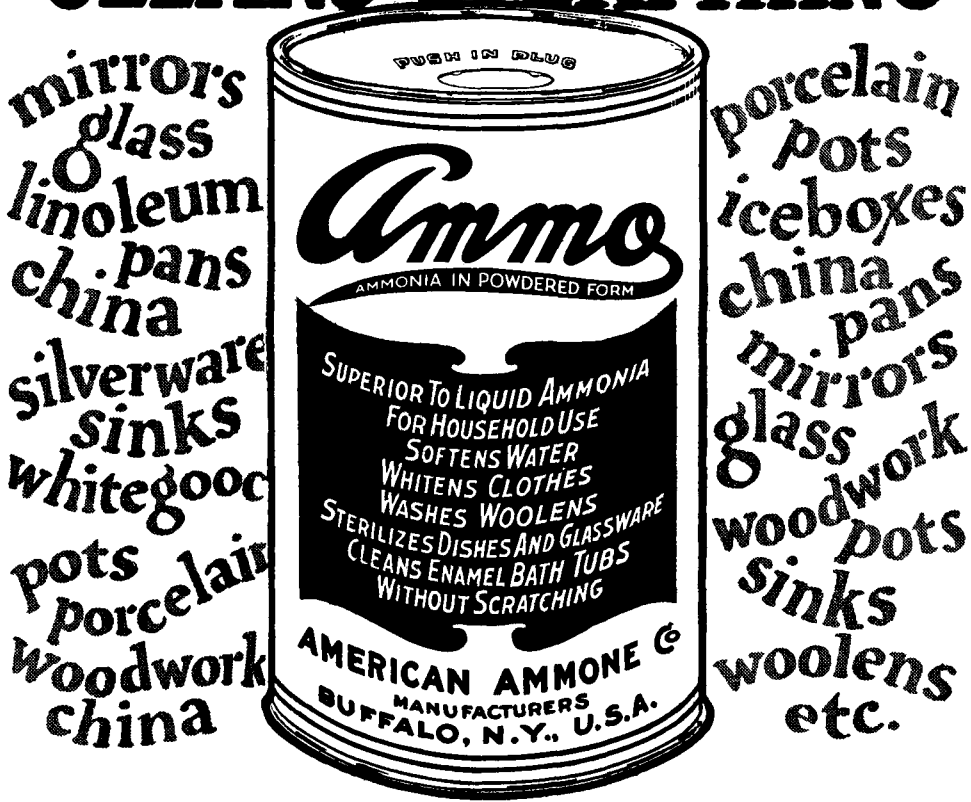
Saalfeld, Edmund: Kosmetik; Berlin, 1914. (Also in English translation.)

Miller, Charles Conrad: Cosmetic Surgery; Philadelphia, 1924.

The following comes from a customer temporarily resident in Nashville, in the great State of Tennessee:

Here I am in Nashville, and wanting to drive by automobile to Knoxville. There are two or three roads between the two towns, but I am told by State highway engineers that all are impassable—that I must go by way of Chattanooga. Look at your map! This is the State where the teaching of Evolution is banned by statute!

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The Mississippi Department of Archives and History
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This exhaustive compilation comprises every known scrap of writing from Mr. Davis' hand, and an immense accumulation of other documents. The work of collection was begun in 1908 under the auspices of the Mississippi Department of Archives and History, of which the compiler is the director, and enlisted the services of a large number of librarians, State archivists and private collectors, North and South. Every surviving letter and telegram by Mr. Davis is printed, with a note appended to each showing its present location, and in addition all of his known speeches are reported in full, including those he made as a Representative and Senator in Congress before the war, and as Secretary of War. There are also many letters to Mr. Davis from other public men, and a large number of auxiliary documents, some of them of great historical value. The work is carefully edited, well printed and substantially bound. It will be indispensable to every library pretending to cover the field of American history. There is an index running to 167 double-column pages.

THE GROWTH OF THE UNITED STATES.

By Ralph Volney Harlow. Henry Holt & Company
\$5 8¼ x 5¼; 862 pp. New York

A conventional survey of American history, written for the use of college students. Sound official doctrine.

THE FINANCIAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

By J. Warren Stehman. The Houghton Mifflin Company
\$2.50 8 x 5; 339 pp. Boston

One of the Hart, Schaffner & Marx prize essays. The author is associate professor of economics in the University of Minnesota. He inclines to admire the management of the American Telephone and Tele-

Continued on page xxxvi

THERE'S BEAUTY, TOO, BENEATH THE MASK OF DULL DRAB HAIR

"Then, behold!—"

WHAT a vision of shimmering loveliness. Peculiar! He had always thought a cloud hung about her perfect face—like a veiled beauty who reluctantly accepts the creed of the inscrutable Orient.

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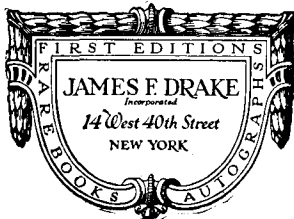
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Continued from page xxxiv

graph Company and has little to say in criticism of its financing. The work embodies a research of immense tediousness, and constitutes a valuable contribution to American economic history.

IRELAND.

By Stephen Gwynn.

Charles Scribner's Sons

\$3 8 1/2 x 5 1/2; 252 pp.

New York

This is one of the series of books called "The Modern World," edited by H. A. L. Fisher. The author is opposed to complete autonomy for Ireland. There are excellent chapters on the agriculture, industries and social organization of the country. The constitution of the Irish Free State is given in an appendix.

THE SCIENCES

A GEOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION TO HISTORY.

By Lucien Febvre.

Alfred A. Knopf

\$6 9 1/4 x 6; 388 pp.

New York

This book is by a high authority and reveals an immense knowledge of the subject, but it is so controversial that most lay readers will probably find it somewhat difficult. The translation from the French is by E. G. Mountford and T. H. Paxton. There are seven maps and a good bibliography.

THE DECLINE OF MAN.

By Stanton A. Coblenz.

Minton, Balch & Company

\$2.75 8 1/4 x 5 1/2; 263 pp.

New York

A gloomy forecast of the future. The author rehearses all the familiar reasons for believing that the human race is declining, and adds a few of his own. He believes that salvation lies in government control of production and distribution, and the abandonment of nationalism for internationalism.

HEREDITY IN NERVOUS AND MENTAL DISEASE.

By Lewellys F. Barker and others.

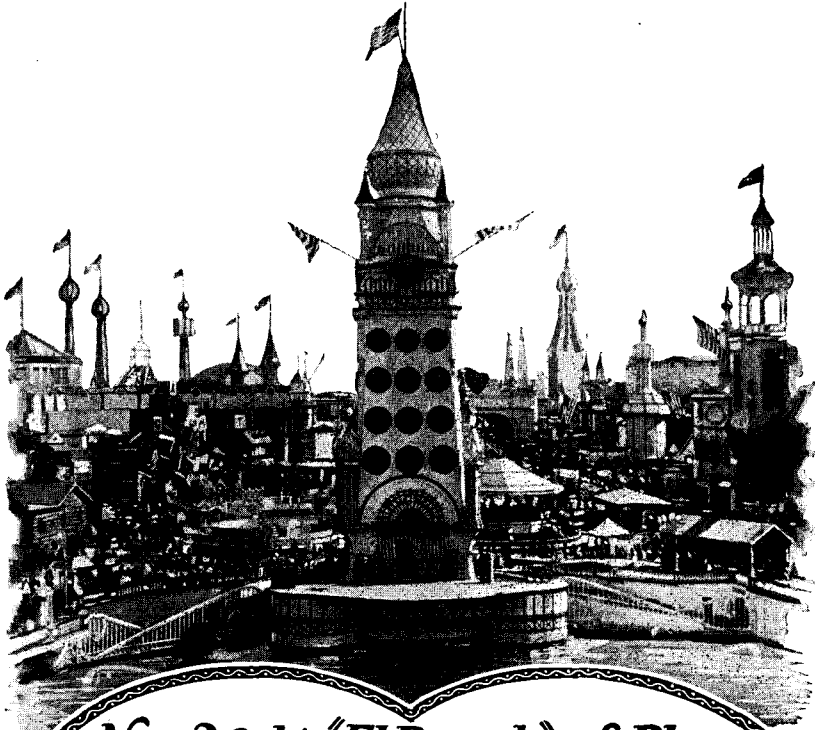
Paul B. Hoeber

\$3.75 9 x 6; 332 pp.

New York

This book is made up of the papers read at a meeting of the Association for Research in Nervous and Mental Disease, with a report of the discussions following. The contributors include a number of American medical men of the first importance. The difficulties of their inquiry are revealed by the fact that they come to no conclusion. But a large mass of interesting material is assembled.

Continued on page xxxviii



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THE CONQUEST OF CANCER.

By H. W. S. Wright. E. P. Dutton & Company
\$1 6¼ x 4¼; 82 pp. New York

All that is actually known about the nature and treatment of cancer is here clearly stated by a competent surgeon. The sections dealing with the use of radium and the x-rays are especially sensible. An authoritative and valuable little book.

ELEMENTS OF PHYSICAL BIOLOGY.

By Alfred J. Lorka. The Williams & Wilkins Company
\$5 9 x 5½; 460 pp. Baltimore

An attempt to apply the principles of mathematical physics to the study of biological phenomena. The book shows a great deal of originality, but will probably be incomprehensible to most laymen, and, indeed, to the majority of biologists.

CRITICISM

NEWMAN AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

By Joseph J. Reilly. The Macmillan Company
\$2.50 7¼ x 5; 329 pp. New York

This is an admirable study, laudatory, but by no means uncritical. Newman is discussed as preacher, as poet, as novelist, as historian and as controversialist. The peculiar force of his rhetoric is competently analyzed, and there is an excellent closing chapter upon his influence.

LA CULTURE ITALIENNE.

By G. Prezolini. Librairie Félix Alcan
10 Fr. 7½ x 4¾ (paper); 246 pp. Paris

A comprehensive and vigorous account of the intellectual life of the Italy of today by one of the foremost Italian essayists. The book is well worthy of being brought before the English-speaking public in translation. The translation into French from the Italian is by Georges Bourgin. There is an introduction by Benjamin Crémieux.

PRECURSORES DEL MODERNISMO.

By Arturo Torres Ríosco. Talleres Calpe
4 Pesetas 7½ x 5 (paper); 124 pp. Madrid

This is a critical discussion of four men of letters who had a powerful influence on the *modernista* movement in Spanish-American literature and who lived in the latter half of the last century: Julián del Casal, Manuel Gutiérrez Nájera, José Martí and José Asunción Silva. There is an introduction dealing in a general way with this movement.

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SOCIOLOGY

THE DISTRIBUTION OF PHYSICIANS IN THE
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By Lewis Mayers and Leonard V. Harrison.

The General Education Board

Free 8 x 5 1/4; 196 pp. New York

This report deals chiefly with the situation of the
country practitioner. It presents a great deal of new
material, and is a valuable contribution to the study
of the subject. Rather uncommonly for such a work,
it is very well written.

THE CHILD, THE CLINIC AND THE COURT.

By Jane Addams and others.

The New Republic

\$1 7 1/4 x 4 3/4; 344 pp. New York

A group of twenty-eight papers, mainly devoted to
the psychological and psychopathological problems
arising in the courts for juvenile delinquents. They
are very uneven in value. Some present useful obser-
vations, but others are formal and without merit.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

SECURITY AGAINST WAR.

By Frances Kellor.

The Macmillan Company

\$6 2 vols. 9 3/4 x 6 1/2; 851 pp. New York

An exhaustive study, heavily documented, of the
efforts to reach a practicable basis for world peace
that have been made since the late war, and of the
events and controversies that have stood against
them. The name of Antonia Hatvany appears on the
title page as collaborator.

OUR GOVERNMENTAL MACHINE.

By Schuyler C. Wallace.

Alfred A. Knopf

\$2 7 1/2 x 4 7/8; 223 pp. New York

An elementary handbook of the government of the
United States, federal, State and municipal, beginning
with a consideration of public opinion. There is a
preface by Dr. Charles A. Beard. Short bibliographies
are appended to the successive chapters.

THE SUPERCITY. A Planned Physical Equipment for
City Life.

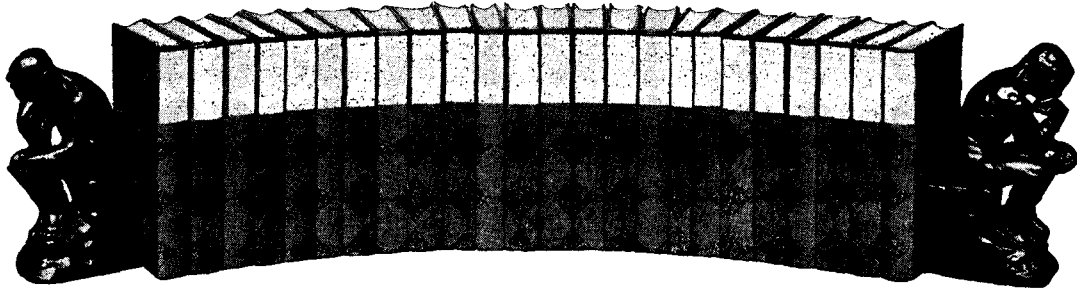
By Robert R. Kern.

Privately Printed

8 x 5 1/4; 349 pp. Washington, D. C.

Plans and specifications for a new Utopia. The
author is professor of economics and sociology in
George Washington University.

Continued on page xlii



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—John Galsworthy.



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—Hugh Walpole.



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—Christopher Morley.

One of my chief claims to distinction in the world is that I wrote the first long appreciative review of Joseph Conrad's work.

—H. G. Wells.



There is no one like him; there is no one remotely like him. He sees and describes not merely this man's love or that woman's inspiration, but the blind sweep and devastation of universal forces.

—H. L. Mencken.

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8 x 5½; 261 pp.

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A reprint of a medical classic. Macmichael was born in 1784 and "The Gold-Headed Cane"—a charming account of eminent members of the Royal College of Physicians—was first published in 1827. The present edition was an introduction by Dr. Francis R. Packard, and a short preface by the late Sir William Osler.

EDMUND BURKE: *A Historical Study.*

By John Morley.

\$10

9½ x 6; 255 pp.

Alfred A. Knopf

New York

Morley's first book on Burke, here reprinted, was issued in 1867, twelve years before the "Life of Edmund Burke" that he contributed to the English Men of Letters Series. It has been out of print for many years. It is here reprinted in superb format, designed by Bruce Rogers and executed by William Edwin Rudge. The edition is limited to 750 copies for sale. There is a brief preface by Harold J. Laski.

A KING'S LESSONS IN STATECRAFT.

By Louis XIV of France.

\$3

8½ x 5¼; 189 pp.

Albert & Charles Boni

New York

These extracts from the memoirs and notes of the Grand Monarque range in date from 1661 to 1710. The translation is by Herbert Wilson, and there is an introduction, with notes, by Jean Longnon.

HEINRICH VON KLEIST: WERKE: *Volume I.*

Edited by Karl Federn. Volksverband der Bücherfreunde

7½ x 5; 397 pp.

Berlin

The first volume of a definitive edition of Kleist's works, edited by a distinguished German scholar. It opens with a short biography by the editor, and includes a large number of Kleist's letters and some of his poems. Some of the letters are from the private collections of Prince Carl Lichnowsky, Prof. George Minde-Pouet and Fedor von Zobeltitz. There are exhaustive notes by the editor.

A DEFENSE OF LIBERTY AGAINST TYRANTS.

Edited by Harold Laski.

\$3.50

8¾ x 5½; 229 pp.

Harcourt, Brace & Company

New York

A translation of "Vindiciae Contra Tyrannos," probably by Philippe du Plessis-Mornay, the Huguenot Pope (1549-1623). The first English translation, printed in 1689, is here revised. There is a learned and uncommonly dull introduction by the editor.

Continued on page xlii

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A Bibliography of the First Editions of Books and Pamphlets (Published and Privately Printed) by Austin Dobson, compiled by Alban Dobson, with a preface by Sir Edmund Gosse, C.B. This volume is based on the Compiler's unique Austin Dobson collection. 500 copies only. Printed for the First Edition Club at the Curwen Press, on Basingwerk Paper in foolscap quarto, 1925 \$3.65.

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xlii

SIMPLICISSIMUS THE VAGABOND.

Translated by A. T. S. Goodrick. E. P. Dutton & Co.
\$5 9 x 5½; 377 pp. New York

One of the Broadway Translations. The story is one of the most famous German popular tales of the Seventeenth Century, and for nearly two hundred years was ascribed to one Samuel Greiffenson von Hirschfeld. It is now known to have been written by Hans Jacob Christoffel von Grimmelshausen, a prolific writer of picaresque fiction, who employed a dozen pseudonyms. The present translation is a good one, and there is a useful introduction by William Rose.

THE DIABOLQUES.

By Jules Barbey D'Aureville. Alfred A. Knopf
\$3 8¼ x 5¾; 275 pp. New York

This volume belongs to the Blue Jade Library. The translation of the six tales is by Ernest Boyd, who also contributes an excellent introduction. In addition, Sir Edmund Gosse's essay on Barbey D'Aureville, from "French Profiles," is included.

TWO TREATISES OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

By John Locke. E. P. Dutton & Company
\$0.80 6¾ x 4¾; 242 pp. New York

This volume is No. 751 in the excellent Everyman's Library. There is an introduction by Professor William S. Carpenter, of Princeton.

ESSAYS

THE HERITAGE OF GREECE AND THE LEGACY OF ROME.

By E. B. Osborn. The George H. Doran Company
\$1.25 7 x 4¾; 192 pp. New York

A concise and well written account of the major contributions of Greece and Rome to modern civilization. It is an excellent little book for those beginning the study of classical culture—miles better than the horribly dull books usually forced upon high school students and college freshmen.

A LA CLARIDAD DE LAS ESTEPAS.

By J. Dols. Corpeño. Imprenta María v. de Lines
6½ x 5; 104 pp. San José, Costa Rica

This is a collection of brief, fugitive essays, some not more than eight lines in length. There is vigor of outlook in a few of them.

QUO VADIMUS?

By E. E. Fournier d'Albe. E. P. Dutton & Company
\$1 6½ x 4¾; 92 pp. New York

The author paints a very optimistic picture of the future in the light of the latest scientific discoveries. Indeed, it is so rosy that it is preposterous.

Continued on page xlii



H. L. Mencken on *The Nation*

(From the *Baltimore Evening Sun* for July 6, 1925. Copyright the *Evening Sun*.)

IF I were a fellow of public spirit and eager to poison the Republic with my sagacity, I'd rather be editor of *The Nation* than editor of any . . . other newspaper and magazine in America, save perhaps four or five. For *The Nation* is unique in American journalism for one thing: it is read by its enemies. They may damn it, they may have it barred from libraries, they may even—as they did during the war—try to have it put down by the police, but all the while they read it. . . .

Is the Creel Press Bureau theory of the war abandoned? Is it impossible to find an educated man today who is not ashamed that he succumbed to the Wilson buncombe? Then thank *The Nation* for that deliverance, for when it tackled Wilson it tackled him alone. Is Coolidge headed for a grand débâcle? Is the Golden Age beginning to be sicklied o'er with a pale cast of green? Then prepare to thank *The Nation* again, for it began to tell the harsh, cold truth about good Cal at a time when all the daily journals of America, with not ten exceptions, were competing for the honor of shining his shoes.



I OFTEN wonder that the great success of *The Nation* under Villard has made such little impression upon American journalists—that they are so deaf to the lessons that it roars into their ears. They all read it—that is, all who read anything at all. It prints news every week that they can't find in their own papers—sometimes news of the very first importance. It comments upon that news in a well-informed and sensible fashion. It presents

all the new ideas that rage in the world, always promptly and often pungently. To an editorial writer *The Nation* is indispensable. Either he reads it, or he is an idiot. . . .



ITS politics are often outrageous. . . . It is doctrinaire, inconsistent, bellicose. . . . It has no sense of decorum. It is sometimes a bit rowdy. But who will deny that it is honest? And who will deny that, taking one day with another, it is generally right? It is disliked inordinately, but not, I believe, by honest men, even among its enemies. It is disliked by demagogues and exploiters, by frauds great and small. They have all tasted its snickersnee, and they have all good reason to dislike it, from Bryan to Judge Gary, and from Coolidge to Doheny.

Personally, I do not subscribe to its politics, save when it advocates liberty. I do not believe in laws, and have no respect for politicians. Thus I hope I may whoop for it with some grace, despite the fact that my name appears on its flagstaff. How my name got there I don't know; I receive no emolument from its coffers, and write for it very seldom, and then only in contravention of its ideas. I even have to pay cash for my annual subscription—a strange and painful burden for a journalist to bear. But I know of no other expenditure (that is, of a secular character) that I make with more satisfaction, or that brings me a better return. Most of the papers I am doomed to read are idiotic even when they are right. *The Nation* is intelligent and amusing even when it is wrong.

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TRAVEL

YANKEE LAND: Eine Reise.

By Alfred Kerr.

Rudolf Mosse

M. 3

9 x 6; 207 pp.

Berlin

Impressionistic pictures of the United States by the well-known German critic. His journey took him to the Pacific Coast, and he traveled with wide-open eyes. His volume is vastly more amusing and penetrating than the usual book of its kind.

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM INDIA (1779-1815).

By Mrs. Eliza Fay.

Harcourt, Brace & Company

\$3.50

8¼ x 5¾; 307 pp.

New York

These letters from Mrs. Fay, the obscure and unhappy wife of an advocate at the Supreme Court at Calcutta, relate her experiences in Egypt and in India in the last quarter of the Eighteenth Century. They are interesting reading and of some historical value. There are many explanatory notes by E. M. Forster, including a brief sketch of the life of the author.

FICTION

BRAVE EARTH.

By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard. The George H. Doran Co.

\$2.50

7½ x 5; 388 pp.

New York

This story takes place in the England of the Sixteenth Century, and is about a poor youth who is in love with a peasant girl, but becomes betrothed to a lord's daughter whom he grows to hate. Desiring both love and money he manages to marry and have children with both. There are some colorful sketches of English life of that time.

THE HARP.

By Ethelreda Lewis.

The George H. Doran Company

\$2.

7½ x 5; 359 pp.

New York

This is the story of a dreamy young man whose life is shattered by his discovery that his wife has been unfaithful to him. The usual rubbish.

THE OLD WOMAN OF THE MOVIES AND OTHER STORIES.

By Vicente Blasco Ibañez.

E. P. Dutton & Company

\$2.50

7½ x 5¾; 391 pp

New York

These fifteen stories, translated by various men, first appeared in magazine form. Their action takes place in foreign lands. On the whole they are the usual movie stuff of this manufacturer of shockers. There is an introduction by Arthur Livingston.

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THE EDWARDSSES AND THE JUKESES

by Clarence Darrow

A critical and comparative examination of the origin and history of two eminent American families—the laudable Edwardses and the lamentable Jukeses.

WHEN WE GET IN WITH NICE PEOPLE

by Thrya Samter Winslow

A characteristically sardonic short story by the author of "Picture Frames" and "Show Business."

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An amusing historical survey of the part the Navy has taken in the propagation of American idealism among the backward peoples.

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